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# USEFUL INSTRUCTION.

(IN MATTERS RELIGIOUS, MORAL, AND OTHER.)

BEING

SELECTIONS MADE AND SYSTEMATICALLY ARRANGED

BY

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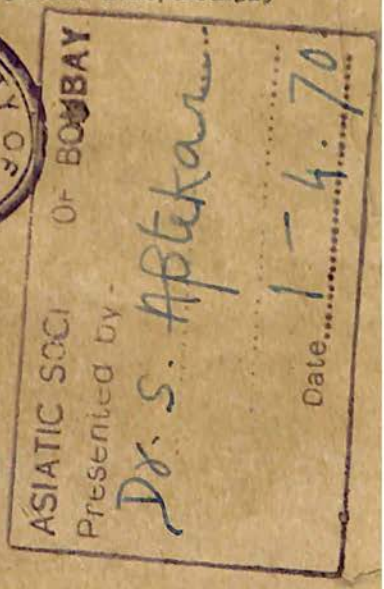


## VOL. II.

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## GOD.

My desire remains fixed on Thee (God) ... TUKÂRÂM.
Our Father which art in heaven, hallowed be thy name... BIBLE.
There is no power or strength but in God... MUHAMMED.
I long for none but Thee to dwell within my soul... TAMIL SONG.
Let us praise Him, the one sole Lord of all... RIG-VEDA.
Almighty Power, I love Thee! blissful name. WATTS.
Love and fix thy whole heart upon Him ... NÂNAK.

---

## PURITY.

Make thyself pure, O righteous man! ... VENDIDÂD.

---

## CONTENTMENT.

Man 's rich with little, were his judgment true. YOUNG.
Upon this earth vain, very vain, is all the show and splendour... NAVAL. (JAIN POET)
Nature furnishes what nature absolutely needs. SENECA.
Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content. R. GREENE.
Happiness may be enjoyed even in coarse rice for food, water to drink, and the bended arm for a pillow ... ... CONFUCIUS.
In nothing is such happiness as is in contentment, how often need it be said ... SÂMAL. (GUJARÂTI POET)

---

TO

MY DEAR NATIVE COUNTRY,

INDIA,

I DEDICATE THIS WORK,

IN THE EARNEST HOPE

THAT

HER CHILDREN MAY PROFIT

BY THE INSTRUCTION

CONTAINED THEREIN.

MOTILAL M. MUNSHI.

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# USEFUL INSTRUCTION.

## VOLUME II.

### 60. GENTLEMAN.

A gentleman is a rarer man than some of us think for. What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and, possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner.

—THACKERAY.

---

A child should be early taught courtesy. Courtesy is a letter of introduction, and is most charming. It is one of the characteristics of a gentleman; indeed, a man cannot, unless he be courteous, be a real gentleman.

—CHAVASSE.

---

Every man may be a gentleman if he will—not by getting rich or by gaining access to that self-appointed social grade, that claims the exclusive right to have the badge of gentility—but by the cultivation of those unselfish, kind and noble impulses, that make the gentleman. It is too rarely we find among those, who vote themselves the gentlemen and ladies of the day, anything to warrant the assumption. There is but little of the true metal about them—Personal contact reveals arrogance and pride, and too often a meanness of spirit, and littleness, that disgraces human nature. So far as our observation goes, we are constrained to say, that, while among the poorer classes there is, as a general thing, sad lack of external culture of attention to little personal habits, that are not agreeable to others, and which ought to be corrected, there are really in the lower and middle ranks of society, so called, quite as many true gentlemen and ladies as among those, who claim the exclusive right to these honourable designations.

---

Education begins the gentleman, but reading, good company and reflection, must finish him.

—Locke.

---

Come wealth or want, come good or ill:
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses or who wins the prize—
Go, lose or conquer as you can,

But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

—THACKERAY.

---

## NATURE'S GENTLEMAN.

Whom do we dub as gentlemen ?
The knave, the fool, the brute—
If they but own full tithe of gold,
And wear a courtly suit ;
The parchment scroll of titled line,
The riband at the knee ;
Can still suffice to ratify
And grant such high degree.
But Nature with a matchless hand,
Sends forth *her* nobly born ;
And laughs the paltry attributes
Of wealth and rank to scorn ;
She moulds with care, a spirit rare,
Half human, half divine,
And cries, exulting, "Who can make
A gentleman like mine?"
She may not spend her common skill
About the outward part,
But showers beauty, grace, and light,
Upon the brain and heart ;
She may not use ancestral fame
His pathway to illume—
The sun that sheds the brightest ray
May rise from mist and gloom.
Should Fortune pour her welcome store,
And useful gold abound,
He shares it with a bounteous hand,
And scatters blessings round.

The treasure sent is rightly spent,
And serves the end design'd,
When held by Nature's gentleman,
The good, the just, the kind.
He turns not from the cheerless home
Where Sorrow's offspring dwell;
He'll greet the peasant in his hut,
The culprit in his cell;
He stays to hear the widow's plaint,
Of deep and mourning love;
He seeks to aid her lot below,
And prompt her faith above.
The orphan child, the friendless one,
The luckless, or the poor,
Will never meet his spurning frown,
Nor leave his bolted door;
His kindred circles all mankind,
His country all the globe—
An honest name his jewell'd star,
And truth his ermine robe.
He wisely yields his passions up
To Reason's firm control;
His pleasures are of crime-less kind,
And never taint the soul.
He may be thrown among the gay,
And reckless sons of life;
But will not love the revel scene,
Nor head the brawling strife.
He wounds no breast with jeer or jest,
Yet bears no honey'd tongue;
He's social with the grey-hair'd one,
And merry with the young;
He gravely shares the council speech,
Or joins the rustic game;

And shines as Nature's gentleman
In every place the same.
No haughty gesture marks his gate,
No pompous tone his word;
No studied attitude is seen,
No ribald gossip heard;
He'll suit his bearing to the hour—
Laugh, listen, learn or teach;
With joyous freedom in his mirth,
And candour in his speech.
He worships God with inward zeal,
And serves him in each deed;
He would not blame another's faith,
Nor have one martyr bleed:
Justice and Mercy form his code;
He puts his trust in Heaven;
His prayer is, "If the heart mean well,
May all else be forgiven!"
Though few of such may gem the earth,
Yet such rare gems there are,
Each shining in his hallow'd sphere
As virtue's polar star.
Though human hearts too oft are found
All gross, corrupt and dark,
Yet, yet, some bosoms breathe and burn,—
Lit by Promethean spark:
There are some spirits nobly just,
Unwarp'd by pelf or pride,
Great in the calm, but greater still
When dash'd by adverse tide—
They hold the rank no king can give,
No station can disgrace:
Nature puts forth *her* gentleman,
And monarchs must give place.

—ELIZA COOK.

## 61. GIFTS.

It is more blessed to give than to receive.
—"BIBLE-ACTS 20."

---

The manner of giving has been said to show the character of the giver more than the gift itself; yet the character of the gift may often be of even more significance than the manner of giving. It is not the value of gifts in money that renders them precious to any but mercenary hearts.

---

Wherever the tree of liberality takes root,
Its branches and top pass beyond the sky.
—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

---

If thou desire greatness, practise liberality;
For till thou scatter the seed, it will not germinate.
—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

---

A generous man's motto is, "Win gold and share it."

---

Liberality consists less in giving much than in giving at the right moment.

---

He doubles his gift, who gives in time.

---

* *Translated by Platts.*

He gives twice who gives quickly according to the proverb, but a gift not only given quickly but unexpectedly is the most welcome of all.

---

A gift long waited for is sold, not given.

---

An interested man's gift is a demand; a generous man's gift is a true present.

---

That which is freely and voluntarily given is as valuable as milk,
That which is granted after a demand for it is as valueless as water;
But what is wrested with force is repulsive like blood,
So says the poet Kabîr.

—KABÎR.

---

Liberality consists not in giving largely, but in giving wisely.

---

For many men act recklessly and without judgment, conferring favours upon all, incited to it by a sudden impetuosity of mind; the kindnesses of these men are not to be regarded in the same light or of the same value as those which are conferred with judgment and deliberation. But in the conferring and requiting of a favour, if other things be equal, it is the duty of a man to assist where it is most required. The very opposite of this often takes place, for men assist those, from whom they hope to receive in return, even though they do not require it.

—CICERO.

---

Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies; for that is but facility or softness; which taketh an honest mind prisoner. Neither give thou an Æsop's cock a gem, who would be better pleased, and happier, if he had a barly corn. The example of God teacheth the lesson truly; He sendeth his rain and maketh his sun to shine upon the just and unjust, but he doth not rain wealth, nor shine honour and virtues upon men equally.

—BACON.

---

Some are unwisely liberal, and more delight to give presents than to pay debts.

---

Sympathising and generous natures like yours may lay down a rule for themselves which I think would apply to nearly every difficulty in action. Let them always make sure that they do not indulge their generous impulses at the expense of others; or, in other words, that they do not give away that which is not their own, and that whatever sacrifices they risk fall upon themselves.*

---

That liberality is but cast away,
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay.

—DENHAM.

---

To a grateful man give money when he asks.

---

Confer benefits on him who has injured thee.

—SÂDI.

---

* *From Chambers's Stories.*

Never ask a favour of a man until he has dined, unless you wish to get refused.

---

The greatest gift we can bestow upon others is a good example.

## 62. GOD AND HIS DISPENSATION.

### GOD.

There is but one in all the world, none else.
That one is God, the Lord of all that is,
He never had beginning, never hath an end.
Oh God! I once knew not of what Thou art,
And wandered far astray. But when thy light
Pierced through my dark, I woke to know my God.
Oh Lord! I long for thee alone. I long
For none but Thee to dwell within my soul.*

---

There is one God—one only,—mark!
To Him is all our service due.
Hath He a shape, or hath He none?
I know not this, nor care to know,
Dwelling in light, to which the sun
Is darkness,—He sees all below,
Himself unseen! In Him I trust,
He can protect me if He will,
And if this body turn to dust,
He can new life again instil.†

—Toru Dutt.

---

God is nigh to thee, He is with thee, He is in thee.

—Seneca.

---

* *A Tamil Song, from the Folksongs of Southern India, by Charles E. Gover.*

† *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustân.*

God created the universe, but He has not gone away from the universe. He liveth among us; He dwelleth in our home; He is present with us in all the vast and varied concerns of life; wherever we are He is with us. He does not stand in the same relation to the world as the watchmaker does to the watch. The Lord animates all the movements of the physical world—He quickens all the spiritual movements of mankind.

—KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

---

Where'er we turn our wondering eyes,
His power and skill we see;
Wonders on wonders grandly rise,
And speak the Deity.

---

The Lord of all, himself through all diffused,
Sustains and is the life of all that lives.

—COWPER.

---

God is everywhere! the God who framed
Mankind to be one mighty family,
Himself our Father, and the world our home.

—COLERIDGE.

---

## THE CREATOR'S WORK.

There's not a star whose twinkling light
Illumines the distant earth,
And cheers the solemn gloom of night,
But mercy gave it birth.

There's not a cloud whose dews distil
Upon a parching clod,
And clothe with verdure vale and hill,
That is not sent by God.

There's not a place in earth's vast round,
In ocean deep, or air,
Where skill and wisdom are not found,
For God is everywhere.

Around, beneath, below, above,
Where'er space extends,
There Heaven displays its boundless love,
And power with mercy blends.

—WALLACE.

## OMNIPOTENCE.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled Heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim;
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The book of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And, nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
Whilst all the stars that round us burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball,
What though no real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found;
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,

For ever singing as they shine,
"The hand that made us is Divine!"

—ADDISON.

---

Clothed in majesty sublime,
And girt with strength th' Almighty reigns;
And, through the wreckful course of time,
His hand the steadfast world sustains.

Wide doth the mighty thunder fill
The darken'd earth with dread dismay,
But mightier far is He whose will
The lightning and the storm obey.

Deep, heaving under land and sea,
The earthquake uttereth his sound,
Awful though low; more awful He,
Who holds its rage in prison bound.

The powerful billows, huge and grand,
Rise swelling from the troubled main,
More powerful is the powerful hand
That doth their threatening rage restrain.

O Lord, adored! from race to race,
Men shall thy righteous laws proclaim,
And holiness become the place
Call'd by Thy great and glorious name.

—J. BAILLIE.

---

Blest be you viewless spirit thron'd on high,
No heart's too wretched to attract His eye;
No lot too lowly to engage His love,
And win the smile of mercy from above!
He gazes on the speechless couch of wo,
And bids the dying light of hope to glow,

Unarms the peril, heals the wounded mind,
And charms each feeling home, to fate-resign'd.
—ROBERT MONTGOMERY.

---

Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.
—COLERIDGE.

---

All things proceed, and up to Him return,
If not depraved from good.
—MILTON.

---

The truth which can guide us to Perfection and to Happiness is teaching us always and everywhere; that God surrounds us constantly with His instruction; that wherever we go the voice of His Wisdom follows us; that it is our own fault if we are not continually becoming wiser and better.
—REV. CHANNING.

---

Adore God while there is time, Oh creature! for wealth, affluence, and wife,
Thy family, relatives, this world and all have to be left here and alone thou art to depart this life.
Those who have worshipped God may be said to have crossed the ocean of life;
While those who neglect Him wander and stumble like ignorant rustics.
—DEVÂNAND.

---

Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before;
Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart,

Made pure, shall relish with divine delight.
"Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought."

—COWPER.

---

Happy the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.

—COWPER.

---

## OUR RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES.

### THE PARABLE OF THE GRAPES.

Four men—an Arab, a Persian, a Turk, and a Greek—agreed to club together for an evening meal; but when they had done so, they quarrelled as to what it should be. The Turk proposed Azum; the Arab, Aneb; the Persian, Anghur; while the Greek insisted on Slaphylion. While they were thus disputing, before their eyes passed a gardener's ass laden with grapes. At once every one of them sprang to his feet, and pointed with eager hand to that purple load. "See Azum," said the Turk; "See Anghur," said the Persian; "What should be better than my Aneb, Aneb it is," cried the Arab. The Greek said, "This is my Slaphylion." They then brought their grapes and ate them in peace. The fight amongst them was simply one of words. Hence realize, oh man! the sublime words of the Rigveda—'That which exists is one; the sages call it variously.'

—"THE AWAKENED INDIA."

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Could we with ink the ocean fill;
Were the whole Earth of parchment made;

Were every single stick a quill,
And every man a scribe by trade;—
To write the love of God alone,
Would drain the ocean dry;
Nor would the scroll contain the whole,
Though stretched from sky to sky.*—

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Perpetual blessings from His hand,
Demand perpetual songs of praise.
—"DOMESTIC LIFE."

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What the Almighty chiefly desires is the heart.
—"TALMUD."

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If my mind be not engaged in worship, it is as though I worshipped not.†
—CONFUCIUS.

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Just heaven is not so pleased with costly gifts;
Offered in hope of future recompense,
As with the merest trifle set apart
From honest gains, and sanctified by faith. ‡
—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

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We, who happier live,
Under the holiest dispensation, know
That God is Love, and not to be adored
By a devotion born of stoic pride,
Or with ascetic rites, or penance hard,
But with a love, in character akin
To His unselfish, all-including love. §
—TORU DUTT.

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* *From The Book of Humour, Wit and Wisdom.*
† *From Marshman's Works of Confucius.*
‡ *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*
§ *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.*

There are moments when the grace of God stirs sensibly in the human heart: when the soul seems to rise upon the eagle-wings of hope and prayer into the heaven of heavens; when caught up, as it were, into God's very presence, we see and hear things unspeakable. At such moments we live a life-time: for emotions such as these annihilate all time; they—

"Crowd Eternity into an hour,
Or stretch an hour into Eternity."

At such moments we are nearer to God: we seem to know Him, and be known of Him.*

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Let him speak the truth; let him not yield to anger;
Let him give when asked, even from the little he has!
By these three things he will enter the presence of the Gods.

—"DHAMMAPADA."

---

For thinking upon God no separate time is required,
It should go on at all times;
That mouth is blessed, which always utters 'Nârâyana.'
Learn to place your affections on the highest,
All else that is spread out is in vain,
So Tukâ advises all men always.†

---

O Mighty Lord God! O Protector! O Administrator!
O thou that art free and exempted from all defects!
We find it impossible for us to praise thee as Thou deservest (though our prayers may be combined) with all the repetition and prayers of the celestial world (*i. e.* the angels).

—"ODES OF SÂDI."‡

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* *From The Life of Christ, by F. W Farrar.*

† *From Sir A. Grant's Translation in Fortnightly Review (1867).*

‡ *Translated by Mr. D. F. Mullâ.*

Who regards this restless world?
My friends are the people of Hari:
My time passes in musing upon God,
Accumulated pleasure remains.
I have no trouble, not even in dreams;
Night and day pass on.
Tukâ says,—"the fruition of God is a feast of excellent flavour."*

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He who does not recognise the thanks (due to God) for His bounty to-day, will have to grieve at the lot (that will be assigned to him) by the merciful God on the day of judgment.

—"ODES OF SÂDI." †

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O God, who by Thy boundless might,
This earth, heaven's dome and stars of light,
Hast form'd in wisdom and in love!
Let every human bosom move
With grateful thoughts, and gladly raise
In swelling notes a psalm of praise!
Let high and low, and bond and free,
Bless Thy great name, and trust in Thee!
This is our strong and steadfast stay,
When health and wealth have flown away;
When every joy of life is past,
Our greatest comfort and our last.

—J. BAILLIE.

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So long as a man is far from the market he hears a loud and indistinct buzzing, only something like 'Ho! Ho!' But when he enters the market he no longer

* *From Sir A. Grant's Translation in Fortnightly Review, (1867).*
† *Translated by Mr. D. F. Mulla.*

hears the uproar, but perceives distinctly that some one is bargaining for potatoes, another for Brinjal, and so on. As long as a man is far away from God, he is in the midst of the noise and confusion of reason, argument and discussion: but when once a person approaches the Almighty, all reasonings, arguments and discussions cease, and he understands the mysteries of God with vivid and clear perception.*

---

Intellectual learning helps a man not a step towards God unless conjoined with inward spiritual discipline—government of the passions, reverence for conscience, and growing development of good principles and affections within. The Infinite Spirit must be revealed to us in the unfolding and operation of our own Spirits, or we shall never truly know him. For example God's purity, or aversion to sin, may be read and talked of, but is never understood, until conscience within us is encouraged to reprove all forms of evil. The solemn and tender reproof of this inward monitor alone enables us to know the moral displeasure of the righteous Lawgiver, in whose name and with whose authority it speaks.

—Rev. Channing.

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Nature is a great teacher. What a lesson may be gathered from the germination of a seed; how uniformly the germs obey their destiny. However carelessly a seed may be set in the ground, the germ which forms the root, and that which is the architect of the stem, will find their way—the one to light, the other to darkness—to fulfil their duty. The obstruction of granite rocks, cannot force the rootlet upward, nor drive the

* *From Sayings of Ramakrishna, by Max Müller.*

leaflets down. They may kill the germs by exhausting their vital powers in an endeavour to find the proper elements: but no obstruction can make a single blade of grass do aught, but strive to fulfil the end for which it was created. Would that man were equally true to the purpose of his existence, and suffered neither the rocks of selfishness, nor the false light of temptation to force or allure him from duty to his God.

—"THE REASON WHY."

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Hope is my helmet, Faith my shield;
Thy Word, my God, the sword I wield;
With sacred truth my loins are girt
And holy zeal inspires my heart.

To dwell with God, to taste his love,
Is the full heaven enjoy'd above;
And the sweet expectation, now,
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

—"DOMESTIC LIFE."

---

Lord! it is not life to live,
If Thy presence Thou deny;
Lord! if Thou Thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die.
Source and Giver of repose!
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Perfect bliss, below, above.*

—TOPLADY.

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With all my heart, I am come to you for protection—
With body, and voice, and mind, O God.

*From Mary Carpenter's Meditations.*

Nothing else is admitted to my thoughts—
My desire remains fixed on you.
There is a heavy load on me,
Except you, who will remove it, O God?
I am your slave—you are my master;
I have followed you from afar.
Tukâ says,—"I have put in an execution for debts,
Grant me a meeting for the settlement of accounts."*

---

As long as thou seest it right,
That here on the earth I should stay,
I pray thee to guard me by night,
And help me to serve thee by day;
That when all the days of my life shall have pass'd,
In heav'n I may worship thee better at last.†

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## GOD.

What God shall we adore with sacrifice?
Him let us praise, the golden child that rose
In the beginning, who was born the Lord—
The one sole Lord of all that is—who made
The thare and formed the sky, who giveth life,
Who giveth strength, whose bidding Gods revere,
Whose hiding place is immortality,
Whose shadow, death; who by his might is king
Of all the breathing, sleeping, waking world—
Who governs men and beasts, whose majesty
These snowy hills, this ocean with its rivers
Declare; of whom these spreading regions form
The arms; by whom the firmament is strong,
Earth firmly planted, and the highest heavens

* *From Sir A. Grant's Translation in Fortnightly Review (1867),*
† *From Chambers's Infant Education.*

Supported, and the clouds that fill the air
Distributed and measured out; to whom
Both earth and heaven, established by his will,
Look up with trembling mind; in whom revealed
The rising sun shines forth above the world.
Where'er let loose in space, the mighty waters
Have gone depositing a fruitful seed
And generating fire, there he arose,
Who is the breath and life of all the Gods,
Whose mighty glance looks round the vast expanse
Of watery vapour—source of energy,
Cause of the sacrifice—the only God
Above the gods. May he not injure us!
He the Creator of the earth—the righteous
Creator of the sky, Creator too
Of oceans bright and far-extending waters.

—RIG-VEDA.

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There is one only Being who exists
Unmoved, yet moving swifter than the mind;
Who far outstrips the senses, though as gods
They strive to reach him; who himself at rest
Transcends the fleetest flight of other beings;
Who, like the air, supports all vital action.
He moves, yet moves not; he is far, yet near;
He is within this universe, and yet
Outside this universe; whoe'er beholds
All living creatures as in him, and him—
The universal spirit—as in all,
Henceforth regards no creature with contempt.
The man who understands that every creature
Exists in God alone, and thus perceives

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

The unity of being, has no grief
And no illusion. He, the all-pervading,
Is brilliant, without body, sinewless,
Invulnerable, pure, and undefiled,
By taint of sin. He also is all-wise,
The Ruler of the mind, above all beings,
The self-existent. He created all things
Just as they are from all eternity.*

—"UPANISHAT."

## GRATITUDE TO GOD.

In English we say, "The river past, and God forgotten," to express with how mournful a frequency He whose assistance was invoked, and perhaps earnestly invoked, in the moment of peril, is remembered no more, so soon as by his help the danger has been surmounted. The Spaniards have the proverb too; but it is with them: "the river past, the saint forgotten," the saints being in Spain more prominent objects of invocation than God. And the Italian form of it sounds a still sadder depth of ingratitude: "The peril past, the saint mocked;" the vows made to him in peril remaining unperformed in safety; and he treated somewhat as, in Greek story, Juno was treated by Mandrabulus the Samian. Of him we are told that having under her auspices and through her direction discovered a gold mine, in his instant gratitude he vowed to her a golden ram; which he presently exchanged in intention for a silver one; and again this for a very small brass one; and this for nothing at all. Certainly the rapidly descending scale of the gratitude of this gold-finder, with little by little the entire disappearance of his thank-offer-

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

ing, might very profitably live in our memories, as so perhaps it would be less likely to repeat itself in our lives.*

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Without the help of God,
Nor innocence nor faith are sure
Their being to retain;
Or trials from the fiends endure
With no contagious stain:
Not safe the path by angels trod
Without the help of God!

Without the help of God,
The powers of wisdom, courage, youth,
Dissolve, like steel, by rust;
The blazing eye of spotless truth
Is only rayless dust;
And mental fire, a senseless clod,
Without the help of God!

Without the help of God,
All is decay, delusion all,
On which mankind rely:
The firmament itself would fall,
And even nature die
Beneath annihilation's nod,
Without the help of God!

—W. HAYLEY.

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Trust in God!
Thou forlorn one, cease thy moan:
All thy pain and all thy sorrow
Are to God, the Highest, known.
He loves thee now—will help to-morrow.
Trust in God!

* *From Proverbs and Lessons by Dr. Trench.*

Hold to God!
The blows he deals in love are given,
That thy soul's health may better fare—
So mayst thou know the fear of Heaven,
Confide in His paternal care,
Hold to God!

God is nigh,
E'en then when farthest off he seemeth;
When hope of freedom none appears,
Believe, so best for thee He deemeth,
He in his time will dry thy tears—
God is nigh!

God is thine!
If all thy heart to Him thou yieldest,
Thy bitter grief to sweet shall turn:
If most on Him thy hope thou buildest,
Nor dar'st in rage His will to spurn,
God is thine!

Teach not God!
How, or when He wills, to hear thee,
Still His eye is on thee bent
Though hard thy cross be, bravely bear thee!
Its weight at length shall be forespent—
Teach not God!

Lov'st thou God?
Walk'st thou firm, His path pursuing?
Nor bitter cross, nor woe, nor death,
Shall aught avail, thy trust undoing,
But all in blessing crown thy faith—
So lov'st thou God.*

—J. H. MERIVALE.

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* *Translated from German.*

## DEDICATION.

To Thee, my God, to Thee
  Teach me to live;
To Thee, my God, to Thee
  All would I give.

Whate'er I hold most dear
  I would resign;—
Sure I have nothing here,—
  All mine is Thine.

What most my soul doth prize
  The least is mine;—
Nought that is holy dies,
  For it is Thine!

The life that came from Thee
  Can never die;—
Teach me to yield it Thee,
  Without a sigh!

For still my heart doth cling
  To what is fair:—
Heavenward my spirit wing,
  And fix it there.

Bear all that most I love
  To heavenly rest;
Bear Thou my soul above,
  And make it blest.

My all, O God, to Thee
  I would resign;
O fix my heart on Thee
  I would be Thine.*

—M. C.

* *From Mary Carpenter's Meditations.*

## HIS DISPENSATION.

An Author of nature being supposed, it is not so much a deduction of reason as a matter of experience that we are thus under His government; under His Government in the same sense as we are under the government of civil magistrates; because the annexing pleasure to some actions, and pain to others, in our power to do or forbear, and giving notice of this appointment beforehand to those whom it concerns, is the proper formal notion of government. Whether the pleasure or pain which thus follows upon our behaviour be owing to the Author of nature's acting upon us every moment in which we feel it, or to His having at once contrived and executed His own part in the plan of the world, makes no alteration as to the matter before us.

—Bishop Butler.

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We have abundant grounds for the conviction, that, in the world of Providence, as well as in the world of nature, all beings and events are contributing their parts to the accomplishment of His wise and gracious purposes, that all is as He wills and that His will is good. His judgments are indeed unsearchable, and His ways past finding out; but it is highly important for our own comfort, as well as for our entertaining right views as to the character and dispensations of God, that we should learn to acknowledge His superintending agency, learn to regard all events as making a part of His vast plan, and to entertain and cherish a firm and lively faith in the grand truth, that the whole and every part of that plan is so ordered by Infinite Wisdom and Power, that all must contribute to bring about the purposes of Infinite Goodness.

—Rev. Dr. Carpenter.

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Though the mills of God grind slowly
Yet they grind exceeding small;
Though with patience he stands waiting,
With exactness grinds he all.

—LONGFELLOW.

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God is no acceptor of persons, neither riches nor poverty are a means to procure his favour.

—CHILLINGWORTH.

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Neither are God's methods or intentions different in his dispensations to each private man.

—ROGERS.

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Where God's rod strikes us, his staff supports us.

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God, to remove his ways from human sense,
Placed heaven from earth so far that earthly sight,
If it presumed, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain.

—MILTON.

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Therefore our intellect—a feeble beam,
Struck from the light of the Eternal mind
With which all things throughout creation teem,—
Must by its nature be incapable,
Save in a low and most remote degree,
Of viewing its exalted principle.
Wherefore the heavenly Justice can no more
By mortal ken be fathomed than the sea:
For though the eye of one upon the shore
May pierce its shallows, waves unfathomed bound
His further sight, yet under them is laid
A bottom, viewless through the deep profound.

—WRIGHT.

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Oh blindness to the future kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven.
—POPE.

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When children are under the government of parents, or the discipline of their teachers, they are apt to murmur at them, and think it very hard to be denied so many things which they desire, and to be constrained by severities to a great many things which are grievous and tedious to them: but the parent and the master know very well, that it is their ignorance and inconsiderateness which makes them to think so, and that when they come to years, and to understand themselves better, then they will acknowledge, that all that which gave them so much discontent, was really for their good, and that it was their childishness and folly which made them think otherwise, and that they had in all probability, been undone, had they been indulged in their humour, and permitted in everything to have their own will; they had not wit and consideration enough to trust the discretion of their parents and governors, and to believe that even those things which were so displeasing to them, would at last tend to their good.

There is a far greater distance between the wisdom of God and Men, and we are infinitely more ignorant and childish in respect of God, than our children are in respect of us; and being persuaded of this, we ought to reckon, that while we are in this world, under God's care and discipline, it is necessary for our good, that we be restrained in many things, which we eagerly desire; and suffer many things, that are grievous to us; and that when we come to heaven, and are grown up to be men, and have put away childish thoughts, and are come to understand things as they truly are, and

not in a riddle and darkness, as we now do; then the judgment of God will break forth as the light, and the righteousness of all his dealings as the noon-day; then all the riddles of providence will be clearly expounded to us, and we shall see a plain reason for all those dispensations which were so much stumbled at, and acknowledge the great wisdom and goodness of them.

—JOHN TILLOTSON.

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When we think and speak of the most High, of His attributes and His dispensations, it should be with humility and reverence, suited to the condition of dependant, frail and erring children of mortality. He is in heaven, and we upon earth; and while dwelling with grateful delight and filial confidence, on the goodness and paternal character of God, our pious affections should be refined and elevated by the sentiment, which cannot but arise from the thoughtful contemplation of His almighty power, His unerring wisdom, His unbounded knowledge, His spotless holiness, and His moral administration.

—REV. DR. CARPENTER.

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A firm trust in the Providence of an Almighty power naturally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness and all other dispositions of mind, which alleviate those calamities, we ourselves are not able to remove.

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Still lift for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure whate'er he gives, he gives the best.

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## HE NEVER DOES WRONG.

"He never does wrong," is illustrated by the tale of the king, who had a guru, who laughed when the former lost his finger, and wife, and who arranged therefore to kill him, and deputed men to drown him the next day at the tank at 5 A.M., when he invariably used to go to bathe, but as the guru happened to break his leg while descending from home to go to the tank, he did not go, and was saved. He then left the place, and repaired to another place, the king whereof asked him why the water was not coming up in a tank to be dug, and he assured that a demon of the place wanted a really good human sacrifice. Inquiry was made and the former king was so qualified, and was brought chained, but the guru pronounced that, as he had lost his finger, he was not a full man, and was again a widower, and so his defects saved him. The guru had in the first place laughed at these incidents, and the king now found that he was right. They were in the eyes of God intended to do good to him. Thus "God never does wrong."

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## PATIENT JOE

OR

## THE NEWCASTLE COLLIER.

Have you heard of a collier of honest renown,
Who dwelt on the borders of Newcastle town?
His name it was Joseph—you better may know
If I tell you he always was called Patient Joe.

Whatever betided, he thought it was right,
And Providence still he kept ever in sight;
To those who love God, let things turn as they would,
He was certain that all worked together for good.

He praised his Creator whatever befel;
How thankful was Joseph when matters went well!
How sincere were his carols of praise for good health,
And how grateful for any increase in his wealth!

In trouble he bowed him to God's holy will;
How contented was Joseph when matters went ill!
When rich and when poor, he alike understood,
That all things together were working for good.

If the land was afflicted with war, he declared,
'Twas a needful correction for sins which he shared:
And when merciful Heaven bade slaughter to cease,
How thankful was Joe for the blessing of peace!

When taxes ran high, and provisions were dear,
Still Joseph declared he had nothing to fear:
It was but a trial he well understood,
From Him who made all work together for good.

Though his wife was but sickly, his gettings but small,
Yet a mind so submissive prepared him for all;
He lived on his gains, were they greater or less,
And the Giver he ceased not each moment to bless.

When another child came, he received him with joy,
And Providence blessed, who had sent him the boy;
But when the child died, said poor Joe, "I'm content,
For God had a right to recall what he lent."

It was Joseph's ill-fortune to work in a pit
With some who believed that profaneness was wit;
When disasters befel him, much pleasure they showed,
And laughed, and said, "Joseph, will this work for good?"

But ever when these would profanely advance,
That this happened by luck, and that happened by chance.

Still Joseph insisted no chance could be found;
Not a sparrow by accident falls to the ground.

Among his companions who worked in the pit,
And made him the butt of their profligate wit,
Was idle Tim Jenkins, who drank and who gamed,
Who mocked at his Bible, and was not ashamed.

One day at the pit his old comrades he found,
And they chatted, preparing to go underground;
Tim Jenkins, as usual, was turning to jest
Joe's notion–that all things which happened were best.

As Joe on the ground had unthinkingly laid
His provision for dinner, of bacon and bread,
A dog, on the watch, seized the bread and the meat,
And off with his prey ran with footsteps so fleet.

Now to see the delight that Tim Jenkins expressed!
"Is the loss of thy dinner too, Joe, for the best?"
"No doubt on't," said Joe; "but as I must eat,
'Tis my duty to try to recover my meat."

So saying, he followed the dog a long round,
While Tim, laughing and swearing, went down underground.
Poor Joe soon returned, though his bacon was lost,
For the dog a good dinner had made at his cost.

When Joseph came back, he expected a sneer,
But the face of each collier spoke horror and fear;
"What a narrow escape hast thou had!" they all said;
"The pit is fallen in, and Tim Jenkins is dead!"

How sincere was the gratitude Joseph expressed!
How warm the compassion which glowed in his breast!

Thus events great and small, if aright understood,
Will be found to be working together for good.

"When my meat," Joseph cried, "was just now stolen away,
And I had no prospect of eating to-day,
How could it appear to a short-sighted sinner,
That my life would be saved by the loss of my dinner!'

—HANNAH MORE.

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## TURN THE CARPET

OR

## THE TWO WEAVERS.

As at their work two weavers sat,
Beguiling time with friendly chat,
They touched upon the price of meat,
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my brats and sickly wife,"
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tired of life;
So hard my work, so poor my fare,
'Tis more than mortal man can bear.

"How glorious is the rich man's state!
His house so fine! his wealth so great!
Heaven is unjust, you must agree;
Why all to him? why none to me?

"In spite of what the Scripture teaches,
In spite of all the parson preaches;
This world (indeed I've thought so long)
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

"Where'er I look, howe'er I range,
'Tis all confused, and hard and strange;

The good are troubled and oppress'd,
And all the wicked are the bless'd."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause
Why, thus we blame our Maker's laws;
*Parts* of his ways alone we know;
'Tis all that man can see below.

"Seest thou that carpet, not half done,
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?
Behold the wild confusion there!
So rude the mass it makes one stare!

"A stranger ignorant of the trade,
Would say, 'No meaning 's there conveyed;
For where's the middle, where's the border?
Thy carpet now is all disorder.'"

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,
But still in every part it fits;
Besides, you reason like a lout;
Why, man, that carpet's inside out."

Says John, "Thou sayst the thing I mean,
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,
Is but a carpet inside out.

"As when we view these shreds and ends,
We know not what the whole intends;
So, when on earth things look but odd,
They 're working still some scheme of god.

"No plan, no pattern, can we trace;
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;
The motley mixture we deride,
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

"But when we reach that world of light
And view those works of God aright,
Then shall we see the whole design,
And own the Workman is divine.

"What now seem random strokes, will there
All order and design appear;
Then shall we praise what here we spurned,
For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right" quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;
My impious doubts are put to flight,
For my own carpet sets me right."

—HANNAH MORE.

## 63. GOODNESS AND GOOD MAN.

The Prophet (Muhammed) said, "Are you come to ask what is goodness and what is badness?" "Yes, I am come for this," was the reply. Then the Prophet joined his fingers, and struck them upon the breast of the questioner, that is, made a sign towards his heart, and said, "ask the sentence from thy own heart." This he repeated three times, "goodness is a thing from which thy heart finds firmness and rest; and badness is a thing which throws thee into doubt, although men may acquit."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

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Whatever is good has that quality from itself; it is finished by its own nature, and commendation is no part of it. Why, then, a thing is neither better nor worse for being praised. This holds concerning things which are called good in the common way of speaking, as the products of nature and art; what do you think, then, of that which deserves this character in the strictest propriety? It wants nothing foreign to complete the idea any more than law, truth, good nature, and sobriety. Do any of these virtues stand in need of a good word, or are they the worse for a bad one? I hope an emerald will shine nevertheless for a man's being silent about the worth of it.

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

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Good is slow, it climbs; evil is swift, it descends. Why should we marvel that it makes great progress in short time?

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* *Translated from the Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

Good, the more
Communicated, more abundant grows.

—MILTON.

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Goodness is the highest power in the world.

—VIRCHAND R. GÂNDHI.*

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It is in length of patience, and endurance, and forbearance, that so much of what is good in mankind and womankind is shown.

—ARTHUR HELPS.

---

The eight good qualities are: Compassion, Forbearance, Freedom from anger, Purity, Gentleness, The performance of good actions, Freedom from avarice, and Freedom from covetousness.

—GAUTAMA.

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To adopt the moral path, to discard bad actions, not to beg before a bad man even at the risk of death, to inspire awe even in adversity and not humbleness, who, except the good, will be able to observe such a sword-like sharp vow.

These six are the natural qualities of the good—Courage in adversity, forbearance in fortunate days, spread of learning in a learned assembly, show of bravery at the proper time, ever attentive towards one's fame, and love of learning to a fault.

—VÂMAN.†

---

Freedom from fear, and purity of heart,
Persistence in pursuit of knowledge too,
Alms-giving, self-restraint, and sacrifice,

* *A Jain Philosopher.*
† *A Marâthi poet.*

Study, and penance, and straightforwardness,
Harmlessness, and renunciation, truth,
Freedom from anger, and tranquility,
Not playing the informer, to all beings
Compassion, freedom too from avarice,
Mildness, absence of vain activity,
And patience, modesty, highmindedness,
Courage, cleanness, absence of vanity,
And of malignancy, all these belong
* * * to him who is born
To heavenly endowments. Pride, conceit,
And ostentation, anger, harshness too,
And ignorance are his * *
Who is to demoniac endowments born.

—"BHAGAVAD GÎTÂ."*

---

To injure none by thought or word or deed,
To give to others, and be kind to all—
This is the constant duty of the good.
High-minded men delight in doing good,
Without a thought of their own interest;
When they confer a benefit on others,
They reckon not on favours in return.†

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

---

A good man is God's disciple and imitator and His true offspring, whom that magnificent Father doth, after the manner of severe parents, educate hardly.

—SENECA.

---

The good may well be termed the salt of the earth. For where there is no integrity, there can be no con-

* *Translated by K. T. Telang.*

† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

fidence; and where there is no confidence, there can be no unanimity.

—COLTON.

---

There is nothing more amiable in nature than the character of a truly good man.

—CLARKE.

---

Greatness is not in fame and rumour solely,
Nor magnanimity in vain conceit.
The name of 'noble' is to none more wholly
Due than to him whose praise mankind repeat
As virtue-gifted, and in temper sweet.

—"ANVAR-I-SUHAILI."

---

The honourable man dwells with delight upon rectitude; the low man converses with delight about profit.†

—CONFUCIUS.

---

When other men are pained the good man grieves—
Such care for others is the highest worship
Of the Supreme Creator of mankind.‡

—"BHÂGAVAT PURÂNA."

---

A good man thinks only of benefiting all; and cherishes no feeling of hostility towards any one, even at the moment of his being injured by him; just as the sandal tree sheds perfume on the edge of the axe at the time of its being cut down.§

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA" AND "HITOPADESHA."

---

* *Translated by Eastwick.*

† *From Marshman's Works of Confucius.*

‡ *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

§ *From Light on the Path, with commentary and annotations by P. Shrinivas Row, F. T. S.*

A good man should and must
Sit rather down with loss, than rise unjust.

—BEN JONSON.

---

Good men are masters of their pleasures; the bad are their slaves.

---

Let the intellect of a good man be sharp without wounding; let his actions be vigorous but conciliatory; let his mind be warm without inflaming; and let his word, when he speaks, be rigidly maintained *

—MÂGHA.

---

Praise not the goodness of the grateful man
Who acts with kindness to his benefactors.
He who does good to those who do him wrong
Alone deserves the epithet of good.†

—"PANCHATANTRA."

---

It is much nearer the truth to say that all men have an interest in being good, than that all men are good from interest.

—COLTON.

---

They that have checked all the qualities that appertain to Passion, and Darkness, that are possessed of high souls, and that practise the qualities that are called Good, succeed in overcoming all difficulties. They of whom no creature stands in fear, and those that do not fear any creature themselves, they that look upon all creatures as their own self, succeed in overcoming all difficulties.

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

---

* *From Colebrooke's Essays.*

† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

Ye proud, ye selfish, ye severe,
How vain your mask of state?
The good alone have joy sincere,
The good alone are great.

—M. EZEKIEL.

---

I reverence the afflictions of a good man—his sorrows are sacred.

---

Sandal-wood in burning gives off perfume; so the afflictions of the good.

—CANARESE PROVERB.

---

The good are better made by ill,
As odours crushed are sweeter still.

—ROGERS.

---

So when a good man dies,
For years beyond his ken,
The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men.

—LONGFELLOW.

---

A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS 13."

---

It isn't always the best man who gets the biggest gravestone.

---

Wealth and children are the ornament of this present life; but good works, which are permanent, are better in the sight of thy Lord, with respect to the reward, and better with respect to hope.

—"KORAN-CHAPTER 18."*

---

* *Translated by Sale.*

Some good we can all do; and if we do all that is in our power, however little that power may be, we have performed our part and may be as near perfection as those whose influence extends over kingdoms, and whose good actions are felt and applauded by thousands. But then we must be sure that we do all we can, and exert to the utmost all those powers which God has given us; and this is a point in which we are very apt to deceive ourselves, and to shelter our indolence under the pretence of inability. Let us never be discouraged by any difficulty which may attend what we know to be our duty; for, if we do our best, we are secure of an All-powerful assistance; nor let us ever think any occasion too trifling for the exertion of our best endeavours; for it is by constantly aiming at perfection, in every instance, that we may at length attain to as great a degree of it as our present state will admit of.

—BOWDLER

---

Doing good does not so much depend on the riches, as on the heart and the will.

—HANNAH MORE.

---

A man may be great by chance; but never wise, or good, without taking pains for it.

—OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

---

Gird up your loins, therefore, and prove the all important truth, that as you learn to walk only by walking, to leap by leaping, and to fence by fencing, so you can learn to live nobly only by acting nobly on every occasion that presents itself. If you shirk the first trial of your manhood, you will come so much the weaker to the second; and if the next occasion, and the next again, finds you unprepared, you will infallibly sink into baseness.

—PROF. BLACKIE.

---

To return evil for good is devilish,
To return good for good is human,
But to return good for evil is Godlike.

—A SPANISH WRITER.

---

Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

—"BIBLE-ROMANS 12."

---

A handful of good life is worth a bushel of learning.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

---

A man may be as brilliant, as clever, as strong, and as broad as you please; and with all this, if he is not good, he may be a paltry fellow; and even the sublime which he seems to reach, in his most splendid achievements, is only a brilliant sort of badness.

—PROF. BLACKIE.

---

For as sound belongs to the drum, and shadow to the substance, so in the end misery will certainly overtake the evil-doer.

—BUDDHA.

---

"My dear," said Sir Walter Scott on his death-bed, to his son-in-law, "be a good man, be virtuous; be religious, be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

---

Whoever places in man's path a snare,
Himself will, in the sequel, stumble there.
Joy's fruit upon the branch of kindness grows;
Who sows the bramble will not pluck the rose.

Since loss or gain are to our acts assigned,
Do good, for 'tis far better good to find.
—"ANWAR-I-SUHAILI."*

---

Father of light and life! Thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure,
Sacred, substantial, never fading bliss!
—THOMSON.

---

Oh let me, let me ever dwell
Amidst the good, where'er it be,
Whether in lowly hermit-cell
Or in some spot beyond the sea.†
—TORU DUTT.

---

## THE GOLDEN RULE.

The good are resolved not to injure or hurt,
Though 'twould gain them that wealth which brings great
ness on earth.

Nor will they return of the ill they receive,
Though a foe should inflict an undeserved pain.

If one should do hurt to an unprovoked foe,
He will never escape from the sorrow 'twill bring.

Would you punish the man who has injured your mind?
Oh, put him to shame by your kindness and love.

What good has he gained by his knowledge and skill,
If he strive not for others as much as himself?

* *Translated by Eastwick.*

† *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.*

No man should consent to inflict or permit
What he knows will give pain to his bitterest foe.

Of virtues the chief—to do nought that is mean,
Though the man may be bad and the time apropos.

Why do men e'er inflict upon others the pain
That experience teaches themselves to avoid?

If a man in the morning bring grief to his foe;
With the eve, uninvited, 'twill come to himself.

To give pain to another brings ten back again,
Would you guard you from grief? to another cause none.

## GOOD MAN.

Advance in all that is in harmony with good; retreat from all that is opposed to it. Walk not in the paths of depravity, nor deceive yourselves by sinning in the dark where none can see you. Accumulate virtue and store up merit; treat all with gentleness and love; be loyal, be dutiful, be respectful to your elders and kind to your juniors; be upright yourselves in order that you may reform others; compassionate the fatherless and widow; reverence the aged, cherish the young; do not injure even little insects, or grass, or trees. Pity the wickedness of others, and rejoice at their virtues! Succour them in their distresses and rescue them when in danger; when a man gains his desires, let it be as though his good fortune were your own; when one suffers loss, as though you suffered it yourself. Never publish the failings of another, or make a parade of your own merits; put a stop to evil, and afford every encouragement to goodness; be not grasping, but

* *Cural Songs, from the Folk-Songs of Southern India by Gover.*

learn to content yourself with little. When you are reviled, cherish no resentment; when you receive favours, do so as deprecating your deserts; be kind and generous without seeking any return, and never repent of anything you may give to others. This is to be a good man; one whom heaven will guard, whom all will respect, whom blessings and honours will accompany, whom no evil will touch, and whom all good spirits will defend.

—TEACHING OF TAOISM.*

*Quoted in Religious Systems of the World.*

## 64. GRATITUDE.

Gratitude is the memory of the heart.

---

A thankful heart is like a box of precious ointment which keeps the smell long after the thing is spent.

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Sweet is the breath of vernal shower,
The bee's collected treasure's sweet,
Sweet music's melting fall; but sweeter yet
The still small voice of Gratitude.

—GRAY.

---

There is also a relation of an obliged person to his benefactor, that is, one that hath done him good, of what kind soever, whether spiritual or corporal; and the duty of that person is, first, thankfulness, that is, a ready and hearty acknowledgment of the courtesy received; secondly, prayer for God's blessings and rewards upon him: and thirdly, an endeavour, as opportunity and ability serves, to make returns of kindness, by doing good turns back again.

—"THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN."

---

Serve him who is your benefactor. Consider him equal to God, and have reverence for him in your mind.

---

When a man has done you a kindness you must return it—this is eternal law.

---

An ungrateful man can never be redeemed.

—VÂLMÎKÎ.

We like better to see those on whom we confer benefits, than those from whom we receive them.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

---

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning,
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftener left me mourning.

—WORDSWORTH.

---

But in this thankless world the giver
Is envied even by the receiver;
'Tis now the cheap and frugal fashion
Rather to hide than own the obligation:
Nay, 'tis much worse than so;
It now an artifice does grow
Wrongs and injuries to do,
Lest men should think we owe.

—COWLEY.

---

I hate ingratitude more in a man,
Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice, whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Ingratitude is unpardonable, and dries up the fountain of all goodness.

---

Ingratitude is a crime so shameful, that the man was never yet found who would acknowledge himself guilty of it.

---

The noblest of beings, to all appearance, is man; and the lowest of creatures is a dog; and yet by the unanimous consent of the wise, a grateful dog is better than an ungrateful man.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

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To the earth the mountains which touch the sky appear not heavy, nor do a million forts and houses, nor do the oceans, rivers, and streams, nor do trees laden with their fruit, nor do the countless men and lower animals, who wander on it. What appeareth heavy is the load of the ungrateful, who are the worst of all men.

A thief went and entered a king's house. Having searched the lower apartments he proceeded to the upper story. Having made a bundle of gold and silver he went in quest of more. Maddened with a fit of greed he seized a vessel of salt. When he took it up and tasted it, he changed his mind, and took not a particle of the king's property away, because he reflected that he who is untrue to his salt is the worst sinner.†

—SIKH TEACHING.

---

All should unite to punish the ungrateful:
Ingratitude is treason to mankind.

—THOMSON.

---

O Lord that lends me life,
Send me a heart replete with thankfulness.

* *Translated by Platts.*

† *From a Lecture on the Sikhs, by Mr. Macauliffe, C. S.*

## 65. GREATNESS.

Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them.

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No man can be called great who has not to the last hour of his life fulfilled the responsibility which greatness implies.

—M. G. RANADE.

---

There is not on earth a spectacle more worthy than a great man superior to his sufferings.

—ADDISON.

---

Often do the spirits
Of great men stride on before the events,
And in to-day already walks to-morrow.

—COLERIDGE.

---

The sayings of great men in their public discourses have somewhat in them which is worthy to be transmitted to posterity.

---

Great minds, like heaven, are pleased in doing good,
Though the ungrateful subjects of their favours
Are barren in return.

—ROWE.

---

You are great if you give honour to others. His greatness is false who says he is great.

---

[a] *From Earl of Carlisle's Speeches and Addresses.*

True dignity is his, whose tranquil mind
Virtue has raised above the things below;
Who, every hope and fear to Heaven resign'd,
Shrinks not, though Fortune aim her deadliest blow.

—BEATTIE.

---

The greatest man is he who chooses the Right with invincible resolution, who resists the sorest temptations from within and without, who bears the heaviest burdens cheerfully, who is calmest in storms and most fearless under menace and frowns, whose reliance on truth, on virtue, on God, is most unfaltering.

—REV. CHANNING.

---

There is, there can be, no greatness in things, in material things, of themselves. The greatness is determined entirely by the use and disposition made of them. The greatest greatness, and the only true greatness, in the world is unselfish love and service and self-devotion to one's fellow-men.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

---

No man was ever great by imitation.

—JOHNSON.

---

Those who would conscientiously employ power for the good of others, deserve it, but do not desire it; and those who could employ it for the good of themselves, desire it, but do not deserve it.

—COLTON.

---

O, it is excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrranous
To use it like a giant.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Greatness lies not in being strong, but in the right use of strength.

---

We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves.

—"BIBLE-ROMANS 15."

---

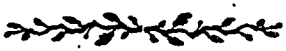
True greatness of a man consists in morality and virtue. In order to acquire true greatness, a man must have pure and honest intentions, he should love his fellow-brothers, and should render them all assistance he can with money or with personal diligence. An aspirant for true greatness ought to embrace virtue and renounce vice. In short the man who wants to be really great should fear God, and obey His commandments. Therefore, Oh man! rest assured that your true greatness lies in nothing but in walking in the fear of God, and in acting according to His wishes.

—KARSONDAS MULJI.*

---

O grant me, Heaven, a middle state,
Neither too humble, nor too great.

—MALLET.



*A Hindu Social Reformer.*

## 66. GRIEF.

Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Grief shared with affectionate friends becomes supportable suffering.

—KÂLIDÂS'S SHÂKUNTALA.

---

Compare your griefs with other men's and they will seem less.

---

What's gone and what's past help should be past grief.

---

Calamities which cannot be avoided it is useless to lament over.

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Men are disturbed not by things themselves, but by their opinions or thoughts concerning those things. Whosoever will be free, let him not desire or dread that which it is in the power of others either to deny or inflict; otherwise he is a slave.

—EPICTETUS.

---

Often it is disadvantageous to know what is to happen; for it is wretched to be grieved without the power of changing events.

—CICERO.

---

Take evils with a firm heart. He doubles his sorrows who broods over them.

---

Sorrow carried to excess destroys both the mind and body.

---

A person wept the whole night long at a sick man's head;
When day appeared, the former died, and the sick man lived.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

---

No grief is so acute, but time will ameliorate it.

---

However deep the wound we feel—
  However great our cause of sadness—
Time rolls the clouds of grief away,
  And brings again our wonted gladness.

---

Nature hath assigned
Two sovereign remedies for human grief;
Religion, sweetest, firmest, first, and best,
Strength to the weak, and to the wounded balm;
And strenuous action next.

—SOUTHEY.

---

There is no grief, even on this sinful earth,
Without its consolation; none which faith
And patient love may not convert to bliss,
Or make at least the path to it.

—J. MOULTRIE.

---

Shed not the unavailing tear,
  Your thoughts to God be given;
Make each successive day and year
  A stepping-stone to Heaven.

---

Think not thou canst sigh a sigh,
  And thy Maker is not by;
Think not thou canst weep a tear,
  And thy Maker is not near.

* *Translated by Platts.*

Oh! He gives to us His joy,
That our grief He may destroy;
Till our grief is fled and gone,
He doth sit by us and moan.

—WILLIAM BLAKE.

## HYMN.

When mortal joys take wing and flee,
I own thy chastening rod,
My wandering heart returns to thee,
My Father and my God!

I know Thou wilt not chide in vain,
But with a parent's love;
The gracious hand that gives me pain
Will all my comfort prove.

Oh! for an angel's tongue, to speak
The treasures of Thy grace,
Still open, when we haste to seek,
And bow before thy face.

Then, in the gloomy night of grief,
I'll trust Thy guardian power,
Omnipotence can bring relief,
And cheer the darkest hour.*

—MARY ANNE ROSCOE.

How happy to be resigned to the divine will, to be able to kiss the rod, to submit with patience to the crosses laid upon us, and sweetly sing:—

"I would not drop a murmuring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee and thee alone."

* *From Selections by Emily Taylor.*

## 67. GRIEF (FOR THE DEAD).

We should not weep at all after extinguishing the funeral pyre of a deceased relative; if the relatives of the deceased shed tears and drop mucus from the nose, the deceased is forced to swallow the excretions.

—"GARUDA PURÂNA."

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### A SONG.

AGAINST LAMENTATIONS FOR THE DEAD.

On the death of a dear one we should not weep and sing funeral songs;
As that gives the departed soul unrest, which we should consider properly.
The God Vishnu said to Garuda (the eagle, his conveyance) that if a person were to weep and beat the breast,
By doing so he causes deep distress to the deceased so as to make him sigh and cry;
The saliva, mucus, and the tears of the mourners are forced into the mouth of the dead by the attendants of Yama, the god of Death;
And this is an affliction severer than that of the worst kind of hell.
Some mourners beat the breast and some the forehead, while other uproot the hair of the head;
All this brings on intense pain on the deceased person.
The people may praise or may censure, we should bear that callously;

When we feel affection for the departed, why should we give him pain?
If you bear bitter enmity towards him you may weep and lament unhesitatingly;
If you could not satisfy your revenge when he was alive, you may add to his affliction after death.
If beating the forehead avails you anything, take a stone and strike it against it;
Why should you by this practice invite diseases into your system?
Leave aside this false show, stick not to such superstitions;
Rather do charitable actions out of affection for the dead that his soul may rest in peace.
You may weep but you shall not see him whom you lament—nay, you will lose your eyes;
Dalpatrâm says, "Seriously think on this and listen to this advice."

—DALPATRÂM.*

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As all earthen vessels made by the potter end in being broken, so is the life of mortals.

Not from weeping nor from grieving will any one obtain peace of mind; on the contrary his pain will be the greater and his body will suffer. He will make himself sick and pale, yet the dead are not saved by his lamentation.†

---

It is indeed pure folly to give vent to loud and vehement lamentations on the death of a person. Our mourning cries cannot recall the deceased person.

* * * * *

* *A Gujarâti poet.*

† *From The Gospel of Buddha, from The Awakened India.*

When mother, father, brother, sister, son-in-law, daughter, son, comrade, dear friend, loving wife or any such relative expires, it is natural for one to feel aggrieved and to be inclined to weep. But this should be kept within proper limits. We ought to know what is to be done on such an occasion. There are many persons who become quite distracted with grief, shed copious tears from their eyes, beat the breast and the forehead, and dash themselves violently against the ground. Does this in any way tend to mitigate their suffering? No! On the contrary such a habit detracts from their physical strength, enfeebles the mind, and obscures the intellect. * * * * * * * * Perhaps one would ask what else is to be done if wailings and loud lamentations are improper at such a time. It may be said in reply to such a question that on the occasion of a bereavement like this, remembrance of the Lord is preferable to such madness.*

---

Whatever Râma willeth, that, without the least difficulty, shall be; why, therefore, do ye kill yourselves with grief, when grief can avail you nothing?†

—DÂDU.

---

While Mahomet was exulting in the tidings of success from every quarter, he was stricken to the heart by one of the severest of domestic bereavements. His son, a child but fifteen months old, his only male issue on whom reposed his hope of transmitting his name to

* *From an Essay on 'The Injurious Practice of Weeping Aloud and Beating the Breast' published by Gândhi Virchand Râghavji, B. A., Secretary to the Jain Association of India.*

† *From the Works of H. H. Wilson.*

posterity, was seized with a mortal malady, and expired before his eyes. Mahomet could not control a father's feelings as he bent in agony over this blighted blossom of his hopes. Yet even in this trying hour he showed that submission to the will of God, which formed the foundation of his faith. "My heart is sad," murmured he, "and mine eyes overflow with tears at parting with thee, Oh my son! And still greater would be my grief did I not know that I must soon follow thee; for we are of God; from him we come, and to him we must return."

Abda'lrahman, seeing him in tears, demanded: "Hast thou not forbidden us to weep for the dead?" "No," replied the Prophet, "I have forbidden ye to utter shrieks and outcries, to beat your faces, and rend your garments; these are suggestions of the evil one; but tears shed for a calamity are as balm to the heart, and are sent in mercy.*

---

On the occasion of a death some persons lament and bewail very violently; while there are others who make it a point to dislike food and drink. But such men should think deeply on the text of the Vendîdâd, and should bear in mind that no one in this world has brought with him a document exempting him from death. Sooner or later every one has to die.

—"ZOROASTRIAN DHARMANÎTI, No. 5."†

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I (Ardâ Vîrâf) also saw the souls of women whose heads were cut off and separated from the body, and the tongue ever kept crying.

* *From Irving's Life of Mahomet.*

† *By Erwad Sheheriârji Dâdâbhâi Bharuchâ.*

And I asked thus: "Whose souls are those of these?"

Srôsh the pious, and Âtarô the angel, said thus: "These are the souls of those women, who, in the world, made much lamentation and weeping, and beat the head and face."

—THE BOOK OF ARDÂ VÎRÂF.*

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Afterwards Srôsh the pious and Âtarô the angel took hold of my hand, and I (Ardâ Vîrâf) went thence onwards. I came to a place, and I saw a great river which was gloomy as dreadful hell; on which river were many souls and guardian angels; and some of them were not able to cross, and some crossed only with great difficulty, and some crossed easily.

And I asked thus: "What river is this, and who are these people who stand so distressed?"

Srôsh the pious and Âtarô the angel, said thus: "This river is the many tears which men shed from the eyes as they make lamentation and weeping for the departed. They shed those tears unlawfully, and they swell to this river. Those who are not able to cross over, are those for whom after their departure much lamentation and weeping were made; and those who cross more easily are those for whom less was made. Speak forth to the world thus. 'When you are in the world, make no lamentation and weeping unlawfully; for so much harm and difficulty may happen to the *souls of your departed*.'"

—THE BOOK OF ARDÂ VÎRÂF.*

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* *Translated by Martin Haug, Ph. D., assisted by E. W. West, Ph. D.*

Grief at the loss of friends is natural. To say, therefore, that tears for the deceased are unseasonable, because they are unprofitable, is to speak without regard to the state and condition of human nature. A pious tear is a sign of humanity and generosity; but still exceeding care must be taken that men do not run into excesses in this kind. To grieve may be laudable: to be loud and querulous is childish and to carry matters so far as to refuse comfort is inexcusable. It is impious towards God, without whose permission nothing happens in the world; it expresses too great a disregard to other men, as though no one remained worthy of esteem or love; and it is highly prejudicial to ourselves, as it impairs our health, weakens our minds, unfits us for our several offices, and sometimes ends in death itself.

—BISHOP CONYBEARE.

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Anaxagoras, the philosopher, being told that both his sons were dead, laid his hand upon his heart, and after a short pause consoled himself with a reflection couched in these words, "I knew they were mortal."

---

The last words of Alexander the Great to his mother had been to request that a banquet should be set out on the occasion of his death, and that proclamation should be made, at the beginning of the feast, that none should partake of it but those whose lives had been uniformly prosperous. When this was announced, every hand was drawn back, all sat silent, and the unhappy mother saw, in this tacit and affecting confession of the troubled lot of humanity, a melancholy consolation for her own individual loss.*

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* *From Clouston's Popular Tales and Fictions.*

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead;
Excessive grief the enemy to the living.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Cease to lament for what thou canst not help.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where his islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure spread
O'er the warm-coloured heaven and ruddy mountain head.
Why weep ye then for him, who having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labours done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set?

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

---

I believe it that sorrows are dangerous companions, converting bad into evil, and evil into worse, and do no other service than multiply harm. They are the treasures of weak hearts and of the foolish. The mind that entertaineth them is as the earth and dust, whereon sorrows and adversities of the world do, as the beasts of the field, tread, trample, and defile. The mind of man is that part of God which is in us, which, by how much it is subject to passion, by so much it is further from Him that gave it us. Sorrows draw not the dead to life, but the living to death.

—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

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If, when sorrows oppress thee, relief thou wouldst seek,
Fly, fly to the feet of the mighty Unique.

---

Earth has no sorrow
That heaven cannot cure.

---

Oh! there is never sorrow of heart
That shall lack a timely end,
If but to God we turn, and ask
Of Him to be our friend!

—WORDSWORTH.

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## A KING AND A PHILOSOPHER.

When once a king did excessively and obstinately grieve for the death of his wife, whom he tenderly loved, a philosopher, observing it, told him that he was ready to comfort him by restoring her to life, supposing only that he would supply what was needful towards the performing it. The king said he was ready to furnish him with anything. The philosopher answered that he was provided with all things necessary except one thing. What that was, the king demanded. He replied that if he would, on his wife's tomb, inscribe the names of three persons who never mourned, she presently would revive. The king, after inquiry, told the philosopher that he could not find one such man. "Why then," said the philosopher, smiling, "O absurdest of all men, art thou not ashamed to moan as if thou hadst alone fallen into so grievous a case, whereas thou canst not find one person that ever was free from such domestic affliction?"†

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* *From Cural Odes, from the Folk-songs of Southern India, by Gover.*

† *From Clouston's Popular Tales and Fictions.*

## KISAGOTAMI AND BUDDHA.

Kisâgotamî is the name of a young girl, whose marriage with the only son of a wealthy man was brought about in true fairy-tale fashion. She had one child, but when the beautiful boy could run alone, it died. The young girl in her love for it carried the dead child clasped to her bosom, and went from house to house of her pitying friends asking them to give her medicine for it. But a Buddhist mendicant, thinking, 'she does not understand,' said to her, 'My good girl, I myself have no such medicine as you ask for, but I think I know of one who has.' 'O tell me who that is,' said Kisâgotamî. 'The Buddha can give you medicine; go to him,' was the answer. She went to Gautama, and doing homage to him, said, 'Lord and Master, do you know any medicine that will be good for my child?' 'Yes, I know of some,' said the teacher. Now it was the custom for patients or their friends to provide the herbs which the doctors required, and so she asked what herbs he would want. 'I want some mustard-seed,' he said; and when the poor girl eagerly promised to bring some of so common a drug, he added, 'You must get it from some house where no son, or husband, or parent, or slave has died.' 'Very good,' she said, and went to ask for it, still carrying her dead child with her. The people said, 'Here is mustard-seed, take it;' but when she asked, 'In my friend's house has any son died, or a husband or a parent or a slave?' they answered, 'Lady! What is this that you say? The living are few, but the dead are many.' Then she went to other houses, but one said, 'I have lost a son,' another, 'We have lost our parents,' another, 'I have lost my slave.' At last, not being able to find a single house where no one had

died, her mind began to clear, and summoning up resolution, she left the dead body of her child in a forest, and returning to the Buddha paid him homage. He said to her, 'Have you the mustard-seed?' 'My Lord,' she replied, 'I have not; the people tell me that the living are few, but the dead are many.' Then he talked to her on that essential part of his system—the impermanency of all things, till her doubts were cleared away, and accepting her lot, she became a disciple.

—PARABLE OF THE MUSTARD-SEED.*

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## ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

'Tis hard, dear babe, to think that for ever we must part,
That thou again wilt never be press'd unto my heart;
For though thou wert but young, thou wert made to us most dear,
By a little age of sickness, anxiety, and fear.—

How often with thy father have I sat beside thy bed,
How we look'd at one another when thy colour came and fled;
For death we both forboded, though we dared not tell our fears,
And we turn'd aside our faces to hide the coming tears.

How sweet it was to listen to each newly prattled word,

* *From David's Buddhism.*

And to see thy dark eyes glisten with the look of health restored;
But, alas! thy beauty's blossom could scarce unfold its charms,
When the cruel hand of death came to pluck thee from our arms.

No stranger without shrinking could have seen thine eyes, still bright,
Fix'd open without winking, when thy spirit took its flight;
Then what we must have suffer'd, who so watch'd them, when awake,
And nightly on their sleep stole a silent kiss to take?

In every thing their lingers some thought of thee behind,--
I feel thy little fingers still round my own entwined;
Not a night but in my dreams I can hear thy little cries;
I start awake—and think—and the tears suffuse my eyes.

Thy trinklets, toys, and dresses, we are forced to hide them all;
They waken new distresses by the scenes that they recall;
And every lovely child whom we happen to accost
Brings thrilling recollections of the beauty we have lost.—

But if such sight of sorrow can our sympathies excite,
From others we may borrow consolation and delight;

And when we mourn the joys of which our bosoms are bereft,
Let us think with grateful hearts of the many that are left.*

* *From Gaieties and Gravities.*

## 68. HABIT.

Knowledge excites our curiosity, experience enlarges and corrects our knowledge, and habits render us fit for acting with instantaneous promptitude and readiness. The acquisition of good habits– of such habits as shall free us from the need of lengthy consideration before acting when emergencies occur—we proclaim as one of the great uses of self-culture.

—SAMUEL NEIL.

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Habit will reconcile us to everything, but change, and even to change, if it recur not too quickly.

—COLTON.

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Habit is second nature.

—MONTAIGNE.

---

Habits are a necklace of pearls; untie the knot and the whole unthreads.

—A RUSSIAN WRITER.

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Industry doth beget ease by procuring good habits and facility of acting things expedient for us to do.

—BARROW.

---

It is the business of the honourable man to use the utmost diligence in forming habits; principles being fixed, right conduct will follow of itself.*

—CONFUCIUS.

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* *From Marshman's Works of Confucius.*

Ill habits gather by unseen degrees,
As brooks make rivers, rivers run to seas.

—DRYDEN.

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We are all, in a great measure, the creatures of habit. That which at first was a matter of indifference, by long use becomes absolutely essential to our comfort. How important, then, that we should guard against such habits as may in any degree be evil, or lead to evil; or which cannot be practised without inconvenience to ourselves or others! Some habits are needlessly expensive; others are injurious in their physical or moral tendency. Perhaps at first they were thoughtlessly indulged in a mere frolic or bravado; but by degrees, they became interwoven with the very constitution, and hold it with the force of an irresistible chain, and with the corrosiveness of deadly poison. Sound discretion will guard against the first experiment. To a failure in discretion and resolution in this respect, may be traced the ruin of ten thousand inveterate drunkards, to say nothing of the influence of other habits equally pernicious.

—"DOMESTIC LIFE."

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The ill may go, but the habit will stick.

—KASHMIRI PROVERB.

---

Habit is a cable. We weave threads of it everyday, and at last we cannot break it.

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A dog's tail will not become straight.

—PERSIAN PROVERB.

---

It is a folly to expect to break off a habit in a day, which has been gathering long years.

---

A habit, deep seated, that has entered into the vitals of life, would cost more anguish to dispel from its old abode, past resuscitation, than would tearing out the eye from its socket; and would call for our best energies and require a will wound up to the highest pitch for that purpose.

—"THEOSOPHIST."

---

Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter it does not change "a bit". If you take another, you still have a "bit" left. If you take off still another, the whole of "it" remains. If you take off another it is not "t" totally used up. All of which goes to show that if you wish to be rid of a habit, you must throw it off altogether.

---

It is more appropriate to say that our every day habits are at fault than to find fault with the times.

—JAIN PRECEPT.

---

How shall I a habit break?
As you did that habit make,
As you gathered, you must lose;
As you yielded, now refuse;
Thread by thread the strand we twist,
Till they bind us neck and wrist;
Thread by thread, the patient hand
Must untwine ere free we stand,
As we builded stone by stone,
We must toil unhelped alone,
Till the wall is overthrown.

—JOHN BOYLE O' REILLY.

---

The late Sir George Staunton informed me, that he had visited a man in India, who had committed a murder, and, in order not only to save his life, but what was of much more consequence, his caste, he submitted to the penalty imposed; this was, that he should sleep for seven years on a bedstead, without any mattress, the whole surface of which was studded with points of iron resembling nails, but not so sharp as to penetrate the flesh. Sir George saw him in the fifth year of his probation, and his skin was then like the hide of a rhinoceros, but more callous; at that time, however, he could sleep comfortably on his "bed of thorns," and remarked, that at the expiration of the term of his sentence, he should most probably continue that system from choice, which he had been obliged to adopt from necessity.

—COLTON.

## EIGHT GOLDEN HABITS.

1. Be frugal not mean.
2. Be prudent not subtle.
3. Be complaisant not servile.
4. Be active in business but not its slave.

There are also four other habits which are essentially necessary to the happy management of temporal concerns. These are punctuality, accuracy, steadiness and despatch.

## LETTERS OF RECOMMENDATION.

A gentleman once advertised for a boy to assist him in his office, and nearly fifty applied for the place. Out of the whole number he in a short time chose one, and sent all the rest away.

"I should like to know," said a friend, "on what ground you chose that boy. He had not a single recommendation with him."

"You are mistaken," said the gentleman; "he had a great many:—

1. "He wiped his feet when he came in, and closed the door after him; showing that he was orderly and tidy.
2. "He gave up his seat instantly to that lame old man; showing that he was kind and thoughtful.
3. "He took off his cap when he came in and answered my questions promptly and respectfully; showing that he was polite.
4. "He lifted up the book which I had purposely laid on the floor, and placed it on the table, while all the rest stepped over it, or shoved it aside; showing that he was careful.
5. "And he waited quietly for his turn, instead of pushing the others aside; showing that he was modest.
6. "When I talked with him, I noticed that his clothes were carefully brushed, his hair in nice order, and his teeth as white as milk. When he wrote his name, I observed that his finger-nails were clean, instead of being tipped with jet, like the handsome little fellow's in the blue jacket.

"Don't you call these things letters of recommendation? I do; and what I can tell about a boy by using my eyes for ten minutes, is worth more than all the fine letters he can bring me."

—"ROYAL READERS, No. 3."

## 69. HAND AND HEART.

In storm or shine, two friends of mine
  Go forth to work or play;
And when they visit poor men's homes,
  They bless them by the way.
'Tis Willing Hand! 'tis Cheerful Heart,
  The two best friends I know;
Around the hearth come Joy and Mirth
  Where'er their faces glow.

—C. MACKAY.

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He who seeks life's greatest treasure,
  The amulet that conquers ill,
Finds it not in gifts or pleasure,
  But in his right arm's matchless skill.

---

I fell into grief, and began to complain;
I look'd for a friend, but I sought him in vain;
Companions were shy, and acquaintance were cold,
They gave me good counsel, but dreaded their gold.

"Let them go," I exclaimed," I've a friend at my side,
"To lift me, and aid me, whatever betide.
"To trust to the world is to build on the sand:—
"I'll trust but in Heaven, and my good Right Hand."

My courage reviv'd, in my fortune's despite,
And my hand was as strong as my spirit was light;
It raised me from sorrow, it saved me from pain;
It fed me, and clad me, again and again.

The friends who had left me, came back every one,
And darkest advisers look'd bright as the sun;
I need them no more, as they all understand,—
I thank thee, I trust thee, my good Right Hand!

—C. MACKAY.

## 70. HAPPINESS.

The pursuit of happiness, however various the road, is the great occupation of all the dwellers on the earth.

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Alike to all the kind impartial heav'n,
The sparks of truth and happiness has giv'n.
—GRAY.

---

The happiness of life depends on our discretion.
—YOUNG.

---

That all we enjoy, and a great part of what we suffer, is put in our own power; for pleasure and pain are the consequences of our actions; and we are endued by the Author of our Nature with capacities for foreseeing these consequences.

* * * * *

And by prudence and care we may for the most part pass our days in tolerable ease and quiet; or, on the contrary, we may, by rashness, ungoverned passion, wilfulness, or even by negligence, make ourselves as miserable as ever we please.

—BUTLER.

---

The two things, which conduce most to happiness are labour and abstinence. Spartan severities are not recommended, but that degree of labour, which may be had without being oppressive, and that quantity of food which helps to support nature, without loading the stomach—man should not only be temperate in food, but moderate in all things. Modera-

tion of disposition teaches us to restrain all the evil workings of the mind.

---

The grand essentials to happiness in this world are—

1. Something to do,
2. Something to love, and
3. Something to hope for.

---

A French philosopher laid down three rules for the attainment of happiness. The first was occupation. Second the same, third the same. It developes your mental and physical powers. You were created for it.

---

To seek for happiness is a legitimate object of humanity, and if we understand humanity aright, we shall perceive that the pursuit, the *conscious* effort to achieve that end, entails a discipline, a self-control, an ordering and a regulating of our life which in itself ennobles. It is the universal, blind, unconscious groping after happiness that we have cause to fear, or what is worse—an aimless, purposeless, existence, which in its blank indifference leads to unscrupulous action on the part of the individual, who thus encroaches upon the rights, and mars the happiness of others.

—JANE HUME CLAPPERTON.

---

Half the world is on the wrong scent in the pursuit of happiness.

—HENRY DRUMMOND.

---

We take greater pains to persuade others that we are happy than endeavouring to think so ourselves.

—CONFUCIUS.

---

We are less anxious to *become* happy than to *appear* so.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

---

How bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes.

---

But concerning happiness, men cannot agree as to its true nature, and the vulgar by no means hold the same opinion respecting it with the educated; for some are inclined to apply it only to what is distinct and marked in its essence, such as pleasure, wealth, or honour; each man thinking differently of it from his neighbours, and often the same person entertains different opinions respecting it at different times. For, when he is ill, he thinks it to be health; when poor, to be riches; but being conscious of their own ignorance men are apt to be struck with admiration at those who say that it is something great and above them.

—ARISTOTLE.

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In the opinion of the world, the road to wealth is the only road to happiness. And if peace of mind and health of body were as easily purchased as a coach and a dainty repast, then undoubtedly wealth *would* be the road to happiness.

---

How do riches confer happiness? They create trouble in the acquiring, give pain in their loss, and perplex by their abundance.

—"HITOPADESHA."*

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* *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

It is not large possessions themselves that are blessings.
More rightly called 'blest,' he whose claim to the title
Is the wisdom which puts to their use
All the gifts that he owes to the gods.

---

The loss of wealth is loss of dirt,
As sages in all times assert;
The happy man's without a shirt.

—J. HEYWOOD.

---

Sufficient wealth, unbroken health, a friend,
A wife of gentle speech, a docile son,
And learning that subserves some useful end—
These are a living man's six greatest blessings.†

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

---

Aristotle divides the blessings of life into three classes—those which come to us from without, those of the soul, and those of the body. Keeping nothing of this division but the number, I observe that the fundamental differences in human lot may be reduced to three distinct classes:

I. What a man is: that is to say personality, in the widest sense of the word; under which are included health, strength, beauty, temperament, moral character, intelligence, and education.

II. What a man has: that is, property, and possessions of every kind.

° *From the Odes of Horace, translated by Lord Lytton.*

† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

III. How a man stands in the estimation of others: by which is to be understood, as everybody knows, what a man is in the eyes of his fellow-men, or, more strictly, the light in which they regard him. This is shown by their opinion of him; and their opinion is in its turn manifested by the honour in which he is held, and by his rank and reputation.

The differences which come under the first head are those which Nature herself has set between man and man; and from this fact alone we may at once infer that they influence the happiness or unhappiness of mankind in a much more vital and radical way than those contained under the two following heads, which are merely the effect of human arrangements.

* * * * *

A noble nature, a capable head, a joyful temperament, bright spirits, a well-constituted, perfectly sound physique, in a word, mens sana in corpore sano, are the first and most important elements in happiness; so that we should be more intent on promoting and preserving such qualities than on the possession of external wealth and external honour.*

—SCHOPENHAUER.

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Happiness depends, as nature shows,
Less on exterior things than men suppose.

---

To be happy is not only to be freed from the pains and diseases of the body, but from anxiety and vexation of spirit.

—TILLOTSON.

---

* *From Wisdom of Life, translated by Saunders.*

Happiness consists in the preservation of a firm and equal mind.

---

He is the happy man, not whom other men think, but who thinks himself to be so.

—Old Spanish Proverb.

---

We are to be made happy—let us never forget it—by what we *are*, not by what we *have*, by the purity and power of our own minds, and not by what is given us from abroad. We are too apt with insane eagerness to gather round ourselves defences and means of enjoyment, whilst the mind is left uneducated and the character untrained.

—Rev. Channing.

---

The swelling of an outward fortune can
Create a prosperous, not a happy man;
A peaceful Conscience is the true Content,
And Wealth is but her golden ornament.

—Quarles.

---

If it be your desire to be happy in life, ever do good deeds;
This is the advice always given by poet Dalpatrâm.

—Dalpatrâm.*

---

Mankind differ in their notions of supreme happiness; but in my opinion that man truly possesses it, who lives in the conscious anticipation of honest fame and the glorious figure he will make in the eyes of posterity.

—Pliny.

---

*A Gujarâti poet.*

What can be added to the happiness of the man who is in health, who is out of debt, and has a clear conscience?

—ADAM SMITH.

---

Learn in childhood, if you can, that happiness is not outside but inside. A good heart and a clear conscience bring happiness, which no riches and no circumstances ever can do.

---

That man alone can be called happy, who is at peace with his own heart and with his Maker. Your own observation must have shown you that those whose desires are regulated by wisdom, and whose course of life is what it ought to be, seldom have reason to complain of fortune.*

---

Pour forth thy fervours for a healthy mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;
For Love, which scarce collective man can fill;
For Patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
For Faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat.
These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain;
These goods He grants, who grants the power to gain:
With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness, she cannot find.†

---

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
Virtue alone is happiness below.

—POPE.

---

*From Southey's Colloquies.

† *From Johnson's Vanity of Human Wishes.*

The heart which possesseth contentment wanteth for nothing, but that which hath it not, knoweth not what happiness meaneth.*

—DÂDU.

---

He who desires happiness must strive after a perfectly contented disposition and control himself; for happiness has contentment for its root, the root of unhappiness is the contrary (disposition).

—MANU.

---

To keep life's balance true and fair,
To breathe contentment like the air;
To live but as your purse allows,
To love your children and your spouse;
To take delight in Nature's plan,
Adoring God, nor fearing man,
Avoiding anger, pride, excess,—
That is the way to happiness.

—C. MACKAY.

---

Happiness or misery is in the mind.

—COBBETT.

---

When are we happiest then? Oh! when resign'd
To whatsoe'er our cup of life may bring;
When we can know ourselves but weak and blind,
Creatures of earth and trust alone in Him
Who giveth, in His mercy joy or pain.

---

Without strong affection, and humanity of heart, and gratitude to that being, whose code is mercy, and whose great attribute is Benevolence to all things that breathe, true happiness can never be attained.

—DICKENS.

---

* *From the Works of H. H. Wilson.*

Fear God, nor any living thing distress,
This is the one sole road to happiness.

—"ANVAR-I-SUHAILI."*

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The man who avoiding theft and sensuality keeps himself aloof from falsehood,
And who is unflinching in his devotion to God, enjoys supreme happiness.

—DALPATRÂM.†

---

That thou art happy, owe to God,
That thou continu'st such, owe to thyself.

—MILTON.

---

Our happiness depends little on political institutions, and much on the temper and regulation of our own minds.

—MACAULAY.

---

It is a great obstacle to happiness to expect too much.

---

Care should be taken not to build the happiness of life upon a broad foundation—not to require a great many things in order to be happy. For happiness on such a foundation is the most easily undermined; it offers many more opportunities for accidents; and accidents are always happening.‡

—SCHOPENHAUER.

---

Men spend their lives in anticipations, in determining to be vastly happy at some period or other, when they have time. But the present time has one advant-

* *Translated by Eastwick.*

† *A Gujarâti poet.*

‡ *From Counsels and Maxims, translated by Saunders.*

age over every other—it is our own. Past opportunities are gone, future are not come.

Let our happiness be a modest mansion, which we can inhabit, while we have our health and vigour to enjoy it; not a fabric, so vast and expensive, that it has cost us the best part of our lives to build it, and which we can expect to occupy only when we have less occasion for an habitation than a tomb.

—COLTON.

---

There is no man who is happy in every way.

—EURIPIDES.

---

But still he found that human bliss,
Though bright when caught, had ready wing,
And felt in Fortune's sweetest kiss
Some bitter thing.*

---

Often we see a man so signalised by the favours of fortune, so affluent, so blessed with health, so well circumstanced in his family relations, that we say, here, sure, is an enviable man; here is something like the proof of the reality of that scouted thing, luck; here we have at least one happy man to show that this world is not the certain scene of care and woe which preachers and poets have combined to represent it. And yet how often, before such men get to the end of their career, do circumstances occur to assure the world that, after all, they were the victims of some one or other of the endless catalogue of human miseries, and that, while all, like the ivy, was glossy and bright above, the heart was 'worn and gray beneath.'

—R. CHAMBERS.

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* *From Oriental Musings and other poems, by P. Scott.*

It is not the lot of men to be perfectly happy in this world; the only thing which remains to us is to make the best of what we receive and obtain, being as comfortable and happy as our circumstances allow.

---

No person is either so happy or so unhappy as he imagines.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

---

We are never so unfortunate or so unhappy as we think ourselves.

---

In mentioning, however, the influence of imagination on happiness, what I had chiefly in view was the addition which is made to our enjoyments or sufferings, on the whole, by the predominance of *hope* or *fear* in the habitual state of our minds. One man is continually led by the complexion of his temper, to forebode evil to himself and to the world; while another, after a thousand disappointments, looks forward to the future with exultation, and feels his confidence in Providence unshaken. One principal cause of these differences is undoubtedly the natural constitution of the mind in point of fortitude. The weak and the timid are under continual alarm from the apprehension of evils which are barely possible, and fancy "there is a lion in the way" when they are called on to discharge the common duties of life; although in truth, the evils they apprehend, supposing them actually to happen, cannot exceed those they habitually suffer.*

---

If only we could persuade ourselves to be quiescent when we are happy! Let happiness alone. Stir not an

* *From Stewart's Philosophy.*

inch; speak not a word; happiness is a coy maiden—hold her hand and be still.*

---

A man who desires to make up the book of his life, and determine where the balance of happiness lies, must put down in his accounts, not the pleasures he has enjoyed, but the evils he has escaped. * * * The happiest lot is not to have experienced the keenest delight or the greatest pleasures, but to have brought life to a close without any very great pain, bodily or mental. To measure the happiness of a life by its delights or pleasures is to apply a false standard. For pleasures are and remain something negative; that they produce happiness is a delusion, cherished by envy to its own punishment. Pain is felt to be something positive, and hence its absence is the true standard of happiness.†

—SCHOPENHAUER.

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But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded blest before he die.

—ADDISON.

---

We must expect of man the latest day,
Nor ere he die, he's happy can we say.

—OVID.

---

## KING CRŒSUS AND THE SAGE SOLON.

Crœsus, the king, said to the great sage Solon that Asia Minor was a very happy place. And the sage asked him, "who is the happiest man; I have not seen any one very happy?" "Nonsense," said Crœsus, "I am the happiest man in the world." "Wait, sir, till the end of

* *From "Thoughts" from writings of Richard Jefferies.*

† *From Counsels and Maxims, translated by Saunders.*

your life, don't be in a hurry," replied the sage and went away. In course of time that king was conquered by the Persians, and they ordered him to be burnt alive; the funeral pyre was prepared, and when poor Crœsus saw it, he cried aloud, "Solon! Solon!" On being asked to whom he referred, he told his story, and the Persian emperor was kind enough to forgive him.

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## THE FATHER AND JUPITER. (A FABLE).

The man to Jove his suit preferr'd;
He begg'd a wife; his pray'r was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing:
For how precarious is the blessing!
A wife he takes.- And now for heirs
Again he worries Heaven with prayers.
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.
No more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r, and beauty.
Once more he cries, Accept my pray'r;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let me first hope my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire:
May favour teach him to aspire,
Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend!
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If heaven approve, a Father's blest:
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first a miser at the heart,
Studious of every griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain,
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace.
In fancied want (a wretch complete!)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew:
The thriving art of courts he knew:
He reached the height of power and place,
Then fell the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies,
His daughter's cheeks and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each suit disdains,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age, she fades, each lover flies,
Contem'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the Father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heaven and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the god: By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe.
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th' Eternal Will?
Seek virtue: and, of that possesst,
To Providence resign the rest.

—GAY.

## A FEW PLAIN RULES.

What makes the happiest life below,
A few plain rules, my friend, will show.
—A good estate, not earn'd with toil,
But left by will, or given by fate;
A land of no ungrateful soil;
A constant fire within my grate;

No law; few cares; a quiet mind;
Strength unimpair'd; a healthful frame;
Wisdom with innocence combined;
Friends equal both in years and fame;
Your living easy, and your board
With food, but not with luxury stored;
A bed, though chaste, not solitary;
Sound sleep, to shorten night's dull reign;
Wish nothing that is yours to vary;
Think all enjoyments that remain;
And, for the inevitable hour—
Nor hope it nigh, nor dread its power.

—J. H. MERIVALE.

---

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill;

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death;
Unti'd unto the world by care,
Of public fame or private breath;

* * * *

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of his Grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

—Sir H. Wotton.

---

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night: study and ease,
Together mixt; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most doth please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

—Pope.

---

One morning in the month of May
I wander'd over the hill;
Though nature all around was gay,
My heart was heavy still.

Can, God, I thought, the good, the great,
These meaner creatures bless,
And yet deny our human state
The boon of happiness.

'Tell' me, ye woods, ye smiling plains,
Ye blessed birds around,
Where, in creation's wide domains,
Can perfect bliss be found?

The birds wild caroll'd over head,
The breeze around me blew,
And nature's awful chorus said,
No bliss for man she knew!

I question'd Love, whose early ray
So heavenly bright appears;
And, Love, in answer, seem'd to say,
His light was dimm'd by tears.

I question'd Friendship—Friendship mourn'd,
And thus her answer gave:
The friends whom fortune had not turn'd
Were banish'd in the grave!

I ask'd of Feeling,—if her skill
Could heal the wounded breast?
And found her sorrows streaming still,
For others' griefs distrest.

I ask'd if Vice could bliss bestow?
Vice boasted loud and well:
But, fading from her pallid brow,
The venom'd roses fell.

I question'd Virtue,—Virtue sigh'd,
No boon could she dispense;

Nor Virtue was her name, she cried,
But humble Penitence!

I question'd Death,—the grisly shade
Relax'd his brow severe;
And "I am happiness," he said,
"If Virtue guides thee here!"

—R. HEBER.

## 71. HASTE.

Haste make, waste and waste makes want.

---

He that runs fast will not run long.

---

Rome was not built in a day.

---

Hasty resolutions seldom speed well.

---

Decide not hastily, lest passion or prejudice sway you.

---

Hast thou not heard that the sages say, "It is better to proceed slowly and rest, than to run and break down."

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

---

Seest thou a man that is hasty in his words? There is more hope of a fool than of him.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS."

---

A man should not perform an act hastily; inconsiderateness is the source of the greatest misfortunes. Good fortune, naturally attached to merit, spontaneously selects him who acts with deliberation.

—"HITOPADESHA."†

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### THE SNAKE AND THE ICHNEUMON.

There was a Brahmin, named Deva Sharmâ, whose wife had one son; she had also a favourite ichneumon

* *Translated by Platts.*

† *Pro. Johnson's edition.*

(mungoose) that she brought up with the infant, and cherished like another child. At the same time she was afraid that the animal would some time or other, do the child a mischief, knowing its treacherous nature. One day the mother going forth to fetch water, placed the child in the bed, and desired her husband to guard the infant, especially from the ichneumon. She then departed, and after a while the Brahmin himself was obliged to go forth to collect alms. When the house was thus deserted, a black snake came out of a hole, and crawled towards the bed where the infant lay: the inchneumon, who saw him, impelled by his natural animosity, and by regard for his foster-brother, instantly attacked him, and after a furious encounter, tore him to pieces. Pleased with his prowess, and the service he had rendered, he ran to meet his mistress on her return home, his jaws and face besmeared with blood. As soon as the Brahmin's wife beheld him, she was convinced that he had killed her child, and in her rage and agitation she threw the water-jar at the inchneumon with all her force, and killed him on the spot. She then rushed into the house, where she found the child still asleep, and the body of a venomous snake torn in pieces at the foot of the bed. She then perceived the error she had committed and beat her breast and face with grief for the unmerited fate of her faithful little favourite.

—"PANCHA TANTRA."

## A KING AND HIS HAWK.

A king, while hawking, chanced to ride ahead of his followers, and feeling thirsty, he sought about for water. Coming to the foot of a mountain, he discovered water slowly trickling from a rock, and taking a little

° *From Clouston's Popular Tales and Fictions.*

cup from his quiver, he held it to catch the drops as they fell. When the cup was full, and the king was about to drink, his hawk flapped his wings so as to spill the water, and this occurring a second time, the king in a rage dashed the bird to the ground, and it instantly expired. It was afterwards found that a monstrous serpent lay dead at the fountain head, and his poisonous foam was mingling with the water. The king then reflected on the evils of precipitancy and thoughtlessness, and during the remainder of his life the arrow of regret was continually rankling in his breast.*

—"ANVAR-I-SUHAILI."

---

## PRINCE LLEWELYN AND DOG GELERT.

(A LEGEND).

The spearman heard the bugle sound,
And cheerily smiled the morn;
And many a brach and many a hound
Attend Llewelyn's horn.

And still he blew a louder blast,
And gave a louder cheer,—
"Come Gelert! why art thou the last
Llewelyn's horn to hear?

"Oh, where does faithful Gelert roam?
The flower of all his race!
So true, so brave! a lamb at home,
A lion in the chase!"

That day Llewelyn little loved
The chase of hart or hare,
And scant and small the booty proved,—
For Gelert was not there.

*From Clouston's Popular Tales and Fictions.*

Unpleased Llewelyn homeward hied;
When, near the portal seat,
His truant Gelert he espied
Bounding his lord to greet.

But when he gained the castle-door,
Aghast the chieftain stood:
The hound was smeared with drops of gore,—
His lips and fangs ran blood!

Llewelyn gazed with wild surprise:—
Unused such looks to meet,
His favourite checked his joyful guise,
And crouched and licked his feet.

Onward in haste Llewelyn passed,
(And on went Gelert too,)
And still, where'er his eyes were cast,
Fresh blood-drops shocked his view!

O'erturned his infant's bed he found!
The blood-stained cover rent,
And all around the walls and ground,
With recent blood besprent!

He called his child—no voice replied!
He searched with terror wild;
Blood! blood he found on every side!
But no where found the child!

"Monster! by thee my child's devoured!"
The frantic father cried;
And to the hilt his vengeful sword
He plunged in Gelert's side!

His suppliant looks, as prone he fell,
No pity could impart;

But still poor Gelert's dying yell
Passed heavy o'er his heart.

Aroused by Gelert's dying yell,
A slumberer wakened nigh;—
What words the parent's joy can tell
To hear his infant cry!

Concealed beneath a mangled heap
His hurried search had missed;
All glowing from his rosy sleep,
His cherub boy he kissed!

No scratch had he nor harm, nor dread;
But the same couch beneath
Lay a great wolf, all torn and dead,—
Tremendous still in death!

Ah! what was then Llewelyn's pain!
For now the truth was clear:
The gallant hound the wolf had slain,
To save Llewelyn's heir.

Vain, vain was all Llewelyn's woe!—
"Best of thy kind, adieu!
The frantic deed which laid thee low
This heart shall ever rue."

And now a gallant tomb they raise,
With costly sculpture decked;
And marbles storied with his praise
Poor Gelert's bones protect.

Here never could the spearman pass,
Or forester, unmoved;
Here oft the tear-besprinkled grass
Llewelyn's sorrow proved.

And here he flung his horn and spear;
And oft, as evening fell,
In fancy's piercing sound would hear
Poor Gelert's dying yell.

—SPENCER.

---

## MISTAKEN IN HASTE.

The conflagration of the scaffolds intended for fire-works for the celebration of the marriage of Louis XVI is generally known. Amidst the distracted multitude pressing on every side, trampled under the horses' feet, &c., was a young man with a girl, with whom he was in love. She was beautiful, and they were to be married on the morrow. For a long time the lover protecting the betrothed, keeping her behind him, covering her with his own person, sustained her strength and courage; but the tumult, the cries, the terror and peril every moment increased. "I am sinking," she said, "I can go no further." "There is yet a way," cried the lover in despair, "get on my shoulders." He feels that his advice has been followed, and the hope of saving her, whom he loves, redoubles his ardour and strength. He resists the most violent concussions; with his arms firmly extended before his breast, he with difficulty forces his way through the crowd; at length he clears it. Arrived at one of the extremities of the place, having set down his precious burden, exhausted, fatigued, but intoxicated with joy, he sees but a different person. Another more active had used him—his loved was no more.

## 72. HEAVEN.

### THE WAY TO HEAVEN.

A celestial car is seen sailing in the air and Yama the god of Death is asked,

"What is this that I see passing there?"

(Yama replies)—"The man who has done righteous deeds and given charitable gifts is thus conveyed to Heaven."

"In this car that you see there is a pious man who is going to Heaven."

(The soul says)—"Stop! stop thy chariot, oh brother! Tell me what gifts thou gavest, what deeds thou didst when thou wast on earth."

(The pious man replies)—"In summer I caused water to be supplied to the thirsty, in monsoon I supplied lodgings to the houseless;

"In winter I gave raiment to the indigent and distributed food among the hungry;

"I gave undressed provisions to the Brâhmanas and in return for such deeds I have got this celestial vehicle.

"I supplied food-grains and clothes to the blind and the halt and showed the right path to those who were benighted;

"I always ran to the help of the poor and the indigent and avoided all unnecessary ostentatious charity;

"I committed no sensual impropriety, did not desire to appropriate the wealth of another;

"I kept myself entirely aloof from theft and

corruption and never acted treacherously with others;

"I never spoke anything but truth and constantly endeavoured to know God;

"I devoutly worshipped the feet of the Lord and did not alienate my heart from Him even for a moment;

"I was always prompt and anxious to give food to the hungry and water to the thirsty;

"I often practised secret charity and by virtue of these have I got this heavenly vehicle.

"I did not cause distress to any person, but looked always to the comfort and happiness of others;

"I rendered due services to my parents and it is these that have secured me admission to heaven.

"I did not lie even in jest or sport, nor gave false evidence on any occasion.

"I took care not to injure the feelings of any living creature and in consequence of these I am conveyed to Paradise."

—PREMÂNAND.*

---

He who speaks falsehood, commits theft, indulges in vice,

And disobeys the orders of God—such a man goes to hell.

While he who loves truthfulness, shows mercy, sings the praises of the Creator,

And repents heartily for past misdeeds—such a man obtains final emancipation of the soul.

—DALPATRÂM.†

* *A Gujarâti poet.* † *A Gujarâti poet.*

## 73. HOME.

Home is the resort
Of love, and joy, and peace, and plenty, where,
Supporting and supported, polish'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliss.

—THOMSON.

---

Life's choicest blessings centre all in home.

—COWPER.

---

Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home.

—J. H. PAYNE.

---

One small spot
Where my tired mind may rest and call it *home*.
There is a magic in that little word;
It is a mystic circle that surrounds
Comforts and virtues never known beyond
The hallowed limit.

—SOUTHEY.

---

Domestic happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has survived the Fall.

—COWPER.

---

Happiness is a fruit, which, if it grows not at our own homes, we need not expect to gather in stranger's gardens.

---

Home must be a sanctuary of exhilarating enjoyments, as well as an abode of peace. The labours of

every day must be relieved by the constant return of tranquil pleasures, and heart-felt delights.

—ISAAC TAYLOR.

---

Make your home always home. Let it be the centre of attraction to your children.

---

Sweet is the smile of home—the mutual look,
When hearts are of each other sure;
Sweet all the joys that crowd the household nook,
The haunt of all affections pure.

---

Better is a dry morsel, and quietness, therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS."

---

If you wish to preserve harmony in your family, the great secret lies in being sometimes blind to the things you do not care to see, and sometimes deaf to the things you do not care to hear.

---

A hundred men may make an encampment, but it takes a woman to make a home.

—A CHINESE PROVERB.

---

In love of home the love of country has its rise.

---

No earthly honours can compare—
Nor brightest gems, though rich and rare—
Nor all we 'll find, though far we roam,
With those sweet joys that garnish home.

We pass through life's competition,
And witness many a deviation;

But far and near, from tower to dome,
No place we find so dear as home.

Yes, home—the toil-worn, weary ones,
Earth's labourers, but her noblest sons,
Here rest and hold communion sweet,
With loved ones in this blest retreat.

Here virtue hath her dwelling place,
And honour lends her kingly grace;
And love doth banish slavish fear,—
All these combine to make home dear.

So varied are its joys indeed,
Exempt from every selfish greed,
That none need lonely feel or sad,
For all things tend to make us glad.

Then let us guard with jealous care,
Our home, and keep it bright and fair;
And only yield it with our breath,
When we are conquered by grim death.

Then may we hope, transposed by love,
To enter that bright home above—
A home where we shall ever sing
Eternal anthems to our King.

## MY OWN FIRE-SIDE.

Let others seek for empty joys
At ball or concert, rout or play;
Whilst far from fashion's idle noise,
Her gilded domes and trappings gay,
I while the wintry hour away,—
Twixt book and lute the hours divide—
And marvel how I e'er could stray
From thee—my own Fire-side!

My own Fire-side! These simple words,
  Can bid the sweetest dreams arise;
Awaken feeling's tenderest chords,
  And fill with tears of joy my eyes!
What is there my wild heart can prize
  That doth not in thy sphere abide!
Haunt of my home-bred sympathies,
  My own—my own Fire-side!

A gentle form is near me now;
  A small white hand is clasped in mine;
I gaze upon her placid brow,
  And ask what joys can equal thine!
A babe, whose beauty's half divine,
  In sleep his mother's eyes doth hide;
Where may love seek a fitter shrine
  Than here—my own Fire-side?

What care I for the sullen roar
  Of winds without that ravage earth?
It doth but bid me prize the more
  The shelter of thy hallowed hearth;
To thoughts of quiet bliss give birth:
  Then let the churlish tempest chide;
It cannot check the blameless mirth
  That glads my own fireside!

Shrine of my own household deities!
  Fair scene of home's unsullied joys!
To thee my burthened spirit flies
  When fortune frowns or care annoys:
Thine is the bliss that never cloys;
  The smile whose truth hath oft been tried;
What, then, are the world's tinsel toys
  To thee—my own Fire-side?

Oh may the yearnings fond and sweet
That bid my thoughts be all of thee,
Thus ever guide my wandering feet
To thy heart soothing sanctuary!
Whate'er my future years may be;
Let joy or grief my fate betide:
Be still an Eden bright to me,
My own—my own—Fire-side!

—ALARIC A. WATTS.

---

## FIRESIDE COMFORTS.

Dear Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In folly's maze advance;
Though singularity and pride
Be called our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here,
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heart-felt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam;
The world hath nothing to bestow,
From our own selves our bliss must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Though fools spurn Hymen's gentle power,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,

That marriage rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good,
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutored right, they 'll prove a spring,
Whence pleasures ever rise;
We'll form their mind with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They 'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs;
They 'll grow in virtue every day,
And they our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrowed joys! they 're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot.
Monarchs! we envy not your state,
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humble lot.

Our portion is not large, indeed,
But then how little do we need,
For nature's calls are few!
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our power;
For, if our stock be very small,

'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resigned when ills betide,
Patient when favours are denied,
And pleased with favours given;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part,
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to Heaven.

We'll ask no long—protracted treat,
Since winter-life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons, with envious eyes,
The relics of our store.

Thus hand in hand through life we'll go;
Its chequered paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall through the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.*

—COTTON.

* *From Chambers's Miscellany.*

## 74. HONESTY.

A mind sincere and faithful is the chief thing; afterwards lay on any variety of colours you please. Let a man be first sincere and upright; and afterward add the polish of complaisance and politeness.*

—CONFUCIUS.

---

He bade me act a manly part,
Though I had ne'er a farthing;
For without an honest manly heart,
No man was worth regarding.†

---

Love thyself last; cherish those hearts that hate thee;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Princes and lords are but the breath of kings;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.

---

Honesty is the best policy.

—PROVERB.

---

The man who is only honest when honesty is the best policy is not really an honest man. Honesty is not swerving policy, but stable principle. An honest man is honest from his soul, nor deigns to stoop to aught that is mean though great results hang on the petty fraud.

---

The more of policy (worldly policy) there is in what regards men's conduct, the less is there sincerity to be

* *From Marshman's Works of Confucius.*

† *Advice given to Burns by his father.*

depended upon. If it is a policy of their own making it is generally a very poor one: There is but one kind of policy (if it may be so called) that insures honesty.*

---

You measure every man's honesty by your own.

---

A thief thinks every man steals.

---

I shall always fear that he who accustoms himself to fraud in little things, wants only opportunity to practise it in greater.

---

Society is built upon trust, and trust upon confidence of one another's integrity.

---

Be as careful of the property of others as you would of your own.

---

Restore faithfully what is committed to thy trust.

---

There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious.

—BACON.

---

Thy purse had better be empty than filled with other folk's money.

---

Why should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour,
Not to plunder or to steal.
'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain,

* *From William Danby's Ideas and Realities.*

All that's ever got by thieving,
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

—WATTS.

---

Unhallowed hands, this urn forbear,
No gems, nor orient spoil
Lie here concealed; but what's more rare,
A heart that knew no guile.

—AN INSCRIPTION.

---

## A LABOURER AND MERCURY.

A man was felling a tree on the bank of a river; and by chance let his hatchet slip out of his hand, which dropt into the water, and immediately sunk to the bottom. Being therefore in great distress for the loss of his tool, he sat down and bemoaned himself most lamentably. Upon this, Mercury appeared to him, and, being informed of the cause of his complaint, dived to the bottom of the river, and coming up again, showed the man a golden hatchet, demanding if that were his. He denied that it was. Upon which Mercury dived a second time, and brought up a silver one. The man refused it, alleging likewise that this was not his. He dived a third time, and fetched up the individual hatchet the man had lost; upon sight of which the poor wretch was overjoyed, and took it with all humility and thankfulness. Mercury was so pleased with the fellow's honesty, that he gave him the other two into the bargain as a reward for his just dealing. The man goes to his companions, and giving them an account of what had happened, one of them went presently to the river's side, and let his hatchet fall designedly into the stream. Then sitting down upon the bank, he fell a-weeping and lamenting, as if he had been really and sorely afflicted. Mercury appeared as before, and diving, brought him up a

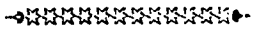
golden hatchet, asking if that was the hatchet he lost. Transported at the precious metal, he answered, Yes; and went to snatch it greedily. But the God detesting his abominable impudence, not only refused to give him that, but would not so much as let him have his own hatchet again.*

## ALEXANDER, THE AFRICAN CHIEF, AND THE TWO HONEST CITIZENS.

During his march to conquer the world, Alexander the Macedonian, came to a people in Africa, who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their chief, who received him hospitably and placed before him golden dates, golden figs and bread of gold. Do you eat gold in this country? said Alexander. I take it for granted (replied the chief) that thou wert able to find eatable food in thine own country. For what reason then art thou come among us? Your gold has not tempted me hither, said Alexander, but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners, and so be it, rejoined the other, sojourn among us as long as it pleaseth thee. At the close of this conversation two citizens entered as into their Court of Justice. The plaintiff said, I bought of this man a piece of land, and as I was making a deep drain through it I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I only bargained for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it. The defendant answered: I hope I have a conscience as well as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent as well as existing advantages, and consequently the treasure inclusively.

* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

The Chief, who was at the same time the supreme judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or no he understood them aright. Then after some reflection said: Thou hast a son, friend, I believe? Yes! And thou (addressing the other) a daughter? Yes!—Well, then, let thy son marry thy daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage portion. Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. Think you my sentence unjust? the Chief asked him.—O no, replied Alexander, but it astonishes me.



*From *The Friend*, by S. T. Coleridge.

## 75. HOPE.

Hope! of all ills that men endure,
The only cheap and universal cure!
Thou captive's freedom, and thou sick man's health!
Thou loser's victory, and thou beggar's wealth!
  Thou manna, which from Heaven we eat,
  To every taste a several meat!
Thou strong retreat! thou sure-entailed estate,
Which nought has power to alienate!
Thou pleasant, honest flatterer! for none
Flatter unhappy men, but thou alone!

—COWLEY.

---

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene,
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence, the most vital movement mortals feel
Is hope: the balm and life-blood of the soul.
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heaven
Sent down the kind delusion, through the paths
Of rugged life to lead us patient on;
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is hope; the last of all our evils, fear.

—ARMSTRONG.

---

The wretch condemn'd with life to part,
Still, still on hope relies,
And every pang that rends the heart
  Bids expectation arise.

Hope, like the glimmering taper's light,
Adorns and cheers the way;
And still, as darker grows the night,
Emits a brighter ray.

—GOLDSMITH.

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Hope is grief's best music.

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Hope is the poor man's bread.

—PROVERB.

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We are born in hope, we pass our childhood in hope, we are governed by hope through the whole course of our lives, and in our last moments hope is flattering to us, and not till the beating of the heart shall cease will its benign influence leave us.

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Hope is the anchor of life.

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Quench not hope, for when hope dies, all dies.

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Hope never ruined any one, but despondency has sent many a poor soul to their grave. It is better to hope than pine.

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A false grounded hope is but a waking man's dream.

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True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings,
Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings.

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The reward of resignation is the insurance of hope.*

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Hope lives for ever, but her children die one by one.

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* *From William Danby's Ideas and Realities.*

Oft expectation fails and most oft there
Where most it promises.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Quit not certainty for hope.

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Hope beguiles us of present care; it furnishes the mind with pleasing ideas; it cheers and sustains us under the pressure of immediate difficulties. But hope will be abused if we do nothing but hope, or if we allow it to deceive us as to what is true, and the duties placed before us, or what we have for the time to deal with.

—R. CHAMBERS.

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If we hope for things, of which we have not thoroughly considered the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them.

—ADDISON.

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Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
And hope without an object cannot live.

—COLERIDGE.

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Hope, whose weak being ruin'd is,
Alike if it succeed and if it miss;
Whom good or ill does equally confound,
And both the horns of fate's dilemma wound;
Vain shadow! which dost vanish quite,
Both at full noon and perfect night!
The stars have not a possibility
Of blessing thee.
If things then from their end we happy call,
'Tis Hope is the most hopeless thing of all.

—COWLEY.

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For if hope be a star that may lead us astray,
And "deceiveth the heart," as the aged ones preach;
Yet 'twas Mercy that gave it, to beacon our way,
Though its halo illumes where we never can reach.

—ELIZA COOK.

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Ne'er think of the Past,
Let hope be your pilot to point out the way,
'Tis a bright beaming star shining on to the last,
To guide ye aright to a happier day.

---

Alexander's friends asked him what he would reserve for himself, since he lavished so many valuable gifts upon others, he replied, "Hope well knowing that all accounts being cleared—"Hope," is the true inheritance of all that resolve upon great enterprises."

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Before Alexander set out for Asia he divided his kingdom among his friends. "My Lord," said Perdiccas, "what have you left for yourself?" "Hope," replied Alexander. Whereupon Perdiccas rejoined, "If hope is enough for Alexander, it is enough for Perdiccas;" and declined to accept any bounty from the king.

---

Brother of Faith! 'twixt whom and thee
—The joys of Heaven and Earth divided be!
Though Faith be heir, and have the fixt estate,
Thy portion yet in moveables is great.
Happiness itself 's all one
In thee, or in possession!
Only the future 's thine, the present his!
Thine 's the more hard and noble bliss:

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*From Brewer's Dictionary of Phrase and Fable.*

Best apprehender of our joys! which hast
So long a reach, and yet canst hold so fast!

—COWLEY.

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When by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom;
When no fair dreams before my "mind's eye" flit,
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom;
Sweet Hope! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

Whene'er I wander, at the fall of night,
Where woven boughs shut out the moon's bright ray,
Should sad Despondency my musings fright,
And frown, to drive fair Cheerfulness away,
Peep with the moonbeams through the leafy roof,
And keep that fiend Despondence far aloof.

Should Disappointment, parent of Despair,
Strive for her son to seize my careless heart;
When, like a cloud, he sits upon the air,
Preparing on his spell-bound prey to dart:
Chase him away, sweet Hope, with visage bright,
And fright him as the morning frightens night!

Whene'er the fate of those I hold most dear
Tells to my fearful breast a tale of sorrow,
O bright-eyed Hope, my morbid fancy cheer;
Let me awhile thy sweetest comforts borrow:
Thy heaven-born radiance around me shed!
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!

Should e'er unhappy love my bosom pain,
From cruel parents, or relentless fair;
O let me think it is not quite in vain
To sigh our sonnets to the midnight air!

Sweet hope! ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head!
In the long vista of the years to roll,
Let me not see our country's honour fade:
O let me see our land retain her soul,
Her pride, her freedom; and not freedom's shade.
From thy bright eyes unusual brightness shed—
Beneath thy pinions canopy my head!

* * * * *

And as, in sparkling majesty, a star
Gilds the bright summit of some gloomy cloud;
Brightening the half veiled face of heaven afar:
So, when dark thoughts my boding spirit shroud,
Sweet Hope, celestial influence round me shed,
Waving thy silver pinions o'er my head.

—JOHN KEATS.

---

'Tis Hope that keeps the heart alive,
That cheers the path thro' life,
Shines thro' the soul with cheering ray,
And e'en 'mid care and strife.

Points to the goal of all our thoughts,
Of all our strong desires,
And bids us live in Faith and Truth
And Hope till life expires.

As stars and moon to darksome night,
As dazzling sun to day,
So Hope is to the weary soul,
Chasing all clouds away.

As sparkling dew to early buds,
And every blooming flower,
So Hope refreshes weary cares
And acts with magic power.

'Tis strange how oft a little thing
Will charm when Hope is near,
The perfume of a flower will waft
The thoughts to scenes so dear.

The music of the happy birds,
Will gladsome joy impart,
The gentle murmur of the leaves,
Will lull in peace the heart.

The influence of quiet eve,
Will prove a soothing balm,
The beating pulse will throb with love,
Responsive to the calm.

In this life there are joys and griefs,
Sunshine and storms for all;
'Tis well to welcome happy Hope,
And then whate'er befall.

If hope is ours, our faith is strong
To conquer cares and strife,
And with a power unknown before,
We battle through this life.

We should not let sad fears distress
Or mourn our little light;
We cannot all ascend and be
As stars that shine so bright.

And yet we may do good around,
In whatever sphere we are,
For e'en the lowest pool, we know,
Reflects the brightest star.

We may be weak, yet strength is near—
Help from above is given;
As the ivy clasps around the oak,
So find we strength from Heaven.

## 76. HOSPITALITY.

Should a guest arrive, a seat is to be offerd to him, and his feet are to be washed, and food is to be given him.

—"VISHNU PURÂNA."

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Some of the things which were to be offered to a guest by even the poorest man were food, pot-herbs, water for the feet, and if he could do no more, ground on which to lie.

Grass and earth to sit on, water to wash the feet, and fourthly, friendly yet sincere speech are never refused in the houses of the good, even though they be poor.

—MANU.

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Let thy guests be to thee like unto a god.

—"UPANISHAT."

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Prosperity dwells on his floor
Who cheerfully doth tend
His guest, and ever proveth pure
His liberality.*

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A kind reception is better than a feast.

—TELUGU PROVERB.

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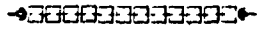
* *A Cural Song from the Folk-Songs of Southern India by Charles E. Gover.*

Even to foes who visit us as guests,
Due hospitality should be displayed ;
The tree screens with its leaves, the man who fells it.*

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."



* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

## 77. HUMAN BODY.

### PARTS THEREOF AND THEIR USES.

Man's body is to his soul, in many respects, what a house is to its occupant. But how superior is the dwelling which God erected to that which man has built. * * * * * * *

Over the brows that mark the intellectual front of that fine form, there fall the auburn locks of youth, or the gray hair of venerable age. Each of those HAIRS is curiously organised. If you take a branch of a tree, and cut it across, you will find curious markings caused by vessels of various structure, all necessary to the existence of the plant. In the centre will be found either a hollow tube, or a space occupied by a soft substance, called pith. Each hair of your head is as curiously formed as the branch of a tree, and, in a manner not dissimilar, though its parts are so minute that the unaided eye cannot discern them. Every hair has a root, just as a tree has, and through this root it receives its nourishment. As the vessels which feed a plant are always proportionate to the size of the plant itself, how fine must be those vessels which form the roots of the hair, being in proportion to the size of the hair, which is in itself so small that the eye cannot see its structure? The hair is in fact, an animal plant, growing upon the body in much the same manner that plants grow upon the surface of the earth. But how does this hair grow? Not alone by the addition of matter at its roots, pushing up and elongating its stem: nourishment passes up to its whole length, and is deposited upon its end, just as the

nourishment of a tree is deposited upon its extreme branches. * * * *

But why is man's head thus covered with hair? For precisely the same reason that a house is thatched —to keep the inmates warm. We might add, also, to give beauty to the edifice. * * * *

The BRAIN is the great organ upon which the health, the welfare, and the happiness of the system depends. The skull, therefore, may be regarded as analogous to the "strong box," the iron chest in which the merchant keeps his treasure. There is no point at which the brain can be touched to its injury, without first doing violence to the skull. Even the spinal cord runs down the back through a tunnel or tube, formed in a number of strong bones, so closely and firmly jointed together, that they are commonly termed "the backbone."

Look at the EYE-BROWS. What purpose do they fulfil? Precisely that of a shed, or arch placed over a window to shelter it from rain. But for the eye-brows the perspiration would frequently run from the brow into the eyes, and obscure the sight; a man walking in a shower of rain would scarcely be able to see; and a mariner in a storm would find a double difficulty in braving the tempest.

Now we come to the EYE, which is the window of the soul's abode—and what a window! How curiously constructed! how wisely guarded! In the eye-lashes, as well as the eye-brows, we see the hair fulfilling a useful purpose, differing from any already described. The eye-lashes serve to keep cold winds, dust, and too bright sun, from injuring or entering the windows of the body. When we walk against the east wind, we bring the tips of our eye-lashes together, and in that way exclude the cold air from the surface of the eye;

and in the same manner, we exclude the dust and modify the light. The eye-lashes, therefore, are like so many sentries, constantly moving to and fro, protecting a most important organ from injury. The eye-lids are the shutters by which the windows are opened and closed. But they also cleanse the eye, keeping it bright and moist. There are, moreover, in the lids of each eye or window, little glands, or springs, by which a clear fluid is formed and supplied for cleansing the eye. The eye is placed in a socket of the skull, in which it has free motion, turning right or left, up or down, to serve the purpose of the inhabitant of the dwelling. * * * Now think for a few moments upon the wonderful structure of those windows of the body. Can you fancy in the walls of your house a window which protects itself, cleanses itself, and turns in any direction at the mere will of the tenant; and when that tenant is oppressed by excess of light, draws its own curtain, and gives him ease; and when he falls asleep, closes its own shutters, and protects itself from the cold and dust of night, and the instant he awakes in the morning, opens, cleanses itself with a fluid which it has prepared during the night, and kept in readiness; and repeats this routine of duty day after day for half a century without becoming impaired? Such, nevertheless, is the wonderful structure of the window of the body—the eye.

The NOSE is given us for two purposes—to enable us to respire and to smell. As odours arise from the surface of the earth, the cup or funnel of the nose is turned down to meet them. In the nostrils hair again serves a useful purpose. It not only warms the air which enters the nostrils, but it springs out from all sides, and forms an intersecting net, closing the nostrils against dust, and the intrusion of small insects. If by any means, as

when taking a sharp sniff, foreign matter enters the nostrils, the nose is armed with a set of nerves, which communicate the fact to certain muscles, and the organs of respiration unite with those muscles to expel the intruding substances. In this action, the diaphragm, or the muscle, which divides the abdomen from the chest, is pressed down, the lungs are filled with air, the passage by which that air would otherwise escape through the mouth, is closed up, and then all at once, with considerable force, the air is pressed through the nostrils to free them from the annoying substance. So great is the force with which this action takes place, that the passage into the mouth is generally pushed open occasioning the person in whom the action takes place, to cry "'tsha!" and thus is formed what is termed a sneeze. As with the eye, so with the nose—innumerable nerves are distributed over the living membrane, and these nerves are connected with larger nerves passing to the brain, through which everything relating to the sense of smell is communicated.

The nose acts like a custom-house officer to the system. It is highly sensitive to the odour of most poisonous substances. * * * To be "led by the nose," has hitherto been used as a phrase of reproach. But to have a good nose, and to follow its guidance is one of the safest and shortest ways to the enjoyment of health.

The MOUTH answers the fourfold purpose of the organ of taste, of sound, of mastication and of breathing. In all of these operations, except in breathing, the various parts of the mouth are engaged. In eating we use the lips, the tongue, and the teeth. The teeth serve the purpose of grinding the food, the tongue turns it during the process of grinding, and delivers it

up to the throat for the purposes of the stomach, when sufficiently masticated. The lips serve to confine the food in the mouth, and assist in swallowing it, and there are glands underneath the tongue, and in the sides of the mouth, which pour in a fluid to moisten the food. And so watchful are those glands of their duty that the mere imagination frequently causes them to act. Their fluid is required to modify the intensity of different flavours and condiments in which man, with his love of eating, will indulge. * * *

In speaking, we use the lips, the teeth, the tongue; and the chest supplies air, which, being controlled in its emission, by a delicate apparatus at the mouth of the wind-pipe, causes the various sounds which we have arranged into speech, and by which under certain laws, we are enabled to understand each other's wants, participate in each other's emotions, express our loves, our hopes, our fears, and glean those facts, the accumulation of which constitutes knowledge, enhances the happiness of man, and elevates him, in its ultimate results above the lower creatures to which the blessing of speech is denied.

The curious structure of the TONGUE, and the organs of speech, would fill a very interesting volume. The tongue is unfortunately much abused, not only by those who utter foul words, and convert the blessing of speech, which should improve and refine, into a source of wicked and profane language; but it constantly remonstrates against the abuse of food, and the use of things which are not only unnecessary for the good of our bodies but prejudicial to their health. When the body is sufficiently fed, the tongue ceases its relish, and derives no more satisfaction from eating; but man contrives a variety of inventions to whip the tongue up to an unnatural performance of its duty, and thus we not only overeat, but eat things that have

no more business in our stomach, than have the stones that we walk upon. Can we wonder, then, that disease is so prevalent, and that death calls for many of us so soon.

The EAR, which is taught to delight in sweet sounds, and in pure language, is a better servant of the master soul than one which delights not in music, and which listens, with approbation or indifference, to the oaths of the profane. The eye which rejoices in the beauties of nature, and in scenes of domestic happiness and love is a more faithful servant than one that delights in witnessing scenes of revelry, dissipation and strife. The nose which esteems the sweet odour of flowers, or the life-giving freshness of the pure air, is more dutiful to his master than one that rejects not the polluted atmosphere of neglected dwellings. The mouth which thirsts for morbid gratification of taste is more worthless than one which is contented with wholesome viands, and ruled by the proper instincts of its duty.

With regard to the mechanism of motion, let us take the case of a man, who is walking a crowded thoroughfare. * * * * * He walks along in a given direction. But for the act of volition in the mind, not a muscle would stir. The eye is watching his footsteps. There is a stone in his path, the eye informs the mind, the mind communicates with the brain, and the nerves stimulate the muscles of the leg to lift the foot a little higher, or turn it on one side, and the stone is avoided. The eye alights on a familiar face, and the mind remembers that the eye has seen that face before. The man goes on thinking of the circumstances under which he saw that person, and partially forgets his walk, and the direction of his steps. But the nerves of volition and motion unite to keep the muscles up to their work, and he walks on without having occasion to think continu-

ally, "I must continue walking." He has not to make an effort to lift his leg along between each interval of meditation; he walks and meditates the while. Presently a danger approaches him from behind. The eye sees it not—knows no more, in fact, than if it were dead. But the ear sounds the alarm, tells the man, by the rumbling of a wheel and the tramp of horses' feet, that he is in danger; and then, the nerves, putting forth their utmost strength, whip the muscles up to the quick performance of their duty; the man steps out of the way of danger, and is saved. He draws near to a sewer, which is vomiting forth its poisonous exhalations. The eye is again unconscious—it cannot see the poison lurking in the air. The ear, too, is helpless; it cannot bear witness to the presence of that enemy to life. But the nose detects the noxious agent, and then the eye points out the direction of the sewer, and guides his footsteps to a path where he may escape the injurious consequences. A clock strikes, the ear informs him that it is the hour of an appointment: the nerves stimulate the muscles again, and he is hastened onward. He does not know the residence of his friend, but his tongue asks for him, and his ear makes known the reply. He reaches the spot—sits—rests. The action of the muscles is stayed; the nerves are for a time at rest. The blood which had flown freely to feed the muscles while they were working, goes more steadily through the arteries and veins, and the lungs, which had been purifying the blood in its course, partake of the temporary rest.

Let us remember that there are two sets of MUSCLES acting in unison with each other, to produce the various motions; they are known by the general terms of flexors and extensors; the first enables us to bend the limbs, the other to bring the limbs back to their former position.

The flexors enable us to close the hand, the extensors to open it again. The flexors enable us to raise the foot from the ground; the extensors set the foot down again in the place desired. Consider for a moment the nicety with which the powers of these muscles must be balanced, and the harmony which must subsist between them in their various operations. When we are closing the hand, if the extensor muscles did not gradually yield to the flexors—if they gave up their hold all at once, the hand, instead of closing with gentleness and ease, would be jerked together in a sudden and most uncomfortable manner. If in such a case you were to lay your hand with its back upon the table, and wish to close the hand, the fingers would fall down upon the palm suddenly, like the lid of a box. Again consider how awkward it would be in such a case; our walk through the streets would become a series of jumps and jerks; when a man had raised his foot, after it had been jerked up, there it would stand fixed for a second before the opposite muscles could put on their power to draw it down again. * * * *

It is also to be observed that very nice proportions must exist between the size of the muscles and the sizes of the bones. If this were not the case, our motions, instead of being firm and steady, would be all shaky and uncertain. In old persons the muscles become weak and relaxed; hence there is a tendency in the movements of the aged to fall, as it were, together; the head is no longer erect, the body bends, the knees totter, and the arms lean towards the body as for support.

In the child a somewhat similar state of things exists. The muscles have not been properly developed, nor have they been brought sufficiently under the control of the nervous system. The child, therefore, totters and stumbles about, and it is not until it has stumbled and

tumbled some hundreds of times in its little history, that the muscles have become strong enough to fulfil their office, or have been brought sufficiently under the control of the nervous system, to perform well the various duties required from them.

In all these things, we recognise the perfection of the divine works—we are apt, too apt, to overlook this perfection, because it prevails in everything; but by speculating upon what inconveniences we might suffer, were not things ordained as they are, we obtain most convincing evidences of divine goodness and wisdom.

Having taken this view of the muscular system of the external man, let us turn our attention to the muscles of the internal organs. The muscles of which we have been speaking are called the voluntary muscles, because we have them under our own control—they are subject to the influences of our will. But there is the other set of muscles. What are they? We talk of the beating or of the palpitation of the HEART. But, what is it that causes the heart to beat? You cannot, if you wish it, make your heart beat more quickly or more slowly. Place your finger upon your pulse, and notice the degree of rapidity with which its pulsations follow. Now think that you should like to double the frequency of those pulsations. Say to the heart, with your inner voice, that you wish it to beat 120 (hundred and twenty) times in a minute, instead of 60 (sixty). It does not obey you; it does not appreciate your command. Now place your finger on the table, and your watch by the side of your hand, and tell your finger to beat 60 (sixty) times, or 150 (hundred and fifty) times, or 200 (two hundred) times, and the finger will obey you—because it is moved by muscles which are subject to the will,

while the heart is composed of muscles which are not subject to the will. Why should this be? Why should man have the power to regulate his finger, and not to regulate his heart?

For the sustention of our bodies, it is needful that the blood should ever be in circulation. If the heart were to cease beating only for three or four minutes (perhaps less) life would be extinct. In this short time the whole frame-work of man, beautiful in its proportions, perfect in its parts, would pass into the state of dead matter, and would simply wait the decay that follows death. The eye would become dull and glazed, the lips would turn blue, the skin would acquire the coldness of clay—love, hope, joy would all cease. The sweetest, the fondest ties would be broken. Flowers might bloom, and yield their fragrance, but they would be neither seen nor smelt; the sun might rise in its brightest splendour, yet the eye would not be sensitive to its rays; the rosy-cheeked child might climb the paternal knee; but there, stiff, cold, and without joy, or pain, or emotion of any kind, unconscious as a block of marble, would sit the man, whose heart for a few moments had ceased to beat.

How wise, then, and how good of God, that he has not placed this vital organ under our own care! How sudden would be our bereavements—how frequent our deaths, how sleepless our nights, and how anxious our days, if we had to keep our own hearts at work, and death the penalty of neglect.

And yet, before we were born, until we reach life's latest moment—through days of toil and nights of rest—even in the moments of our deepest sin against the God who at the time is sustaining us, our hearts beat on, never stopping, never wearing, never asking rest.

This brings us to another reflection. Our arms get weary, our legs falter from fatigue, the mind itself becomes over-taxed, and all our senses fall to sleep. The eye sees not, the ear is deaf to sound, the sentinels that surround the body, the nerves of touch, are all asleep—you may place your hand upon the brow of the sleeping man, and he feels it not. Yet unseen, unheard, without perceptible motion, or the slightest jar to mar the rest of the sleeper, the heart beats on, and on, and on. As his sleep deepens, the heart slackens its speed, that his rest may be the more sound. He has slept for eight hours, and the time approaches for his awakening. But is the heart weary—that heart which has toiled through the long and sluggard night? No! The moment the waking sleeper moves his arm, the heart is aware that a motion has been made, that effort and exercise are about to begin. The nerves are arousing to action; the eyes turn in their sockets; the head moves upon the neck; the sleeper leaves his couch, and the legs are once more called upon to bear the weight of the body. Blood is the food of the eye, the food of the ear, of the foot, the hand, and every member of the frame. While they labour they must be fed—that is the condition of their life, the source of their strength. The heart, therefore, so far from seeking rest, is all fresh and vigorous for the labours of the day, and proceeds to discharge its duty so willingly, that we do not even know of the movements that are going on within us.

Thus we have seen the difference between the voluntary and the involuntary muscles, and we have perceived the goodness of our Creator, in not entrusting to our keeping the control of an organ so vital to life, as heart.

But the heart is not the only organ which thus works unseen and unfelt. There are the lungs and the muscles

of the chest, the stomach, and other parts occupying the abdomen, together with all those muscular filaments which enter into the structure of the coats and valves of the blood-vessels, and which assist to propel the blood through the system. All these are at work at every moment of man's life; and yet, so perfect is this complicated machinery, that we really do not know, except by theory, what is going on within us.

During the time that the sleeper has been at rest, the STOMACH has been at work digesting the food which was last eaten. Then the stomach has passed the macerated food into the alimentary canal, the liver has poured out its secretion, and produced certain changes in the condition of the dissolved food; and the lacteals, of which there may be many thousands, perhaps millions, have been busy sucking up those portions of the food which they knew to be useful to the system, whilst they have rejected all those useless and noxious matters upon which the liver, like an officer of health, had set his mark, as unfitting for the public use. This busy life has gone on uninterruptedly; every member of that body, every worker in that wonderful factory, has been unremitting in his duty, and yet the owner, the master, has been asleep, and wakes up finding every bodily want supplied!

Notwithstanding that much has already been said of the wonders, that pertain to the eye, it has not yet been considered as the seat of tears, those mute but eloquent utterers of the sorrows of the heart. Beautiful Tear! whether lingering upon the brink of the eye-lid, or darting down the furrows of the care-worn cheek—thou art sublime in thy simplicity—great, because of thy modesty—strong, from thy very weakness. Offspring of sorrow! who will not own thy claim to sympathy?

who can resist thy eloquence? who can deny mercy when thou pleadest?

Every tear represents some in-dwelling sorrow preying upon the mind and destroying its peace. The tear comes forth to declare the inward struggle, and to plead a truce against further strife. How meet that the eye should be the seat of tears—where they cannot occur unobserved, but blending with the beauty of the eye itself, must command attention and sympathy!

Whenever we behold a tear, let our kindliest sympathies awake—let it have a sacred claim upon all that we can do to succour and comfort under affliction. What rivers of tears have flown, excited by the cruel and perverse ways of man! War has spread its carnage and desolation and the eyes of widows and orphans have been suffused with tears! Intemperance has blighted the homes of millions, and weeping and wailing have been incessant! A thousand other evils which we may conquer have given birth to tears enough to constitute a flood—a great tide of grief. Suppose we prize this little philosophy, and each one determine never to excite a tear in another. Watching the eye as the telegraph of the mind within, let us observe it with anxious regard; and whether we are moved to complaint by the existence of supposed or real wrongs, let the indication of the coming tear be held as a sacred truce to unkindly feeling and our efforts be devoted to the substitution of smiles for tears!

—"THE REASON WHY."

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The human body is obviously separable into head, trunk and limbs. In the head, the brain-case or skull is distinguishable from the face. The trunk is naturally divided into the chest or Thorax, and the belly or abdo-

men. Of the limbs there are two pairs—the upper, or arms, and the lower, or legs; and the legs and arms again are subdivided by their joints into parts which obviously exhibit a rough correspondence—thigh and upper arm, leg and fore-arm, ankle and wrist, fingers and toes, plainly answering to one another. And the two last, in fact, are so similar that they receive the same name of digits: while the several joints of the fingers and toes have the common denomination of phalanges. The weight of the body of a full-grown man may be taken at 154 lbs.

—DR. HUXLEY.

## INTERNAL STRUCTURE OF THE HUMAN BODY.

The bones by their joints and solidity, form the groundwork or frame of this beautiful edifice. The ligaments are the cords which fasten all together. The muscles are fleshy substances which execute their functions as elastic springs. The nerves, which extend to all parts of the body, establish between them the most intimate connexions. The arteries and veins, like rivers, convey health and life to every part.

The heart placed in the centre is the focus where the blood collects, and the primum mobile from and by means of which it is circulated and preserved. The lungs, by another power, take in the external air, and expel noxious vapours. The stomach and intestines are the magazines and laboratories, where those matters are prepared which are necessary for daily supply. The brain, the seat of the soul, is formed in such a manner as is suitable to the dignity of its inhabitant. The senses, the servants of the soul, give it information of all that is necessary for it to know, and minister to all its pleasures and wants.

—STURM'S REFLECTIONS.

More than 200 separate bones are ordinarily reckoned in the human body, though the actual number of distinct bones varies at different periods of life, many bones which are separate in youth becoming united together in old age.

—DR. HUXLEY.

## THE EXTERNAL PARTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Among all the visible parts of the body, the head holds the most distinguished place, both because of its beauty, and because it contains the principles of sense and motion. All the sentiments and passions of the soul are painted on the face, which is the most beautiful part of man; and where the principal organs of sense are found, through the medium of which we receive impressions from external objects. The different motions of the lips and those of the tongue, whether it touch the palate or the teeth, serve for the articulation of words, and the different inflexions of sound. By the teeth, we can cut or grind our food; and the saliva, so necessary to digestion, is furnished by a great number of glands, which are contained in the mouth. The head is placed upon the neck, and turns as on a pivot to anyside we please. After the neck come the shoulders, so formed that they are able to bear heavy loads. To the shoulders, the arms are joined; and to those the hands, which are so constructed as to perform an infinity of motions; to touch, take, raise up, draw back, repel, &c., the joints and bones serving to support and facilitate these motions.

The breast includes and defends the heart and the lungs; and for this purpose it is composed of strong and hard ribs and bones. The diaphragm separates the breast and belly, which contain the stomach, liver, spleen and

intestines. All this mass rests upon the hips, thighs, and legs, which like the arms, have different articulations, favourable to motion and rest. The feet sustain the whole, and the toes also contribute to it, because they serve to fix the feet more firmly upon the ground. The skin and flesh cover the whole body. The hair and the down, which are found in different parts, protect them from the injurious effects of cold.

—STURM'S REFLECTIONS.

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The nervous system consists of the brain, the spinal cord, and the branches, which are called nerves.

The nerves of motion are those, which, in obedience to the will, stimulate the muscles to act, and apportion the amount of stimulation they convey to the degree of exertion required. The nerves of sensation are those which impart a consciousness to the brain that its commands to the nerves of motion have been obeyed, and how far they have been fulfilled.

Let us perform a simple experiment, which will more clearly illustrate the phenomena of motion and sensation. You hold in your hand this book; close it, and set it upon the table; lay your hands passively upon your lap, and then will your hand to take up the book, which is the same as to say, command your hand to take up the book. What occurs? The hand, immediately obeying your desire, stretches forward to the book, and takes hold of it. How do you know that you have hold of it? You see that you have; but were your eyes closed, you would be equally aware that the hand had reached the book, and fulfilled your wishes. It is by the nerves of sensation, that you are made aware that the hand has fulfilled your instructions.

Consider what took place in the simple action. In the first place a desire arose in your mind to take up the book. The brain is the organ of the mind; and having branches either proceeding from itself, or from the spinal cord, to every part of the body—branches that traverse like telegraphic wires throughout every part of the system,—it transmitted instructions along the nerves that proceed to the muscles of the arm and hand, directing them to take up the book. This was done instantly; and as soon as it was done you became conscious that your will had been obeyed—because the nerves sent back a sensation to the brain acquainting it that the book had been taken up, and that at the moment of the dispatch it was in the firm hold of the hand.

In all the varied motions of the body this double action of the nerves takes place. It is obvious that without an outward impulse from the brain, upon which the desire of the mind first made an impression, no motion of the muscles of the arm and the hand could have taken place; and it is also obvious that without an inward impulse from the nerves to the brain you would not have known that the muscles had fulfilled your instructions. The hand might have dropped by the side of the book, or have gone too far, or not far enough, and you would not have been aware of the result, but for an inward communication through the nerves.

—"THE REASON WHY."

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The lungs make use of the air; the eye makes use of the light; the stomach, and the system generally, make use of water; every part of the body uses heat; and all parts of the system demand food. The hand feeds as constantly as the mouth. The mouth is the receptacle of food, by which the body is to be fed; the

stomach is the kitchen in which food is prepared for the use of the body ; and the blood-vessels are the canals through which the food is sent to those members of the body that are in need of it. * * Air is of the first importance to life. Hence it is provided for us everywhere. We require air every second, water every few hours, and food at intervals considerably apart. Air is therefore provided for us everywhere. Whether we stand or sit; whether we dwell in a valley or upon a mountain; whether we go into the cellar under our house, or into the garret at the top of it, air is there provided for us. God, who made it a law that man should breathe to live, also sent him air abundantly, that he might comply with that law. And all that is required from man in this respect is, that he will not shut out God's bounty, but receive it freely. * * * * Indeed so constant is our requirement of air, that if we had to fetch it, for purposes of breathing, or simply to raise it to our mouths as we do water when we drink it would be the sole occupation of our lives—we could do nothing else. For this reason, God has sent the air to us, and not required us to go to the air. And the great error of man is, that in too many instances, he shuts off the supply from himself, and brings on disease and pain by inhaling a poisonous compound, instead of air of a healthful kind, which bears an adaptation to the wants of life.

Whilst the rooms of our houses are filled with air, it is otherwise with water, which we require in less degree than air. If we have not the artificial means by which water is brought to our houses, through the pipes of a water company, there is a spring, or a pump in the garden ; or in the absence of these, a good sound cask, standing at the end of our house, forming a receptacle

to the water-pipes that surround it, provides us with a supply of water distilled from the clouds. If we were to drink a good draught of water once a day, that would be sufficient for all the purposes of life, as far as regards the alimentary uses of water. Man is, therefore, allowed to go to the stream for his drink, and is required to raise it to his lips at those moments when he uses it.

—"THE REASON WHY."

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The human body is composed of a variety of organs, each having a particular function to perform ; and health is the result of the favourable action of the whole in harmonious combination. Every organ is disposed, other circumstances being equal, to act with a degree of energy in proportion to its size ; and as disease is the consequence either of under-action or of over-action, their proportions to each other in size are points of fundamental importance in regard to health.

—GEORGE COMBE.

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Every man hath a kingdom within himself ; Reason, as the princess, dwells in the highest and inwardest room ; the senses are the guard and attendants on the court ; without whose aid nothing is admitted into the presence : the supreme faculties (as will, memory, &c.) are the Peers ; the outward parts, and inward affections, are the Commons : violent passions are rebels, to disturb the common peace.

—BISHOP HALL.

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Of all God's workes, which doe this worlde adorne,
There is no one more faire and excellent
Then is mans body, both for powre and forme,
Whiles it is kept in sober government ;

But none then it more fowle and indecent,
Distempered through misrule and passions bace;
It grows a monster and incontinent
Doth lose his dignity, and native grace.

—SPENSER.

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Take my life, and let it be
Consecrated, Lord, to Thee.
Take my moments, and my days,
Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
Take my hands and let them move
At the impulse of Thy love.
Take my feet and let them be
Swift and beautiful for Thee.

Take my voice, and let me sing,
Always, only, for my king,
Take my lips, and let them be
Filled with messages from Thee.
Take my silver and my gold;
Not a mite would I withhold.
Take my intellect and use
Every power as Thou dost choose.

Take my will, and make it Thine;
It shall be no longer mine,
Take my heart, it is Thine own;
It shall be Thy royal throne.
Take my love; My Lord, I pour
At Thy feet, its treasure—store.
Take myself, and I will be,
Ever, only, all for Thee!

—HAVERGAL.

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*From The Anna Library, Madras.*

Life is a series of definite and successive changes, both of structure and composition, which take place with an individual without destroying its identity.

—G. H. LEWES.

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For part they must : body and soul must part ;
Fond couple ! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its judge :
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

—BLAIR.

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If I consider my body separately, I find it a master-piece of divine workmanship. Nothing is superfluous, nothing deficient. Every member is put in the most convenient situation, whether for the ornament or service of the body. Could I desire another member than those which compose a well-formed body? Suppose that one member were wanting, or transposed ; that my eyes, for instance, were attached to my feet, or situated where my ears are, what inconveniences and deformity would be the consequence ! Thus I find that the external part of my body is disposed with much wisdom. But the arrangement of its inward parts is still more admirable. My body must answer more than one end, and fulfil a variety of functions. It must be the medium through which the soul receives information of the different ways in which outward objects present themselves. The organs of sight, hearing, smelling, tasting, and feeling, accomplish this end ; and each of them is a miracle of the divine power and wisdom. That the body may be capable of transmitting to the soul different sensations from external objects, it is necessary that it should be moveable ; and how many are the parts, which concur

to produce this end! The bones, the joints, the ligaments, the muscles or fleshy parts, susceptible of extension and contraction give me the capacity of moving my body a thousand different ways. But a machine, so wonderful as my body is, must by its motions and the performance of its functions, suffer a continual loss. It is, necessary, therefore, in order to the preservation of the machine, that this loss should be repaired. Thus other parts, besides those we have named, are necessary; some to receive the aliments, other to grind them, to separate their nutritious juices, to circulate these juices through the body, and to distribute to each member just as much as is necessary. All these parts are really found in our bodies; and each of them perfectly accomplishes the end to which it was destined.

I bless thee, O Lord, because thou hast so wonderfully formed me!

—STURM'S REFLECTIONS.

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Adorable Creator! With what marvellous art hast thou formed us! Though the heavens, which proclaim thy glory, did not exist; though there were no other created being upon earth but myself; my body alone would suffice to convince me of thy existence, the immensity of thy power, and the infinitude of thy goodness. It would be highly criminal in me not to pay attention to this subject. May that sinful indifference, which is an insult to my divine Author, be far from me! As often as we meditate on the structure of our bodies, we should praise him, who has formed us with so much wisdom. And can we do less, in return for so great a proof of God's goodness?

—STURM'S REFLECTIONS.

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So fearfully and wonderfully are we made! Made of such complicated parts, each so nicely fashioned, and all so exactly arranged; every one executing such curious functions, and many of them operating in so mysterious a manner! and since health depends on such a numerous assemblage of moving organs; since a single secretion stopped may spoil the temperature of the fluid, a single wheel clogged may put an end to the solids: with what holy fear should we pass the time of our sojourning here below! Trusting for continual preservation not merely to our own care, but to the Almighty Hand, which formed the admirable machine, directs its agency, and supports its being!

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As fades the leaf in Autumn's time;
So creatures all decay;
Nor longer flourish in their prime,
But wear and waste away.

This earthly form, Great God! how frail!
How soon we disappear!
Disease and death our lives assail,
Nor heed the suppliant tear.

By some rude storm or sweeping blast,
The leaf is torn away;
An hour, a minute, scarcely past,
And we are snatch'd away!

Strange! when our life is insecure,
That thoughtless we remain,
And still inactive to procure
Some everlasting gain!

Or soon or late the leaf must fall;
We too the world must leave:

What time I quit this earthly ball,
My spirit, Lord, receive.

Have I a hope in aught but Thee;
No other hope I find,
In time and in eternity
To fix my anxious mind.

## THE MIND.

### THE CONTENTS OF THE MIND.

In the language of common life, the "mind" is spoken of as an entity, independent of the body, though resident in and closely connected with it, and endowed with numerous "faculties," such as sensibility, understanding, memory, volition, which stand in the same relation to the mind as the organs do to the body, and perform the functions of feeling, reasoning, remembering, and willing. Of these functions, some, such as sensation, are supposed to be merely passive—that is, they are called into existence by impressions, made upon the sensitive faculty by a material world of real objects, of which our sensations are supposed to give us pictures; others such as the memory, and the reasoning faculty, are considered to be partly passive and partly active; while volition is held to be potentially, if not always actually, a spontaneous activity.

A Palace of many chambers
Is man's immortal mind;
And chambers of greater wonder
Can pilgrim never find.

Through five of the rarest portals
The guests for ever throng,

*From Collected Essays, by Dr. Huxley.*

And pass with a muffled footstep
The corridors along.

The music of Hope is stealing
Through Fancy's pictured halls ;
The Past like a drama figures
On Memory's mirrored walls.

And Reason is holding levee
In rooms of marble white ;
High thoughts of the blood of Heaven
Are round her presence bright.

But what of this sombre chamber
So full of empty thrones,
Where over their dusty splendour
Pale Glory sits and moans ?

Ah ! These were the seats of Passions
And proud Ideas gone,
Round which in their days of empire
Life's bannered thousands shone.

'Tis well, if another chamber
Humility appears,
Where Faith and Repentance mingle
Their secret smiles and tears.

—JAMES BALLANTINE.

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We cannot use the mind aright, when the body is filled with excess of food and drink.

—CICERO.

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Whereas when we prescribe ourselves a wholesome and orderly course of diet, for the strengthening of our natures, and confirming our healths ; if we would consider what diet to give our minds, what books to read

for the informing and strengthening our understandings, and conclude that it is as impossible for the mind to be improved without those supplies, as for the body to subsist without its natural food: if, when we allow ourselves recreations and exercises, to cherish and refresh our spirits and to waste and dispel humours, without which a well-tempered constitution cannot be preserved, we would allow some exercises to our minds, by a sober and frank conversation with learned, honest, and prudent men, whose informations, animadversions, and experience might remove and expel the vanities and levities which infect our understandings: if when an indisposition or distemper of body, an ill-habit of health, calls upon us to take a rougher course with ourselves, to vomit up or purge away those choleric and phlegmatic and melancholic humours, which burn and cloy, and suffocate the vital parts and passages; to let out that blood which is too rank, too corrupted for our veins, and to expel those fumes and vapours, which hurt our stomachs, and ascend to our brains: if we would, I say, as diligently examine the distempers of our minds, revolve the rage and fury of our choler, the dullness and laziness of our phlegm, the sullenness and pride of our melancholy; if we would correct this affection, and draw out that passion, expel those fumes and vapours of ambition which disturb and corrupt our reason and judgment, by sober and serious meditation of the excellency and benefit of patience, alacrity and contentedness; that this affection and this passion is not consistent with sobriety and justice, and that the satisfying them with the utmost license brings neither ease nor quiet to the mind, which is not capable of any happiness, but in, at least not without, its own innocence; that ambition always carries an insatiableness with it,

which is a torment to the mind, and no less a disease than that is to the stomach: in a word, if we would consider, there is scarce a disease, an indisposition, a distemper, by which the body is disturbed, to which, or some influence like it, the mind is not liable likewise; and that the remedies for the latter are much more natural, more in our power, than those for the former; if we would use but half the diligence and industry to apply them which we do to the other, we should find ourselves another kind of people, our understandings more vigorous, and our lives more innocent, useful, and beneficial, to God, to ourselves, and to our country.*

—LORD CLARENDON.

## THE EYES.†

THE EYE.

A word that's composed of three letters alone,
And is backward and forward the same,
Without speaking a word, makes its sentiments known,
And to beauty lays principal claim.

## HYGIENE OF THE EYES.

These, the most delicate of the organs of sense, are often ruined by abuse. With good usage they will "last a life-time." It is necessary to observe the following rules to preserve the health of the eyes:—

1. Never use the eyes when they are tired or painful, nor with an insufficient or a dazzling light. Lamps should be shaded.

* *From Readings in English Prose Literature.*

† *Vide ante Parts of the Human Body and their uses.*

2. The light should fall upon the object viewed from over the left shoulder, if possible; it should never come from in front.
3. The room should be moderately cool, and the feet should be warm. There should be nothing tight about the neck.
4. Hold the object squarely before the eyes, and at just the proper distance. Holding it too near produces near-sightedness. Fifteen inches is the usual distance.
5. Never read on the cars, when riding in a wagon or street-car, or when lying down. Serious disease is produced by these practices.
6. Do not use the eyes for any delicate work, reading or writing, by candlelight, before breakfast.
7. Avoid using the eyes in reading when just recovering from illness.
8. Never play tricks with the eyes, as squinting or rolling them.
9. If the eyes are near-sighted or far-sighted, procure proper glasses at once. If common print must be held nearer than fifteen inches to the eye for distinct vision, the person is near-sighted. If it is required to be held two or three feet from the eye for clear sight, the person is far-sighted.
10. A near-sighted person should not read with the glasses which enable him to see distant objects clearly.
11. Coloured glasses (blue are the best) may be worn when the eye is pained by snow or sunlight, or by a dazzling fire or lamplight. Avoid their continued use.
12. Never patronize travelling vendors of spectacles.

13. Rest the eye at short intervals when severely taxing them, exercising the lungs vigorously at the same time.*

## THE EARS.†

The best advice that can be given here, is one that looks towards prevention rather than treatment. It is from a knowledge of the vast amount of damage done to the ear by people themselves, that I can only repeat that caution so often given—do not pick and swale the ears. If you do, you will soon set up a disease, which may be termed purely *artificial*. An erroneous management of the ear, often begun from some *imaginary* evil will surely lead to positive and most obstinate disease of the organ.

The simplest, softest, most agreeable, and usually the most successful way to try to remove a foreign body from the ear, is to gently force it out by syringing.

The writer observed, not long since, the case of a mechanic, thirty-five years old, who allowed his comrades to pick mud from his ear, where it had been splashed by a passing horse. A syringeful of warm water would have given the necessary relief. Instead of this, however, the man and his companions, uselessly frightened by the thought that a little mud was in his ear, began to pick at the ear with bits of wire, and other equally unsuitable instruments. This caused intense pain, which was construed as a symptom of the need of still further probing, until the man's drum and all the little bones of his ear were completely scooped out, and his hearing destroyed for ever.

*From Practical Manual of Health and Temperance, by J. H. Kellogg, M.D.*

† *Vide ante Parts of the Human Body and their uses.*

The syringe is the only proper means of cleaning the ear, if the ear must be cleaned. It would indeed be better for a number of children, as well as adults, if nothing but the syringe and warm water had been used in the domestic treatment of their ear-diseases.*

## THE STOMACH. †

There was a time, when all the body's members
Rebell'd against the belly ; thus accus'd it:—
That only like a gulf it did remain
I' the midst o' the body, idle and inactive,
Still cupboarding the viand, never bearing
Like labour with the rest, where the other instruments
Did see, and hear, devise, instruct, walk, feel,
And, mutually participate, did minister
Unto the appetite and affection common
Of the whole body. The belly answer'd,—
"True is it, my incorporate friends," quoth he,
"That I receive the general food at first,
Which you do live upon ; and fit it is,
Because I am the storehouse and the shop
Of the whole body : but, if you do remember,
I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart,—to the seat o' the brain ;
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins,
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live : and though that all at once cannot
See what I do deliver out to each,
Yet I can make my audit up, that all

* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black, M.B.*

† *Vide ante Parts of the Human Body and their uses.*

From me do back receive the flour of all,
And leave me but the bran."

—SHAKESPEARE.

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The stomach may be disordered by a multitude of causes, the principal of which are improper food, alcoholic liquors, fevers and (especially in children) other exhausting diseases.*

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The belly of a man is his enemy.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

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A full stomach is deaf to instruction.

—RUSSIAN PROVERB.

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## STOMACH.

### (ITS COMPLAINT).

'Being allowed for once to speak, I would fain take the opportunity to set forth how ill, in all respects, we stomachs are used. From the beginning to the end of life, we are either afflicted with too little or too much, or not the right thing, or things which are horribly disagreeable to us, or otherwise are thrown into a state of discomfort. I do not think it proper to take up a moment in bewailing the Too Little, for that is an evil which is never the fault of our masters, but rather the result of their misfortunes ; and indeed we would sometimes feel as if it were a relief from other kinds of distress, if we were put upon short allowance for a few days. But we conceive ourselves to have matter for a true bill against mankind in respect of the Too Much,

**From A Manual of Family Medicine and Hygiene for India, by Sir William Moore.*

which is always a voluntarily-incurred evil. Strange, however, to say, none of them are willing to own that they ever give us any trouble on this score, and it is amazing what ingenious excuses they will plead for themselves when they begin to feel the sad effects of their excesses. I have known a gentleman, when suffering under a tremendous overload of dinner at a corporation feast, lay the whole blame of his woes upon a glass of water he had chanced to drink after his soup. Another, feeling himself dreadfully ill the day after a long sitting with a set of convivial friends was quite at a loss to account for it, till he suddenly remembered, that in the course of the evening, he had been induced to eat a roasted potato. This satisfied his mind at once, and so, as he crawled that afternoon along the street, and was asked by his companions in succession what was the matter with him, "Oh," he would say, "that potato I took last night! Feel dreadfully unwell to-day—all owing, sir, to the potato." In fact, there is nothing respecting which mankind labour under a greater delusion than the amount of their indulgences at table. I have known some who were in the way of destroying themselves by excess, and yet their constant impression was, that they suffered from being too abstemious; and thus they would go on, endeavouring to remedy the evil by that which only tended to increase it, until all went to wreck.

'What a pity that nature, when she was about it, did not establish some means of a good understanding between mankind and their stomachs, for really the effects of their non-acquaintance are most vexatious. Human beings seem to be to this day completely in the dark as to what they ought to take at any time, and err almost as often from ignorance as from depraved

appetite. Sometimes, for instance, when we of the inner house are rather weakly, they will send us down an article that we only could deal with when in a state of robust health. Sometimes when we would requïre mild semi-farinaceous or vegetable diet, they will persist in all the most stimulating and irritating of viands. What sputtering we poor stomachs have when mistakes of that kind occur! What remarks we indulge in regarding our masters! * * * If we had only been allowed to give the slightest hint now and then, like faithful servants as we are, from how many miseries might we have saved both our masters and ourselves!

'I have been a stomach for about forty years, during all of which time I have endeavoured to do my duty faithfully and punctually. My master, however, is ro reckless, that I would defy any stomach of ordinary ability and capacity to get along pleasantly with him. The fact is, like almost all other men, he, in his eating and drinking, considers his own pleasure only, and never once reflects on the poor wretch who has to be responsible for the disposal of everything downstairs. Scarcely on any day does he fail to exceed the strict rule of temperance; nay, there is scarcely a single meal which is altogether what it ought to be, either in its constituents or its general amount. My life is therefore one of continual worry and fret; I am never off the drudge from morning till night, and have not a moment in the four and twenty hours that I can safely call my own.

'My greatest trial takes place in the evening, when my master has dined. * * * I am accustomed to the thing, so don't feel much shocked; but my master himself would faint at the sight. The slave of duty in all circumstances, I call in my friend Gastric Juice, and to it we set, with as much good will as if we

had the most agreeable task in the world before us. But, unluckily, my master has an impression very firmly fixed upon him, that our business is apt to be vastly promoted by an hour or two's drinking ; so he continues at table amongst his friends, and pours me down some bottle and a half of wine, perhaps of various sorts, that bother Gastric Juice and me to a degree which no one can have any conception of. In fact this said wine undoes our work almost as fast as we do it, besides blinding and poisoning us into the bargain. On many occasions I am obliged to give up my task for the time altogether : for while this vinous shower is going on, I would defy the most vigorous stomach in the world to make any advance in its business worth speaking of. * * * All this time I can hear him jollifying away at a great rate, drinking healths to his neighbours, and ruining his own. My only relief from such visitations is usually derived from Coffee or Tea—two old steady allies, for whom I have a great regard. A cup of either of these beverages generally helps wonderfully to dispose of the crude wine-drenched mass which I have in hands and enables me to get the field cleared in time for next action.

'I am a lover of early hours—as are my brethren generally. To this we are very much disposed by the extremely hard work which we usually undergo during the day. About ten o'clock, having perhaps at that time got all our labours past, and feeling fatigued and exhausted, we like to sink into repose, not to be again disturbed till next morning at breakfast time. Well, how it may be with others I cannot tell; but so it is, that my master never scruples to rouse me up from my first sleep, and give me charge of an entirely new meal, after I thought I was to be my own master for the night. This is a

hardship of the most grievous kind. Only imagine an innocent stomach-genius, who has gathered his coal, drawn on his night-cap, and gone to bed, rung up and made to stand attention to receive a succession of things, all of them superfluous and in excess, which he knows he will not be able to get off his hands all night. * * * O that I had the power of standing beside my master, and holding his unreflecting hand, as he thus prepares for my torment and his own! Here, too, the old mistaken notion about the necessity for something stimulating besets him, and down comes a deluge of hot spirits and water, loaded with sugar, that causes every villicle in my coat to writhe in agony, and almost sends Gastric Juice off in the sulks to bed. Nor does he always rest here. If the company be agreeable, rummer will follow upon rummer in long succession, during all which time I am kept standing, as it were, with my sleeves tucked up, ready to begin, but unable to perform a single stroke of work. While such is my real predicament, my infatuated master is fully persuaded that he is doing something vastly in favour of my business, and calculated to promote his own comfort. He feels the reverse when he at length tumbles into bed, to fester and toss till morning, when my labours being still unaccomplished, he will awake with a burning head-ache, a parched tongue, and uneasy sensations all over—call for a glass of sodawater *electrified* (this is his wretched slang for the infusion of a glass of brandy in it); and thus vainly think to get rid of his pains by that which is only calculated to prolong them.

'These may be said to be a sample of my present distresses; but there never has been a time when I was better used, nor do I hope ever to be treated more considerately till the end of the chapter. I have but an

obscure recollection of my infancy ; yet I remember sufficiently well that at that time they were perpetually giving me things in the highest degree unsuitable, and generally far too much at a time, or else a proper quantity too often, which I have generally found to come to much the same thing. It was particularly hard, in those days, that, if my young master's nurse took anything that disagreed with her, I immediately became a sufferer by it, who was not only innocent of all imprudence myself, but whose very master was equally innocent—the purest case of paying the penalty of another's offences that could well be imagined. Then came the sad stuffings with cake and pudding, to which my boy-master subjected me whenever he could obtain the means—which I remarked to be particularly likely to happen when he visited aunts and grandmammas ; a class of relations who, unfortunately for me, feel themselves under none of those salutary restraints, as to the young, which Solomon has wisely imposed on parents—wisely in all respects, I may say, but that of his not extending his injunctions to a wider circle of relationship. * * * * Laden so much beyond my strength, I became rigid in every muscle, and could only grasp my burden in mute and nervish despair. His anguish on those occasions was truly dreadful ; but the truth is, it was all my anguish in the first place, and he only felt it reflectively. Then came the doctor with his doses of things black and dismal as Erebus, but all vouched for as necessary in the case ; and of these nauseating processes the whole misery fell, of course, upon me. * * * Many a time have I prayed my neighbour Pylorus—a jealous door-keeping fellow he is—to allow a little of the mess to pass out of my charge unchymified, that I might get elbow-room

to proceed with the remainder; but never one particle would he take off my hands in this way, having a trust, he said, to that effect, which he could not neglect or betray without ruining the whole concern. I used to execrate him in my heart for a stingy ultra-virtuous dog; but I have since come to acknowledge that he was in the right of it, and, indeed, my petition was only an effort of despair, like that of drowning men catching at straws. These bouts, after all, were only severe at the time, and I used to rebound from them wonderfully fast. Alas! my experiences since have sometimes inclined me to look back upon them with a sigh. I was young and stout then. The four meals a-day were scarcely a trouble to me. There was hardly any stuff I could not get the better of, if it only were not given in a quantity absolutely overwhelming. I participated in that bounding vitality which makes difficulties rather pleasant than otherwise to youth, provided they only do not go very much too far. I cannot now pretend to undertake the jobs that then were light to me, and which I would have laughed at as trifles. The saddest consideration of all is, that, so far from those days ever returning, I must now look forward to much worse than even the present. I feel that the strength which I ought to have had at my present time of life has passed from me. I am getting weak, and peevish and evil-disposed. A comparatively small trouble sits long and sore upon me. Bile, from being my servant, is becoming my master, and a bad one he makes, as all good servants ever do. I see nothing before me but a premature old age of pains and groans, and gripes and grumblings, which will, of course, not last over long; and thus I shall be cut short in my career, when I should have been enjoying life's tranquil evening, without a single vexation of any kind to trouble me.

'Were I of a rancorous temper, it might be a consolation to think that my master, the cause of all my woes, must suffer and sink with me; but I don't see how this can mend my own case; and, from old acquaintance, I am rather disposed to feel sorry for him, as one who has been more ignorant and imprudent than ill-meaning. In the same spirit let me hope that this true and unaffected account of my case may prove a warning to other persons how they use their stomachs; for they may depend upon it, that whatever injustice they do to *us* in their days of health and pride, will be repaid to *themselves* in the long run—our friend Madam Nature being an inveterately accurate accountant, who makes no allowance for revokes or mistakes, but acts towards all according to the rigour of the game.'

—R. CHAMBERS.

## THE BRAIN.*

The brain is the fountain of nervous energy to the whole body, and many persons are habitual invalids, without actually labouring under any well-defined disease, solely from its defective or irregular exercise. In such cases, not only does the mind suffer debility in its feelings, and intellectual capacities, but all the functions of the body participate in its languor, because all of them receive a diminished and vitiated supply of the nervous stimulus, a due share of which is essential to their healthy action.

—GEORGE COMBE.

The action of the brain is a sort of vital combustion. It gives off fire and heat, and in doing so burns away like

*Vide ante Parts of the Human Body and their uses.*

coals in a grate. Provided the fuel of food, sleep, and rest are regularly supplied, brain-work is salutary ; but when the fuel is deficient, through dyspepsia, want of exercise, or sleeplessness, brainwork is exhausting and eventually destructive.

—SMILES.

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Study is a consuming of certain materials contained in the brain and the blood ; food and sleep are the means by which this loss is made good, and the mind placed in a fit condition to resume work.*

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If an engine is to be kept going, it must have a proper supply of coal and water, and if the fire is not kept up, the engine soon slackens its pace. If a clock is to be kept going and keep time, it must be periodically wound up ; and if the tone of the nervous system is to be kept at proper tension, the body must be fed up for this purpose, and not only must it have proper food supplied to it, but that food must be properly assimilated. If it is not, the nervous system droops, and in sympathy with this every other organ of the body ceases to act in such a way as to maintain vigour, and hence the stamina of the constitution deteriorates throughout. The outcome of this state of affairs is that, as a natural sequence, the disease characterised as nervous debility or prostration or exhaustion results.†

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No brain-worker can deprive himself, for any length of time, of an ample amount of sleep without suffering injury. Heed being paid to this, it may safely rest with

* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black, M. B.*

† *From Health and Condition in the Active and the Sedentary, by Dr. Yorke-Davies.*

the individual himself as to the time—morning or evening in which he may choose to work. It must be remembered that uncongenial work, or work done under pressure, takes much more out of a man than that which goes with his will. So long as Sir Walter Scott worked his six hours a day, and had his afternoon and evening free, his fertile brain continued to produce its marvellous creations without impairment of his mental power ; but when stern necessity drove him to make a gigantic effort to retrieve his shattered fortune, his towering intellect staggered to its fall.

Another fundamental rule is, that out-of-door exercise must not be neglected. The time for taking it—the kind of exercise and the amount—must be regulated according to the health and temperament of the individual.

It may also be said that dependence ought never to be placed on alcohol, opium, tobacco, or other like substances. When those are trusted to for prolonging the period of study beyond the time when the wearied brain calls for rest, only harm can result.

It is of great importance to the brain-worker to cultivate an even habit of mind ; and to be able to look at things cheerfully is both better for himself and all who may be in any way connected with him, and these he only can do by learning what it is essential he must attend to in the matter of sleep, exercise, food, and the like and by wisely giving heed thereto.*

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It is well-known that smoking is very harmful to the young, and when in excess seriously affects the nervous system. It tends to weaken and deaden the mental faculties.

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* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black, M. B.*

The habits of inhaling the tobacco smoke, of swallowing it, or of passing it out of the nose, are all likely to lead to disease of the parts over which the smoke is forced.*

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Huge long hair, and very little brains.

—OLD SPANISH PROVERB.

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A good head has a hundred hands.

—RUSSIAN PROVERB.

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## THE LUNGS.†

There are various ways in which the lungs may be deprived of the requisite supply of pure air for respiration.

FIRST, An obstacle may prevent the passage of the air through the windpipe.

SECONDLY, The lungs may be deprived of their due proportion of air by any cause compressing the chest externally in such a way as to prevent the proper expansion of the lungs and air cells. This is also a frequent occurrence, and when continued, is a very common source of bad health and diseased lungs. The most prevalent mode of compression of the chest consists in the use of tight waist-bands and corsets by young women.

THE THIRD form in which the lungs are often deprived of the proportion of oxygen required to airate the quantity of blood passing through them is that of breathing an impure or vitiated air.

THE FOURTH cause by which the necessary supply of oxygen to the lungs is frequently impeded, and dis-

* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black, M.B.*

† *Vide ante Parts of the Human Body and their uses.*

ease consequently produced, arises out of the sedentary habits of modern society, and the depression or monotony of mental condition which is apt to result from them. If ever a Divine law was legibly imprinted on any part of animated nature, it is that which declares *activity* to be the indispensable condition of human health and happiness. Every organ from the highest to the lowest in the structure of man, is framed with a view to daily and habitual exercise, and this law holds equally good with the lungs as with the muscles or brain. When we obey this condition of existence, and actively employ the body for some hours every day in the open air, the circulation is invigorated, and equalized, the respiration is rendered free and deep, and a feeling of vivacity and enjoyment arises, which is the sure accompaniment of health and energy.

—ANDREW COMBE, M. D.

## THE TEMPERATURE OF THE BODY.

The average temperature of the surface of the human body in a condition of health and repose is 98.4° Fahr. In the mouth it is 99.5°. The temperature of the blood is 100°. A rising of the temperature of the surface of the body above 99.5°, or a falling below 97.3°, are sure signs of some kind of disease when such variations are persistent. The fall is significant of depressed vitality, either from rapidly exhausting diseases, or from long continued maladies. The rise is indicative of fever, or of some disease, accompanied by fever.*

* *From A Manual of Family Medicine and Hygiene for India, by Sir William Moore.*

## PULSE.

The pulse is caused by the beating of the vessels (called arteries) conveying the blood from the heart to all parts of the body. For convenience it is generally felt at the wrists, but may be counted in the neck, or at the thigh, or wherever there is an artery near the surface of the body. The number of beats per minute, in the healthy state, varies according to age, but may be generally accepted as follows:—

At birth and till end of the 1st year of age —140 beats per minute.

Infancy and till end of the 3rd year —120 „ „

Childhood or till end of the 6th year —106 „ „

Youth or till end of the 17th year —90 „ „

Adult age or till end of the 50th year —75 „ „

Old age ... ... ... ... ... —70 „ „

The pulse may vary from this standard to some extent, and there are few persons in whom the pulse may be extraordinary slow, or the reverse, and this naturally, without deviation from health. But as a rule, if the pulse without previous bodily exertion (which always increases its action) is quicker by eight or ten beats than the standard, or a similar number of beats lower, there is something wrong. If higher, there will be more or less of feverishness present; if lower, there will be a want of tone, or vitality below par.*

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* *From A Manual of Family Medicine and Hygiene for India, by Sir William Moore.*

## SMOKER'S SORE THROAT.

The redness and dryness of the mucus lining of the mouth and throat so common with smokers, is the result of the direct irritation of the hot fumes of the poisonous weed which are drawn in through the pipe or cigar. This cause of chronic disease of the throat is so very common that "smoker's sore throat" has come to be recognised as a distinct malady. Some smokers pretend to smoke for the cure of throat difficulties; but the excuse is a mere pretence in most cases. Tobacco never cures sore throat. It may temporarily relieve local irritation, but can do no more, and always increases the disease.*

## WHAT IS HEALTH?

Health is the harmony, balance, and well-proportioned action of innumerable organs, fibres, nerves, muscles, vessels, and membranes.

—REV. CHANNING.

When the digestive organs by which the food we take is converted into nourishment,—when the heart and the blood-vessels by which the blood derived from food is conveyed to every part of the body,—when the organs of respiration which purify the blood by means of the air we breathe,—when these and other organs of the body remain entire and sound and perform their respective functions regularly and smoothly, no uneasiness or pain is felt, and we are enabled to enjoy life, and to discharge efficiently the various duties devolving upon us. Such a condition of the body is called health.†

* *Form Practical Manual of Health and Temperance, by J. H. Kellogg, M.D.*

† *From The Elements of Hygiene, by Dr. Dhanakoti Râju, M. D., C. M.*

Health is that condition of the living body in which all the vital, natural, and animal functions are performed easily and perfectly, and unattended with pain. It consists in a natural and proper condition and proportion in the functions and structures of the several parts of which the body is composed. From physiology we learn that there are certain relations of these functions and structures to each other and to external agents, which are most conducive to their well-being and permanency, which constitute the condition of health. States which are deviations from the due balance between the several properties or parts of the animal frame constitute disease. The most perfect state of health is generally connected with a certain conformation and structure of the bodily organs, and well-marked by certain external signs and figures, a well-proportioned body, calm and regular circulation of the blood free and full respiration, easy digestion, &c. There are, however, few persons who can be said to enjoy perfect health; and hence in ordinary language, when we speak of health, we imply merely a freedom from actual disease. In this sense, the standard of health is not the same in every individual, that being health in some which would be disease in others. The healthy pulse in adults averages from 70 (seventy) to 80 (eighty) per minute, yet there are some in whom 90 (ninety) or 100 (hundred) is a healthy pulse. Muscular strength and activity, nervous sensibility, and the sensorial powers vary exceedingly in different individuals, yet all within the limits of health. There is scarcely any earthly blessing men hold so lightly as health, and yet there is none they so deeply deplore the loss of when deprived of it.

—"BEETON'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY."

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Health is the result of a number of natural influences acting on the individual, namely, the intrinsic conditions

which he brought into the world with him, and the extrinsic circumstances around him. It is important to appreciate that these circumstances are continually varying, the temperature and other characters of the atmosphere, our food, in short, our whole environment being inconstant ; and that in correspondence with and in obedience to these the physiological state of the body is not a constant quantity. We speak of a "normal" state, and call it "health," but the first essential of life and health, is a capacity of accommodation or adjustment to varying circumstances.

—DR. BRUCE, M.A., M.D.

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In the adult, health means, first and foremost, that every organ is working harmoniously; that the mental and bodily functions are acting in concert; that sleep is natural and refreshing, and that on awaking the individual feels perfectly free from fatigue after ordinary exertion the previous day. The tongue is clean, and the muscles are elastic, the pulse is steady, the nervous system quiet but vigorous, the stomach, after its long rest, is ready for food and enjoys it, and the day is begun with a healthy appetite and its duties with zest.*

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In proportion, as we consider the matter with that attention which its importance really deserves, we shall become anxious rather to take care of health when we have it, than first to lose it, and then exert ourselves to recover it. Such was evidently the feeling which elicited the following remarks from a clear-sighted author.

> "You that have health," says he, "and know not how to prize it, I'll tell you what it is, that you

* *From Health and Condition in the Active and the Sedentary, by Dr. Yorke-Davies.*

may love it better, put a higher value upon it, and endeavour to preserve it with a more serious, stricter observance and tuition.

"Health is that which makes your meat and drink both savoury and pleasant, else Nature's injunction of eating and drinking were a hard task and slavish custom.

"Health is that which makes your bed easy and your sleep refreshing; that revives your strength with the rising sun, and makes you cheerful at the light of another day; 'tis that which fills up the hollow and uneven places of your carcass, and makes your body plump and comely; 'tis that which dresseth you up in Nature's richest attire, and adorns your face with her choicest colours.

"'Tis that which makes exercise a sport, and walking abroad the enjoyment of your liberty.

"'Tis that which makes fertile and increaseth the natural endowments of your mind, and preserves them long from decay, makes your wit acute, and your memory retentive.

"'Tis that which supports the fragility of a corruptible body, and preserves the verdure, vigour, and beauty of youth.

"'Tis that which makes the soul take delight in her mansion, sporting herself at the casements of your eyes.

"'Tis that which makes pleasure to be pleasure, and delights delightful, without which you can solace yourself in nothing of terrene felicities or enjoyments."

But "now take a view of yourself when health has turned its back upon you, and deserts your

company; see then how the scene is changed, how you are robbed and spoiled of all your comforts and enjoyments.

"Sleep that was stretched out from evening to the fair bright day, is now broken into pieces, and subdivided, not worth the accounting; the night that before seemed short is now too long, and the downy bed presseth hard against the bones.

"Exercise is now toyling, and walking abroad the carrying of a burthen.

"The eye that flasht as lightning is now like the opacous body of a thick cloud; that rolled from east to west, swifter than a celestial orb, is now tired and weary with standing still; * * * * * it is become obtuse and dull,"—* * * *

If such then be a true picture of the opposite conditions of health and disease, what stronger inducements can any one require to give him an interest in the "study and observance of Nature's institutions," seeing that they are the only means by which "the beloved ends and wished-for enjoyments" can be attained, and that we "may as likely keep or acquire riches by prodigality as preserve health and obtain long life by intemperance, inordinate passions, a noxious air, and such like injurious customs, ways, and manner of living?"*

—ANDREW COMBE, M. D.

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The value of health is justly appreciated by the diseased.

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Health outweighs all other blessings so much that one may really say that a healthy beggar is hap-

*Maynwaringe on the Method and Means of Health.*

pier than an ailing king. A quiet and cheerful temperament, happy in the enjoyment of a perfectly sound physique, an intellect clear, lively, penetrating, and seeing things as they are, a moderate and gentle will, and therefore a good conscience—these are privileges which no rank or wealth can make up for or replace.*

—SCHOPENHAUER.

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Health is wealth.

MAXIM.

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A man diseased in body can have little joy of his wealth, be it ever so much. A golden crown could not cure the headache, nor a velvet slipper give ease to the gout, nor a purple robe drive away burning fever.

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There is this difference between these two temporal blessings, health and money. Money is the most envied, but the least enjoyed; health is the most enjoyed but the least envied, and this superiority of the latter is still more obvious, when we reflect that the poorest man would not part with health for money, but that the richest would gladly part with all their money for health.

—COLTON.

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Ah! what avails the largest gifts of Heaven
When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
How tasteless then whatever can be given!
Health is the vital principle of bliss.

—THOMSON.

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* *From Wisdom of Life, translated by Saunders.*

Temperance and labour are the two best physicians of man; labour sharpens the appetite, and temperance prevents him from indulging to excess.

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This added to all the former recites or observations, either of long-lived races, or persons in any age or country, makes it easy to conclude that health and long life are blessings usually of the poor, not of the rich; and the fruits of temperance, rather than of luxury and excess. And indeed if a rich man does not in many things live like a poor, he will certainly be the worse for his riches, if he does not use exercise, which is but voluntary labour; if he does not restrain appetite by choice as the other does by necessity. If he does not practise sometimes even abstinence and fasting, which is the last extreme of want and poverty; if his cares and his troubles increase with his riches, or his passions with his pleasures; he will certainly impair his health whilst he improves his fortunes, and lose more than he gains by the bargain; since health is the best of all human possessions, and without which the rest are not relished or not kindly enjoyed.

—Sir W. Temple.

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Health is so necessary to all the duties, as well as pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly: and he, that for a short gratification, brings weakness and diseases upon himself, and for the pleasures of a few years passed in the tumults of diversion and clamours of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be justly reproached, not only as a spendthrift of his own happiness, but as a robber of the public; as a wretch that has voluntarily disqualified himself for the business of his station, and refus-

ed that part which Providence assigns him in the general task of human nature.*

## KNOWLEDGE ABOUT HEALTH NECESSARY.

Prevention is better than cure.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure.

Think of the cure before the thing occurs,
He grieves in vain, who till 'tis past defers.

—"ANWAR-I-SUHAILI." †

Nor is it left arbitrary, at the will and pleasure of every man to do as he list; after the dictates of a depraved humour and extravagant fancy, to live at what rate he pleaseth; but every one is bound to observe the Injunctions and Law of Nature upon the penalty of forfeiting their health, strength, and liberty—the true and long enjoyment of themselves.

—MAYNWARINGE.

Unhappy man! to break the pious laws
Of nature.

—DRYDEN.

For Nature is a strict accountant; and if you demand of her in one direction more than she is prepared to lay out, she balances the account by making a deduction elsewhere. If you will let her follow her own course, taking care to supply, in right quantities and kinds, the raw materials of bodily and mental growth, required at each age, she will eventually produce an individual more or

* *From Chambers's Educational Course.*

† *Translated by Eastwick.*

less evenly developed. If, however, you insist on premature or undue growth of any one part, she will, with more or less protest, concede the point; but that she may do your extra work, she must leave some of her more important work undone. Let it never be forgotten that the amount of vital energy which the body at any moment possesses, is limited; and that, being limited, it is impossible to get from it more than a fixed quantity of results. In a child or youth the demands upon this vital energy are various and urgent. The waste consequent on the day's bodily exercise has to be met; the wear of brain entailed by the day's study has to be made good; a certain additional growth of body has to be provided for; and also a certain additional growth of brain; to which must be added the amount of energy absorbed in digesting the large quantity of food required for meeting these many demands. Now, that to divert an excess of energy into any one of these channels is to abstract it from the others, is both manifest a priori, and proved a posteriori, by the experience of every one. Every one knows, for instance, that the digestion of a heavy meal makes such a demand on the system as to produce lassitude of mind and body, frequently ending in sleep. Every one knows, too, that excess of bodily exercise diminishes the power of thought —that the temporary prostration following any sudden exertion, or the fatigue produced by a thirty miles' walk, is accompanied by a disinclination to mental effort; that, after a month's pedestrian tour the mental inertia is such that some days are required to overcome it; and that in peasants who spend their lives in the muscular labour the activity of mind is very small.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

Man is like a coachman driving his own carriage; if this be well made, and if he continue to drive cautiously, it will go a long time; but if he drive it upon bad roads the wheels will get injured and the carriage will be soon worn out.*

—Dr. Wise.

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Every man is a physician or a fool by forty.

—Old Proverb.

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Few take care to live well, but many to live long.

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It is generally by their own ignorance and sometimes by their folly and fault that men lose their health and bring upon themselves diseases. It is true that some unfortunate people do inherit diseases from their parents; but then such parents, in very many cases, have first produced those diseases in themselves by their own ignorance and violation of the laws of health and transmitted them to their unfortunate offspring.†

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Life is a battle; every one must acknowledge birth, and every one must acknowledge death. We must be on our guard against the enemy, disease, who is ever ready to take advantage of a false move. The laws of our well-being are simple and easily understood, and it should be one of our first great objects to ever keep in view and practise them, for the plea of ignorance will not free us from the consequences of disobedience. In proportion as our vital powers are great, so much the longer may the laws of health be disregarded with impunity, but the penalty *will* be paid. Dis-

* *From Commentary of the Hindu System of Medicine.*

† *From the Elements of Hygiene, by Dr. Dhanakoti Râju, M.D., C.M.*

obey, ye who will, but ye who disobey *must* suffer ; this law is as certain in its operation as the law of gravitation.

Endeavour to qualify yourself to become your own doctor, and take care of your own health.

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Just as the captain of an ocean steamship, in order to bring his charge safely into port, must carefully study his charts, and be prepared to avoid rocks, quicksands, and dangerous currents which menace the security of his costly vessel, so every one of us, if we would navigate our craft into the haven of long life and health, needs all the knowledge, which can be acquired in regard to danger imminent, upon the right hand and the left, of our voyage in life, from accident and disease.*

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In knowledge there is safety, and to impart a correct understanding in regard to those laws which govern health is to give power, which, if rightly exercised, cannot fail to be productive of the happiest results.*

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He who is acquainted with the general constitution of the human body, and with the laws which regulate its action, sees at once his true position when exposed to the causes of disease, decides what ought to be done, and thereafter feels himself at liberty to devote his undivided attention to the calls of higher duties. But it is far otherwise with the person who is destitute of this information. Uncertain of the nature and extent of the danger, he knows not to which hand to turn for safety, and either lives in the fear of mortal disease, or in his ignorance, resorts to irrational and hurtful precautions to the certain neglect of those which he ought to use. It is

* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black, M. B.*

ignorance, therefore, and not knowledge, which renders an individual full of fancies and apprehensions, and robs him of his usefulness. It would be a stigma on the Creator's wisdom if true knowledge weakened the understanding and led to injurious results. And, accordingly, the genuine hypochondriac, whose blind credulity leads him to the implicit adoption of every monstrous specific, is not the person who has gained wholesome knowledge by patient study in the field of nature; but he, and he alone, who has derived his notions of the human constitution, and of the laws of nature, from the obscure recesses of his own unenlightened imagination. * *

In thus strongly advocating the benefits to be obtained by the wide diffusion of a general knowledge of the laws of health, I must, however, express my belief that the study of *diseases*, and their modes of cure, by unprofessional persons is not only unprofitable, but often deeply injurious—just because such persons cannot possibly possess the collateral knowledge required to form a correct judgment of all the attending circumstances, and are therefore extremely liable to fall into error, whose every error is attended with risk. * * *

It is a most fallacious mode of arguing to contend that, because an imperfect acquaintance with disease is hurtful, a knowledge of the conditions and laws of health must, therefore, be also prejudicial.

—ANDREW COMBE, M. D.

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The external world appears to be wisely and benevolently adapted to the organic system of man: that is, to his nutrition, and to the development and exercise of his corporeal organs. The natural law appears to be that every one who desires to enjoy the pleasures of health must expend in labour the energy which the creator has infused into his limbs. A wide choice is left to man as to the mode in which he shall exercise his nervous and muscular systems:

the labourer, for example, digs the ground, and the squire engages in the chase ; both pursuits exercise the body. The penalties for neglecting this law are imperfect digestion, disturbed sleep, debility, bodily and mental lassitude, and in extreme cases, confirmed bad health and early death. The consequences of over-exerting these systems are exhaustion, mental incapacity, the desire for strong artificial stimulants (such as ardent spirits), general insensibility, grossness of feeling and perception, with disease and shortened life.

—GEORGE COMBE.

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Perhaps nothing will so much hasten the time when body and mind will both be adequately cared for, as a diffusion of the belief that the preservation of health is a duty. Few seem conscious that there is such a thing as physical morality. Men's habitual words and acts imply the idea that they are at liberty to treat their bodies as they please. Disorders entailed by disobedience to Nature's dictates, they regard simply as grievances : not as the effects of a conduct more or less flagititious. Though the evil consequences inflicted on their dependents, and on future generations, are often as great as those caused by crime ; yet they do not think themselves in any degree criminal. It is true that in case of drunkenness, the viciousness of a bodily transgression is recognised ; but none appear to infer that, if this bodily transgression is vicious, so too is every bodily transgression. The fact is that all breaches of the laws of health are physical sins. When this is generally seen, then, and perhaps not till then, will the physical training of the young receive the attention it deserves.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

Full, rich and abounding health is the normal and natural condition of life. Any thing else is an abnormal condition, and abnormal conditions as a rule come through perversions. God never created sickness, suffering, and disease ; they are man's own creations. They come through his violating the laws under which he lives. So used are we to seeing them that we come gradually, if not to think of them as natural, then to look upon them as a matter of course.

The time will come when the work of the physician will not be to treat and attempt to heal the body, but to heal the mind, which in turn will heal the body. In other words, the true physician will be a teacher ; his work will be to keep people well, instead of attempting to make them well after sickness and disease comes on ; and still beyond this there will come a time when each will be his own physician.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

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## THE DUKE OF FERRARA AND THE FAMOUS BUFFOON.

It is really wonderful how many misguided friends there are who are ready to act the part of medical advisers during the time of sickness, and how many remedies are suggested to the poor sufferer for his employment. The following anecdote may serve to illustrate these remarks.

"It is said that the Duke of Ferrara, Alphonso de Este, once propounded the query of what trade contained the greatest number of persons? One said the shoemakers' ; another, the sewing peoples' ; another the carpenters', the pettifoggers', the labourers'. Gonelle, the famous buffoon, said that there were more physicians than any other sort of persons, and offered to bet with the duke, his master (who flatly declined the honour) that he would prove it within four and twenty hours. The next morning Gonelle set out

from his abode with a great night-cap on, and his chin bandaged up with a handkerchief, then a hat over all, and his mantle thrown over his shoulders. In this guise he took his way towards the palace of his Excellency by way of the Rue des Anges. The first person he met asked him what was the matter with him, to which he answered, 'An atrocious tooth-ache.' 'Ha! my friend,' said the other, 'I know the best receipt in the world for that,' and he rehearsed it to him. Gonelle wrote his name upon his tablets, pretending to write the receipt. A step further on, he passed two or three, who put the same question to him, and each one gave him a remedy; he wrote down their names as in the first instance. And thus pursuing his course through the remaining portion of the street, he met no one who did not offer him some receipt, all differing the one from the other, each one telling him that his own was well-tried, sure, and infallible. He wrote down all their names. Arrived at the lower court of the palace, he was surrounded (being known to everybody) by persons, who, after learning his trouble, insisted upon giving him receipts, each one said to be the best in the world. He thanked them and wrote down their names also. When he entered the Duke's chamber his Excellency cried out to him from afar off: 'Oh! what is the matter with thee, Gonelle?' He replied very piteously, and in a whining manner, 'The cruelest tooth-ache that ever was.' His Excellency then said to him, 'Ah, Gonelle, I know something which would quickly banish your pain, even were the tooth spoiled. Master Antonio Musa Brassando, my physician, never made use of a better. Do this and that, and you will be cured immediately.' Gonelle at once threw down his head-gear, and other appliances, exclaiming, 'And you too, sire, are a physician. Look at my

list, how many others I have found between my dwelling and yours. There are nearly two hundred, and I have passed through only one street. I will undertake to find more than ten thousand in this town, if I were to go all through it. Find me as many persons of any other trade.' "*

## WHAT BRINGS ABOUT HEALTH.

A sound mind in a sound body is a fitting foundation for all that is high and noble in human achievement.†

—DR. W. W. HALL, A.M., M.D.

From an attentive study of our constitution, it appears that the Divine Ruler has conferred on man organs of respiration, a heart and blood-vessels, a stomach and other organs of nutrition, and so forth; that to each of these systems He has given a definite constitution and specific modes of action; and that he has appointed definite relations between each of them and all the others, and between each of them and the objects of external nature; and experience teaches us that health accompanies the normal and harmonious action of the whole, and that disease, pain, and premature death are the consequences of their disproportionate and abnormal action.

—GEORGE COMBE.

Let us assume that the organised system of man admits of the possibility of health, vigour, and organic enjoyment during the full period of life, and proceed to inquire into the causes why these advantages are not universal.

* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black, M. B.*

† *From How to Live Long.*

I One condition of their possession is that the germ of the infant must be complete and sound in all its parts.

II A second condition of health regards nutriment, which must be supplied of a suitable kind, and in due quantity. Free air also is requisite, with light, cleanliness, and attention to every physical arrangement, by which the functions of the body may be strengthened.

III A third organic law is that all our functions shall be duly exercised ; and is this law observed by mankind ? Many persons are able, from experience, to attest the severity of the punishment that follows from omitting to exercise the muscular system in the lassitude, indigestion, irritability, debility, and general uneasiness that attend a sedentary and inactive life ; but the penalties that attach to neglect of exercising the brain are much less known.

—GEORGE COMBE.

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Good health is to be secured by an acquaintance with our constitutions, and by observing what things benefit or injure us ; by temperance in living, which tends to preserve the body ; by refraining from sensuality ; in short, by employing the skill of those who have devoted themselves to the study of human body.

—CICERO.

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One of the most important things conducing to a sound constitution, is an avoidance of excess of physical labour and exertion before the mental and bodily functions have reached maturity, and the keeping in proper subjection the moral and physical appetite until the

various organs of the body reach their full development and perfection.*

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Sir Philip Sidney was advised, in the midst of his studies not to neglect his health, 'lest he should resemble a traveller who, during a long journey, attends to himself, but not to his horse.' The body may indeed be well likened to a horse, and the mind to its rider, for the one is the vehicle of the other; and whatever be the object of the journey, whether to perform the most generous actions, or engaged in the most patriotic enterprises, the animal will sink under excessive labour or inadequate nutrition; there being only this important difference that with the horse the rider sinks also, as their existence cannot be separated without death.

—R. CHAMBERS.

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The preservation and healthful state of the body seem to be the objects which nature first recommends to the care of every individual. The appetites of hunger and thirst, the agreeable and disagreeable sensations of pleasure and pain, of heat and cold, &c. may be considered as lessons delivered by the voice of Nature herself, directing him what he ought to choose, and what he ought to avoid, for this purpose.

—ADAM SMITH.

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Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part;
Do thou but thine.

—MILTON.

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* *From Health and Condition in the Active and the Sedentary, by Dr. Yorke-Davies.*

Whatever we do with spontaneity is easy and pleasing in the doing, and profitable in the result. By following nature we grow, as it were, towards the sun fair and straight. A ship that runs with the wind goes smoothly and swiftly on her course; but against it, how much tossing, how much loss of time, how much hard work, and ever recurring anxieties, none but the mariner can recount.

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Nature is best conquered by obeying her.

—BACON.

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Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heaven.

—SHAKESPEARE.

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Health and longevity depend more upon caution and intelligent management of one's self than upon original physical outfit.

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Diet cures more than the lancet.

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Diet cures more than the doctor.

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Live not to eat, but eat to live.

—OLD MAXIM.

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Nothing is more important to our physical well-being, and consequently to the attainment of long life than the two evidences of a healthy stomach, which the immortal dramatist has linked together in that oft-quoted saying of Macbeth's,

"Let good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both."*

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Feed sparingly and defy the physician.

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A healthy man ought not to tie himself up to strict rules, nor to abstain from any sort of food in common use.

—ARBUTHNOT.

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Man violates the laws of nature in his own person, and he suffers accordingly. He is idle and overfeeds himself; he is punished by gout, indigestion, or apoplexy. He drinks too much; he becomes bloated, trembling, and weak; his appetite falls off, his strength declines, his constitution decays; and he falls a victim to the numerous diseases which haunt the steps of the drunkard.

—SMILES.

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One doctor, when he visited his rich and luxurious patients, always went into their kitchens, and shook hands with their cooks. Saying, "your skill, your ingenious and palatable art of poisoning enables us medical men to ride in our carriages; without your aid, we should be walking and starved."

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A man must often exercise, or fast, or take physic or be sick.

—SIR T. TEMPLE.

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Health, without which life is not worth living, you will hardly fail to secure by early rising, exercise, sobriety, and abstemiousness as to food.

—COBBETT.

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* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series edited by George Black, M. B.*

There are no remedies, in many complaints, more efficacious than diet, rest, and cheerfulness ; or in other words, that often times "the best physicians are—Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet, and Dr. Merryman."

—CHAVASSE.

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Exercise for the body, occupation for the mind, these are the grand constituents of health and happiness. Motion seems to be a great preserving principle of nature, to which even inanimate things are subject, for the winds, waves, the earth itself, are restless, and the waving of trees, of shrubs, and flowers is known to be an essential part of their economy.

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He 'scapes the best, who nature to repair
Draws physic from the fields in draughts of air.

—DRYDEN.

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God made the country, man made the town;
What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draughts
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element.

—COWPER.

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I need hardly say what one must do to be healthy —avoid every kind of excess, all violent and unpleasant emotion, all mental overstrain, take daily exercise in the open air, cold baths and such like hygienic measures. For without a proper amount of daily exercise no one can

remain healthy; all the processes of life demand exercise for the due performance of their functions, exercise not only of the parts more immediately concerned, but also of the whole body. For, as Aristotle rightly says, 'life is movement;' it is its very essence. Ceaseless and rapid motion goes on in every part of the organism.*

—SCHOPENHAUER.

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Love labour; if you do not want it for food, you may for physic.

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The three great elementary principles of every healthy community as well as of individuals, are pure air, perfect cleanliness, and well-cooked food.†

—DR. W. W. HALL, A. M., M. D.

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Water, exercise, diet:—the first in abundance, to keep clean; the second in moderation, to keep the blood pure; the third regular, to sustain and strengthen;—with these, a man may maintain good health to the utmost limit of fourscore.†

—DR. W. W. HALL, A. M., M. D.

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Watch the three D's, drinking water, damp, and drains.

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The human body is a complex machine, the various parts of which require to be in health in order to the harmonious working of the whole. Ignoring this, how often does the student or man of business curtail his hours of sleep and exercise and only wake up to the

* *From The Wisdom of Life, translated by Saunders.*

† *From How to Live Long.*

folly of which he has been guilty when completely incapacitated for work.*

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Lord Bacon attributed his healthy and long life to the fact that whenever he laid his head upon his pillow, he could set aside all the worries of the day and enjoy refreshing sleep; and indeed, it may be considered a very strong indication of good condition when any one can do this.†

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Early to bed, and early to rise,
Makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

—FRANKLIN.

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One of the best popular axioms in regard to health urges that we should always keep the head cool and the feet warm. To this latter injunction I would add "and dry", by way of emphasizing the importance of avoiding wet shoes or boots, and consequently cold feet.

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"If you wish for a clear mind and strong muscles", says a wise man, "and quiet nerves and long life and power prolonged in old age, permit me to say, avoid all drinks above water and mild infusions of that fluid. Shun tobacco, opium and anything else that disturbs the normal state of the system. Rely upon nutritious food and mild diluted drinks of which water is the base, and you will need nothing beyond these things except rest and due moral regulations of all your powers to

* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black, M.B.*

† *From Health and Condition in the Active and the Sedentary, by Dr. Yorke-Davies.*

give you long happy and useful lives and a serene evening at the close.

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The temperate and moderate enjoyment of all the good things of this present world . . . . . is plainly and confessedly the certainest and most direct method to preserve the health and strength of the body.

—CLARKE.

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The safest and best remedies in the world are warmth, rest, and abstinence,—the brutes employ these.*

—DR. W. W. HALL, A.M., M.D.

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"Laugh and grow fat" is an old adage. *Laugh and get well* would be just as true.

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To be free minded and cheerfully disposed, at hours of meat, and of sleep and of exercise is one of the best precepts of long lasting. As for the passions and studies of the mind; avoid envy; anxious fears; anger fretting inwards; subtle and knotty inquisitions; joys and exhilarations in excess; sadness not communicated. Entertain hopes; mirth rather than joy; variety of delights rather than surfet of them; wonder and admiration and therefore novelties; studies that fill the mind with splendid and illustrious objects, as histories, fables, and contemplations of nature.

—BACON.

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Everything which tends to discompose or agitate the mind, whether it be excessive sorrow, rage or fear, envy or revenge, love or despair—in short whatever

* *Form How to Live Long.*

acts violently on our mental faculties—tends to injure the health.

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Fear and worry have the effect of closing up the channels of the body, so that the life forces flow in a slow and sluggish manner. Hope and tranquility open the channels of the body, so that the life forces go bounding through it in such a way that disease can rarely get a foothold.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

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There is nothing more thoroughly calculated to render life a burden, and even to make it perfectly intolerable, than a continuous and excessive sensation of nervousness. To be harassed by groundless alarm—to live in a constant state of vague terror—to dread every knock at the door, and the arrival of every letter, for fear lest some bad news should be thus heralded—to feel the memory failing, the moral powers giving way as well as the physical, and a creeping sense of decrepitude and decay—these are some of the miserable symptoms of a disordered state of the nerves. A strict attention to the diet, with the use of proper medicine, will soon bring about a complete restoration of the health.

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Joy and Temperance and Repose
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

—LONGFELLOW.

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Nature, time and patience, are the three great physicians.

—OLD ITALIAN PROVERB.

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1. Eat regularly.
2. Keep the feet warm.

3. Get the utmost amount of sleep.
4. Have one daily action of the bowels.
5. Spend one or two hours out of every twenty-four in cheery out-door activities.

Items of prime importance for health.

—Dr. W. W. Hall, A. M., M. D.

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We are taught by Celsus that health is best preserved by avoiding settled habits of life, and deviating sometimes into slight aberrations from the laws of medicine; by varying the proportions of food and exercise, interrupting the successions of rest and labour, and mingling hardships with indulgence. The body, long accustomed to stated quantities and uniform periods, is disordered by the smallest irregularity; and since we cannot adjust every day by the balance or barometer, it is fit sometimes to depart from rigid accuracy, that we may be able to comply with necessary affairs or strong inclinations. The same laxity of regimen is necessary to intellectual health. Long confinement to the same company, which, perhaps, similitude of taste first brought together, quickly contracts our faculties, and makes a thousand things offensive that are in themselves indifferent.

—Johnson.

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The problem of health necessarily involves all the special precautions against the known injuries and ailments. It involves the still more comprehensive purpose expressed generally by the proportioning of expenditure to means of support;—that is to say, the limitation of exhausting agencies—labour, irregularities, excesses; and the husbanding of sustaining and renovating agencies—

* *From How to Live Long.*

nutrition, air, regimen, and all the hygienic resources. It is further desirable that the economical adjustment of waste and supply should be commenced from our earliest years, and not, as usually happens, after a conscious reduction of vigour has roused the individual to a sense of imminent danger. There is a known proportion of labour, rest, nourishment, and exciting pleasure, suited to the average constitution and compatible with the full duration of life. On this each one is safe to proceed at the outset, until the specialities of constitution are known. Any one presuming by virtue of youthful vigour and the absence of immediate bad consequences, to abridge the usual allowance of food, of sleep, of rest, of bodily exercise, and not at the same time owning any counterbalancing sources of renovation, is perilling life or happiness.*

—Dr. Alexander Bain, ll.d.

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When we regard mankind in general, we find that the external agents by which we are surrounded act very differently on different individuals, arising from temperament, age, idiosyncrasy, habit, hereditary tendency &c., all of which it is of importance to keep in view in any application of hygienic rules. Thus the conditions which would ensure the health of an Englishman are not applicable to the Esquimaux or Hindoo. There are certain diseases to which youth is most liable, others to which age ; and persons of different temperaments exhibit very different tendencies with respect to disease ; and so with other peculiarities. Of external agents, influencing health, the principal are the atmosphere, light, heat, electricity, water, and soil. The atmosphere is subject to a variety of physical and chemical changes,

* *From Mental and Moral Science.*

which more or less affect the health of man. The quantity of moisture which it contains, the amount of pressure, its various movements (winds) all exercise important influences on the health of man, and demand the careful study of the sanitarian. Light, heat, and electricity also exert important influences upon life. Water, if not free from impurities, is very apt to engender disease, and is liable to be contaminated by the presence of decomposing animal and vegetable substances. Soil is also an important agent in regard to health, some soils retaining moisture and giving rise to malaria, others rapidly absorbing damp. The internal agents, or those which act more directly on the functions of the body, are generally included under the heads of food, clothing, exercise, mental occupation, sleep. The object of food is to repair the waste that is constantly taking place in the body, and to maintain its temperature ; hence it ought to be suited respectively to the powers of digestion, and to the wants of the system for nourishment and warmth. The object of clothing is to maintain, as far as possible, an equal degree of heat all over the body and in the different seasons, so as to promote the free action of the different functions and the circulation of the blood : inattention to this subject is the cause of an immense deal of suffering, and even of death. Exercise is the calling into play the various organs of voluntary motion ; when regular and moderate, it is of the greatest benefit to health, promoting the general circulation and strengthening the system ; but when excessive, it tends to waste and destroy life. To diminish the destruction of life by over-exertion, and to supply such exercises as will maintain health, are important objects to the sanitarian. The due exercise of the mind, as well as of the body, is necessary to health. Here, as in the other case, a partial

or excessive culture of the functions of the nervous system is likely to engender disease. Exercise requires rest, and a period of exertion should be succeeded by a time of rest. The grand rest provided for the system is sleep. In general a healthy hard-working man requires eight hours in bed out of the twenty-four,—many do with less, and some require nine ; but that may be taken as the average.

—"BEETON'S MEDICAL DICTIONARY."

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People who are always taking care of their health are like misers, who are hoarding a treasure which they have never spirit enough to enjoy.

—STERNE.

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The fear of death often proves mortal, and sets people on methods to save their lives which infallibly destroy them. This is a reflexion made by some historians, upon observing that there are many more thousands killed in a flight than in a battle ; and may be applied to those multitudes of imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of death, by endeavouring to escape it. This method is not only dangerous, but below the practice of a reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of life as the only end of it, to make our health our business, to engage in no action that is not part of a regimen or course of physic, are purposes so abject, so mean, so unworthy human nature that a generous soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the relishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of nature. It is impossible we should take delight in anything that we are every moment afraid of losing.

—ADDISON.

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A man is healthiest and happiest when he thinks the least either of health or happiness. To forget an ill is half the battle, it leaves easy work for the doctor.

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To have good health we should attend to the following rules :—

1. Pure air should be breathed.
2. Great care should be taken about water.
3. Only wholesome food should be eaten, and not in excess.
4. Cleanliness is essential.
5. Sufficient exercise should be taken.
6. Clothing should be suited to the season.
7. Fever should be guarded against.
8. Temperance and chastity should be observed.
9. Every day seek God's blessing.*

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To yield to pleasures like a rage,
And spend in youth the strength of age ;
To think, with silver on your hair,
That you are young, as once you were ;
To feed your fever, scorn your cold ;
To marry when you 're crazy old,
Or trust to quacks your health to save,—
That is the way, the way to the grave.

—C. MACKAY.

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The way towards long life is clear. To begin with, a sound constitution is necessary. In early and middle life health must be preserved with jealous care, and diseases avoided, or, if they occur, properly medicated. We must also guard against all severe distresses of mind,

* *From The Anna Library, Madras.*

all excessive application, and every other contingency, which may tend to damage and enfeeble the mortal frame. It is not to be hoped that every one will avoid every danger; but it is at least certain that those who exercise the most prudence in avoiding dangers, and remedying unavoidable evils, will be most likely to live to old age.

—R. CHAMBERS.

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## THE SECRET OF LONG LIFE—LEAD A GOOD LIFE.

Two things bring life speedily to an end: folly and immorality. Some lose their life because they have not the intelligence to keep it, others because they have not the will. Just as virtue is its own reward, so is vice its own punishment.

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The deadliest foe to a man's longevity is an unnatural and unreasonable excitement. Every man is born with a certain stock of vitality, which cannot be increased, but which may be husbanded or expended rapidly as he deems best. Within certain limits he has his choice, to live fast or slow, to live abstemiously or intensely, to draw his little amount of life over a large space, or condense it into a narrow one, but when the stock is exhausted he has no more. He who lives abstemiously, who avoids all stimulants, takes light exercise, never overtasks himself, indulges no exhausting passions, feeds his mind and heart on no exciting material, has no debilitating pleasures, lets nothing ruffle his temper, keeps "his account with God and man duly squared up," is sure, barring accidents, to spin out his life to the

* *From Gracian's Art of Worldly Wisdom, translated from the Spanish by Jacobs.*

longest limit, which it is possible to attain. While he who lives intensely, who feeds on high seasoned food, whether material or mental, fatigues his body or brain by hard labour, exposes himself to inflammatory disease, seeks continual excitement, gives loose rein to his passion, frets at every trouble, and enjoys little repose, is burning the candle at both ends, and is sure to shorten the number of his days.

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Instances of longevity are chiefly among the abstemious.

—ARBUTHNOT.

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Take not physic when you are well, lest you die to be better.

—OLD ITALIAN PROVERB.

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Associate with healthy people. Health is contagious as well as disease.

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There would be better health, less sickness, and longer life, if all were to make it a practice never to take a dose of physic without the advice of an educated physician.

—DR. W. W. HALL, A.M., M.D.

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After death the doctor.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

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God and the doctor we alike adore,
But only when in danger, not before;
The danger o'er, both are alike requited,
God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted.

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* *From How to Live Long.*

If you would be healthy, be good; and if you would be good, be wise; and if you would be wise, be devout and reverent, for the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom.

—PROF. BLACKIE.

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The renowned Dr. Boerhaave prescribed morning devotion as the best method of preserving health, "For," said he, "nothing can tend more to the health of the body, than the tranquility of the mind, and the due regulation of the passions; and nothing more effectually restrains the passions, and gives spirit and vigour through the business of the day than early meditation and prayer."

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We must not forget that health is only a means to an end.

—SWÂMI VIVEKÂNANDA.

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## A YOUNG RAJAH AND HIS WUZEER.

A young Rajah once said to his Wuzeer (Prime Minister), 'How is it that I am so often ill? I take great care of myself; I never go out in the rain; I wear warm clothes; I eat good food. Yet I am always catching cold, or getting fever, in spite of all precautions.'

'Overmuch care is worse than none at all,' answered the Wuzeer, 'which I will soon prove to you.'

So he invited the Rajah to accompany him for a walk in the fields. Before they had gone very far they met a poor shepherd. The shepherd was accustomed to be out all day long tending his flock; he had only a coarse cloak on, which served but insufficiently to protect him from the rain and the cold—from the dews by night and the sun by day; his food was parched corn, his drink water; and he lived out in the fields in a small hut made of plaited palm branches. The Wuzeer said to the

Rajah, 'you know perfectly well what hard lives these poor shepherds lead. Accost this one, and ask him if he often suffers from the exposure which he is obliged to undergo.'

The Rajah did as the Wuzeer told him, and asked the shepherd whether he did not often suffer from rheumatism, cold and fever. The shepherd answered, 'No, sire, I never suffer from either the one or the other. From childhood I have been accustomed to endure the extremes of heat and cold, and I suppose that is why they never affect me.'

At this the Rajah was very much astonished, and he said to the Wuzeer, 'I own I am surprised; but doubtless this shepherd is an extraordinarily strong man, whom nothing would ever affect.'

'We shall see,' said the Wuzeer; and he invited the shepherd to the palace. There, for a long time, the shepherd was taken great care of; he was never permitted to go out in the sun or rain, he had good food and good clothes, and he was not allowed to sit in a draught or get his feet wet.

At the end of some months the Wuzeer sent for him into a marble court-yard, the floor of which he caused to be sprinkled with water.

The shepherd had been for sometime so little used to exposure of any kind, that wetting his feet caused him to take cold; the place felt to him chilly and damp after the palace; he rapidly became worse, and in a short time, in spite of all the doctor's care, he died.

'Where is our friend the shepherd?' asked the Rajah a few days afterwards; 'he surely could not have caught cold by merely treading on the marble floor you had caused to be sprinkled with water?'

'Alas!' answered the Wuzeer, 'the result was more disastrous than I had anticipated; the poor shepherd caught cold, and is dead. Having been lately accustomed to overmuch care, the sudden change of temperature killed him.

'You see now to what dangers we are exposed from which the poor are exempt; it is thus that nature equalises her best gifts; wealth and opulence tend too frequently to destroy health and shorten life, though they may give much enjoyment to it whilst it lasts.'*

## COLDS.

To escape colds, persons should as much as possible avoid sudden transitions of temperature. When overheated they should not cool themselves too quickly by throwing off clothing, or suddenly sitting in comparatively cold situations, but cease exercise gradually, and avoid currents of cold air, although grateful to the feelings. Colds may sometimes be taken by passing from a cold atmosphere into a heated one, but such transition is not so apt to occur in India as in colder climates.

Colds, although generally regarded as trivial ailments, should not be neglected, as other intractable diseases may be excited by a succession of colds. Delicate persons who are subject to colds should strengthen their system by regimen and judicious exposure to the external air. Strong persons subject to colds may prevent attacks by care, exercise, free use of the bath, and the flesh-brush.†

* *From Old Deccan Days, by Mary Frere.*

† *From A Manual of Family Medicine and Hygiene for India, by Sir William Moore.*

The fear of the weather has sent multitude to the grave who otherwise would have lived many years longer. Outdoor life is the healthiest and happiest from the tropics to the poles. The general fact speaks for itself that persons who are out of doors most take cold least. All colds arise from one of two causes; first, by getting cool too quick after exercise, either as to the whole body or any part of it; secondly, by being chilled and remaining so for a long time from want of exercise. To avoid colds from the former we have only to go to a fire the moment the exercise ceases in the winter. If in summer, repair at once to a closed room, and there remain with the same clothing on, until cooled off. To avoid colds from the latter cause, and these engender the most fatal diseases, we have only to compel ourselves to walk with sufficient vigour to keep off a feeling of chilliness. Attention to a precept contained in less than a dozen words would add 20 years to the average of civilized life.

KEEP AWAY CHILLINESS BY EXERCISE, COOL OFF SLOWLY.

Then you will never take cold indoor or out.

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Many people from fear of taking cold or getting other diseases, carefully close all the windows of their bed-rooms and seal up every aperture for fresh air. These people should remember that when three or four persons thus sleep in a room, the air of that room, however large it may be, will in a few hours be exhausted of its oxygen by the respiratory action of three or four pairs of lungs while it becomes saturated with most deleterious animal exhalations. They should also be made aware that the diseases and disordered functions, of the body, such as rheumatic and neuralgic affections, biliary derangements, colds, coughs, sorethroat, &c., which are

vulgarly attributed to cold, all owe their origin to one of the two following causes. In the first place, the atmosphere of such bed-rooms is so loaded with moisture and animal exhalations already from prolonged contact with the bodies of the inmates, as to be incapable of absorbing more than a small part of what should be removed from the body; or else in the second place, when the body, already in a heated and relaxed condition from the action of the warm and impure air within, is suddenly exposed to cold and moist air from without, the skin is chilled, and the excretions which are struggling to gain exit from it, are condensed and driven back upon the system causing all manner of derangements. Thus we can understand that free and equable circulation of fresh air through a bed room can never produce any ill-results but that on the contrary it does confer health and strength on the inmates.*

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## THE YOUNG MAN WHO CAUGHT COLD.

A young man, newly entered into business, caught cold one evening in going home from the theatre. If he had lain in bed next day, and taken a little medicine, the ailment would probably have left him; but, being anxious to attend to his business, which needed his utmost care, he could not submit to even one day's confinement. He went to his desk, and that evening, as might be expected, was a little worse. Being of a sanguine disposition, and resolute to perform his duty, he still persisted in going out; the consequence of which was, that his throat became more inflamed; but, feeling no great pain, he did not conceive that he was in any danger.

* *From The Elements of Hygiene, by Dr. Dhanakoti Rāju, M.D., C.M.*

He even took a journey on the top of a coach by night in order to despatch some piece of business about which he was anxious. His voice then sunk to a whisper; yet he still attended to his mercantile duties. At length a medical man, who chanced to be in his warehouse one day, observing his condition, told him that he was risking his life by being out of bed, and recommended him immediately to go home and call in his ordinary surgeon.

The young man complied with reluctance. Every effort was made to cure him, but in vain. The top of his wind-pipe, and the tubes leading down into the lungs had become ulcerated beyond cure; and he died in the course of a few weeks, lamented by all his family and friends. Thus was a young man of amiable character and full of promise, cut off in the beginning of his days, in consequence only of a slight imprudence.*

## FEVER RULES OF A.D. 1847 AND MALARIA.

### FEVER RULES OF A.D. 1847.

In 1847, when fever, the consequence of destitution, was raging in Ireland, and was also very prevalent in Liverpool, Glasgow, and other towns exposed to the immigration of the Irish people, the following rules were presented and explained to the lower orders of the inhabitants of Glasgow:—

"Rules to be very carefully observed, and never relaxed, by all that would preserve Health, and avoid that Dreadful Scourge, Typhus Fever.

"General rule.—Temperance, Cleanliness, and Breathing pure air are three of the surest means of securing health, and preventing attacks of Typhus fever, or any other disease.

* *From The Moral Class Book.*

"I. Very often open the window of a room, and at the same time the door, and let the air go through. You need not sit in the draught: that is dangerous. The windows of common stairs and passages should always be half open. Is this the case in yours?

"II. On getting up in the morning, air the room well in the way just mentioned; let the draught of air pass through the bed or beds for at least half an hour before they are made up. Making up a warm or ill-aired bed will itself produce disease. Hang the blankets before the fire every now and then. Keep bed, bedding, and bedstead as clean as possible.

"III. If possible, never wear in the day the shirt or shift you sleep in. Air both well, when taken off, in the air draught. Never wear them more than a week.

"IV. On getting out of bed, dip a sponge or towel in water, and give a rapid wash with it to the whole body, rubbing it dry with a hard rough towel. Cold water is best, but warm may be used if cold is disliked. Accustom your children not to be afraid of the cold water sponge. They will come to like it, and to apply it themselves. If your employment is dirty, wash at night also. Wash your children all over every night, and at least, their faces, hands, and necks every morning.

"V. Sweep out your rooms, passages and stairs every day, and wash them once a week. Whitewash at least twice a year. The trouble and expense are nothing compared with the great benefit to your health.

"VI. Do all you can to avoid hanging your washings to dry in the rooms you live in. Nothing is more dangerous to health. Soap-suds, foul water, and filth should be removed from the room without delay.

"VII. Use as much water in the house as you possibly can. Carrying it in is laborious, but the labour will be well repaid in health and comfort. * * * * *

"VIII. Never live on poor food, that you may save the money for drink. Simple directions for thrifty and good cooking will soon be sent to you. Strive to learn the best ways, in the meantime from neighbours who can cook well.

"IX. Lose no opportunity of walking and taking exercise in the open air.

"X. When Typhus fever, small-pox, or scarlet fever is in your house, be sure to keep the room well-aired, and separate as much as you can the healthy part of the family from those who are ill. Do not enter your neighbours' houses, or allow idle gossipers to come into yours; and do not go to church or meetings, or send your children to school. You thus prevent the spread of the disease. Carelessness in these things, we know, is one great cause of fever spreading amongst the poor.

"XI. Never, unless duty calls, go into a house where there is disease; and when you are obliged to do so, never enter fasting, or when warm with walking; avoid the patient's breath, and stay as short a time as possible.

"XII. Whether the patient dies or recovers, be sure to wash most carefully every article of clothes or bedding he has used. Get a bottle of solution of chloride of lime from a druggist; often sprinkle the bed and floor with it, and keep a plate of it on the floor. Do all in your power to avoid keeping the dead in the same room with the living; never have any 'Wake'; and bury without delay.

"Lastly, Take a very serious thought on the subject of Whiskey—the grand source of poverty, want and disease—the grand destroyer of the health, of morals, of character, of home, of comfort and peace. Ask yourself this question—Is the enjoyment of the dram or the tumbler a good bargain for the loss of all these? Sensibe men are taking this thought. Many a young man is resolving to have done with drinking, and enjoy life really, which no one does, who drinks. He lives a wretched life: and mark this, he must for ever continue poor. No drinker ever rises above the lowest poverty. Mark this too, Typhus fever finds out the Drunkard, and fastens on him.

"We earnestly entreat you to comply to the utmost of your power with these simple rules. Use the means God gives you. Make no excuses about want of time and opportunity. Show that you will do all you can for yourselves, and depend upon it, others will aid you. But while you obstinately refuse to keep your houses and your persons clean, you cannot expect your fellow-creatures to go near you, risking health and life itself in the vain attempt to help those who will not help themselves. Begin, then, this very day to clean yourselves, your

clothes, and your houses, and let fresh air in by every door and window.

"JOHN AITKEN, M. D.
AND 14 OTHER PROFESSIONAL MEN.
"Glasgow, June 1847."*

## MALARIA.

Whether we regard malaria as a specific poison, or entity, or as something yet undiscovered, or whether we deny its existence, there is no doubt that certain diseases do arise in certain localities, and that such diseases may be lessened, or even altogether prevented, by known agencies. * * It has been remarked that malaria is more powerful during the night than during sunlight. Whether this is correct or not, it is a fact that the human system is more likely to become impressed by any cause of disease during the relaxed condition of sleep than when awake and in action. It is also ascertained that individuals who have suffered from malarious fever may experience a relapse from exposure to cold. Hence the necessity of using both by day and night, tolerably warm clothing, and especially flannel, than which no substance is better adapted to preserve the surface of the body from sudden change of temperature, so often occurring in India, and especially during the night. It is asserted that malaria not only enters the system by the lungs and stomach, but may be also absorbed through the pores of the skin.†

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Care should be taken not to drink water from wells in which leaves or other decaying matter have fallen. If necessitated to use such water, it should first be boiled

* *From The Constitution of Man, by George Combe—Appendix.*

† *From A Manual of Family Medicine and Hygiene for India, by Sir William Moore.*

and then filtered. It has been stated that water may hold malaria in solution, and that the poisons may thus be introduced into the system.

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## SICK—NURSING.

HAVING SPECIAL REFERENCE TO ADULTS.

We shall notice here a few of those things which influence the condition of the sick.

I. Ventilation.

It appears almost superfluous to say, "See that your sick-room is properly ventilated," and yet nothing requires to be more frequently reiterated, because nothing is more often neglected than this.

II. Light.

Next in importance to securing for the sick-room a sufficient supply of pure air, it should be our endeavour to see that it is also amply provided with light. There is an Italian proverb which says, "Where the sun does not enter the doctor does."

III. Temperature.

The temperature of the sick-room should be a matter of primary importance, and yet it is frequently neglected as if it were not essential in the treatment of disease. It requires little reflection to perceive that where this is unattended to or badly done much mischief to the patient must result, and yet how often are all precautions to keep the air of the sick-room

- *From A Manual of Family Medicine and Hygiene for India, by Sir William Moore.*

uniform in temperature ignored, and to how many changes is the sufferer frequently exposed during twenty-four hours.

IV. Furnishing of the sick-room.

No article of furniture that is not required either by the patient himself or by the attendants should be allowed to remain in the sick-room.

V. Food.

Too much attention cannot be paid by those in charge of the sick to the careful regulation of the patient's diet. How many suffer, especially among the poorer classes, from utter disregard of this important item in the treatment of disease?

VI. Cleanliness.

Without scrupulous attention to cleanliness in the sick-room, all that has been accomplished by ventilation will prove useless; for what amount of air must be hourly passing in at the window to compensate for the accumulation of dirt and filth in a room? It is surely the duty of those who have the care of the sick to attend to this.

VII. Tranquility.

Tranquility in the sick-room, it need hardly be said, is most essential to speedy recovery, and that neglect to insure it to a patient will retard progress, throw him back, and so prove injurious to him; and yet how often in the course of a disease has the poor sufferer to pass a restless and wakeful night for want of attention in regard to this matter.

VIII. Gossip.

Nothing is more obnoxious in the sick-room than gossiping friends, and nothing more productive of harm to the patient. They should be excluded from the sick-room altogether, as their presence is unwelcome to every sufferer, and besides being unwelcome, is positively injurious. By the stories which they tell they tend to destroy that evenness of mind which is so necessary to a patient's recovery, and are apt to diminish his confidence in the physician who is in attendance upon him. * * * These remarks have, of course, no reference to the *true* friend, whose visit is looked forward to by the sick with unfeigned pleasure, who perhaps remains shorter time, and during that time says far less than the other, but speaks to the point, and in that kindly sympathising way that tells the patient how much he feels for him and with him, and manifests that genuine sorrow in trouble so dear to the afflicted.

IX. Influence of mind on body.

Anything that weighs upon a patient's mind producing care or anxiety exerts a depressing influence upon the nervous system and tends to retard recovery. Everything of this kind should therefore be carefully guarded against, and as far as possible evenness of mind maintained throughout. To worry a patient with household affairs when suffering from disease is certainly not the way to bring about a speedy return of health and strength.

X. Observation.

There is perhaps no habit so little cultivated by those who have charge of the sick as the

habit of observation. Attendants and friends alike fail in the exercise of it, and much information that would be of value to the physician is thus lost. How often when the medical man asks a question, does he receive the most vague and misleading statement by way of answer. * * * A careful habit of observation on the part of those in attendance upon the sick cannot be too highly estimated, nor its culture too strongly recommended, while its absence must always be deplored. The observation at the bed-side should only relate to facts. These are what the physician desires; all else, such as what the nurse or attendant thinks of this or that is regarded as extraneous matter, and had better be left out.

XI. Convalescence.

The period of active disease being now at an end, the patient passes into that state which is called convalescence, during which the powers of nature are exerted towards repairing the waste of structure that has occurred during disease. * * * * During convalescence the greatest care is necessary, as relapses may occur, and the disease end fatally, or it may assume a chronic form; hence the necessity there is when active disease is over of those who have the management of the sick attending in every particular to the rules laid down by the medical attendant, and avoiding everything that would be likely to exert a hurtful influence upon the patient's recovery.

It is now that the injudiciousness of friends begins to manifest itself, and unless firmness be

exercised on the part of those in attendance, the patient may suffer through their mistaken kindness. Hitherto a barrier has prohibited their entrance into the sick-room ; but, this being removed, they now enter, and fresh dangers arise to the patient.*

## DWELLING HOUSE.

Hence the necessity of sufficient air and of ventilation for every human being. To be supplied with respiratory air in a fair state of purity, every man ought to have at least 800 cubic feet of space to himself, and that space ought to be freely accessible, by direct or indirect channels, to the atmosphere. A cubical room nine feet high, wide and long, contains only 729 cubic feet of air.

—Dr. Huxley, ll. d., f.r.s.

The space in European barracks found necessary for the soldier is 90 superficial feet and 1800 cubic feet per man in the dormitories, and private houses should not give less. In European hospitals 120 superficial feet and 2400 cubic feet are allowed, showing the greater necessity of fresh air and ventilation in the sick-chamber. But no artificial ventilation and no amount of cubic space will obviate the necessity of natural ventilation, and this is only obtained by open doors and windows. In the hot season, it is necessary to close the doors and windows during the day, to prevent the entrance of hot air ; but on the approach of sunset doors and windows

* *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black, M.B.*

should be thrown open for the free admission of air throughout the whole dwelling.*

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Houses are built to live in, and not to look on; therefore let use be preferred before uniformity, except where both may be had.

—BACON.

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Where the sun does not enter the doctor does.

—ITALIAN PROVERB.

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## THE DAMP HOUSE.

A lady who knew the rules by which health is preserved went to visit a sister in one of the eastern counties of England. This sister was a well-meaning but comparatively ignorant woman. She resided with her family in a house placed close beside a fen, and so low, that the kitchen floor in winter was often an inch deep in water. When her visitor inquired into the health of the family, she said, 'we have been very unlucky somehow in this house. Ever since we came to it, we have never been able to dismiss the doctor. My husband has been struck with severe rheumatism, which threatened to deprive him altogether of the use of his limbs; I am seldom free from colds myself; and the young people have sore throats every winter. Besides, we all had an attack of fever last October, when, as you know, we lost two of our boys, besides one of the servants. I can't tell why we should be so unfortunate here.'

'My dear,' said the visitor, 'you are not unfortunate; you are only imprudent. Your family distresses

* *From A Manual of Family Medicine and Hygiene for India, by Sir William Moore.*

are all owing to your living in a damp house near a pestilential marsh. It can never be otherwise while you live here.'

'Do you really think so?' rejoined her sister. 'Well, if I thought that, I would remove to-morrow. But evils will come upon us wherever we are, and perhaps in flying from those we have, we might encounter worse.'

'There is no doubt,' said the lady, 'that we are liable everywhere to evils; but still it is our duty, when we see any particular calamity threatening us, to avoid it. By doing so, we are not necessarily to be more liable to other evils. God has appointed certain laws to govern the world, and laws for preserving health among the rest. It seems to me that you are breaking some of these laws by living here, and that your family distresses are only the natural consequences of your error.'

Finally, with much entreaty, she succeeded in getting her sister's family removed to another part of the country, where the husband recovered from his rheumatism, and the mother and children have for several years been in the enjoyment of excellent health.*

## FOOD.

A man's body, during the whole of his life, is continually using up a certain quantity of its heat, and wasting a certain amount of its tissues, and the use and necessity of food is to supply this lost heat, keeping up the proper temperature of the body necessary for health, and renewing the wasted tissues. This loss and waste are not the same in every case, but depend, as to waste of tissue, upon the age of a man, and the amount and

* *From The Moral Class-Book.*

character of the daily work he has to get through; and as to loss of heat, upon the climate of the country he inhabits. The most healthy form of diet, therefore, is that, both as to quantity and quality, which shall best respond to the various demands made upon the body of each individual, and supply the necessary heat and other forms of energy.*

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Dr. Lankester says—"The question of food lies at the foundation of all other questions. There is no mind, no work, no health, no life, without food; and just as we are fed defectively or improperly, so are our frames developed in a way unfitted to secure that greatest of earthly blessings—a sound mind in a sound body." Now, as sleep essentially depends upon the health of the body, it naturally follows that food must have a great influence for good or evil. And how many people, from taking food at improper periods, or from eating food which they could not digest, or which disagreed with them, have had to spend half the night in unavailing lamentations on their inadvertency, or want of self-denial!†

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Those who pay no attention to the character of their food, but hurry into their stomachs, indiscriminately, food which is good, bad, and indifferent, are sooner or later admonished by disease and suffering that the way of the transgressor is hard, and that nature's laws are inexorable.‡

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* *From One Thousand Answers.*

† *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black. M. B.*

‡ *From Practical Manual of Health and Temperance, by Dr. Kellogg.*

The richer a man makes his food, the poorer he makes his appetite.

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Feed your body as you would your slave, not as your master.

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Eating too well at first makes men eat ill afterwards.
—OLD SPANISH PROVERB.

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One doctor, when he visited his rich and luxurious patients, always went into their kitchens, and shook hands with their cooks. "My good friends," said he, "I owe you much, for you confer great favours upon me. Your skill, your ingenious and palatable art of poisoning enables us medical men to ride in our carriages, without your assistance we should all go on foot and be starved."

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Great eaters never live long. A voracious appetite, so far from being a sign of health, is a certain indication of disease. The appetite of health is that which inclines moderately to eat, when eating time comes, and which, when satisfied, leaves no unpleasant reminders.

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The honourable man, eating, seeks not fulness.
—CONFUCIUS.

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Eating more than you should at once, makes you eat less afterwards.
—OLD ITALIAN PROVERB.

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Albeit the soul's enjoyment consists in the existence of food,
Food which exceeds due measure brings on sickness.
—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.†

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* *From Marshman's Works of Confucius.*

† *Translated by Platts.*

A man ought to recollect and consider at every meal to exercise self-control, and thus avoid those aches and pains to which we are constantly liable; by allowing time for taking food, he causes his life to be prolonged.

—"DHAMMAPADA."*

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In indigestion, food is poison.

—"HITOPADESHA."†

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Few die of hunger, and hundred thousand of surfeits.

—OLD SPANISH PROVERB.

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Far more evil is attributable to too much food being taken than to too little. It is only in comparatively small number of cases that the latter kind of evil is met with; whilst the amount of disorder, disease, and even curtailment of life, attributable to excess in eating and drinking, is unmeasurably great. Where the living is plain and simple, and the dictates of nature are followed, there is no need for weights and scales, but how many are there who would not be in an infinitely better state, if they lived upon a weighed and measured allowance of food and drink? Seeking for what is pleasurable instead of natural, the promptings of instinct are overruled, and it is the inclination instead of appetite that regulates what is consumed. Were it not for the temptation to exceed, induced by the refinements of the culinary art, the physician's aid would be much more rarely required.‡

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* *From the Buddhist Canon, translated by Beal.*

† *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

‡ *From The Elements of Hygiene, by Dr. Dhanakoti Râju, M.D. C.M.*

Of all things, the most necessary is neither to eat too much, nor from too many dishes. The more simple the food, the better and longer will the stomach prove a good servant, rather than, as occurs when dyspepsia becomes confirmed, an irritable master. Avoid also eating too quickly, and masticate the food thoroughly, applying to the dentist for aid if the state of the teeth does not permit the grinding of the food. Also let all food taken be, although simple, of the best quality obtainable. The last remark especially applies to milk, in which the germs of various diseases may be conveyed usually through the admixture of foul water with the milk.*

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We seldom repent of having eaten too little.

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Isaac Newton performed his most severe intellectual labour while subsisting upon a diet of bread and water.

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Hunger is the best sauce.

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It is by the mouth that the body is ruined.

—MALÂY PROVERB.

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If two things were taken into consideration, a very moderate degree of discretion would work an entire change in the table habits of many, who do not set themselves down for fools. These two considerations are, the size of the human stomach, and the chemical actions of different substances upon each other.

—"DOMESTIC LIFE."

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* *From A Manual of Family Medicine and Hygiene for India, by Sir William Moore.*

If thou wishest to have the pearls of wisdom, or to sweep away the filth of ignorance from thy heart, then adorn thy body with these three things, little food, little sleep, and little speech.*

—M. C. MUNSOOKH.

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Contentment is the root of happiness,
And discontent the root of misery :
Wouldst thou be happy, be thou moderate,
Honour thy food, receive it thankfully,
Eat it contentedly and joyfully,
Ne'er hold it in contempt ; avoid excess,
For gluttony is hateful, injures health,
May lead to death, and surely bars the road,
To holy merit and celestial bliss.†

—MANU.

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## MEASURES OF TEMPERANCE IN EATING.

1. Eat not before the time, unless necessity, or charity, or any intervening accident, which may make it reasonable and prudent, should happen.
2. Eat not hastily and impatiently, but with such decent and timely action that your eating be a human act, subject to deliberation and choice, and that you may consider in the eating.
3. Eat not delicately or nicely, that is, be not troublesome to thyself or others in the choice of thy meats or the delicacy of thy sauces. It is lawful in all senses to comply with a

* *Translated by W. H. Hamilton.*

† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

weak and a nice stomach; but not with a nice and curious palate.

Happy and innocent were the ages of our forefathers, who ate herbs and parched corn, and drank the pure stream, and broke their fast with nuts and roots; and when they were permitted flesh, ate it only dressed with hunger and fire; and the first sauce they had was bitter herbs, and sometimes bread dipped in vinegar. But in this circumstance, moderation is to be reckoned in proportion to the present customs, to the company, to education, and the judgment of honest and wise persons, and the necessities of nature.

4. Eat not too much: load neither thy stomach nor thy understanding.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

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Eating slowly, by which every particle of the food may become intimately mixed with the saliva in the mouth, and dividing the food into very small pieces by the teeth, are great aids to digestion.*

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Eat slowly, cut all the food in pea-sized pieces, chew deliberately, in a cheerful mind, and then you can afford to eat all you want without the penance of getting up from the table hungry.†

—DR. W. W. HALL, A.M., M.D.

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* *From The Elements of Hygiene by Dr. Dhanakoti Râju, M.D., C.M.*

† *From How to Live Long.*

It is not enough to fill the stomach with food. Digestion begins in the mouth; and unless the mouth does its share of the work, the stomach is required to do a double portion. When the food is sent down into the stomach in lumps, the abused organ does its best to digest it, but fails, because it has no means for grinding food. The mill is in the mouth, and mastication, if done at all, must be done there. The gastric juice cannot act upon solid food, and allows it to go undigested.*

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After dinner sit a while; after supper walk a mile.

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Let all young people forbear the use of much wine, or strong drinks, as well as spiced and hot meats. They introduce a preternatural heat into the body, and at last hinder and extinguish the natural.

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The dining room should be the warmest room in the house, and it should also be well ventilated; mental anxiety or labour, as well as bodily exertion, should be avoided just before, during, and for half an hour after a full repast. Lighter meals may be advantageously followed by gentle exercise, such as walking or moderate work.†

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Why is our food so very sweet?
Because we earn before we eat.

—COTTON.

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The table robs more than a thief.

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* *From Practical Manual of Health and Temperance, by Dr. J. H. Kellogg, M. D.*

† *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series. edited by George Black, M. B.*

Food during youth fulfils a treble purpose : it increases growth, it maintains existing tissue, and generates heat. Whereas, when the body has arrived at maturity, food is only necessary to maintain heat and replace the waste of tissue, and if more is used than is necessary for this purpose, it becomes stored in the economy, and much of the surplus is converted into fat, or into gout poison, or other products equally injurious to health and comfort.*

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Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are.†

—BRILLAT SAVARIN.

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Society is divided into two classes : those who have more dinners than appetite, and those who have more appetite than dinners.

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Live not to eat, but eat to live.

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We eat to live, and if we eat wisely of what He has provided, who "hath given us all things richly to enjoy," we will live well, healthfully and long.‡

—DR. W. W. HALL, A.M., M.D.

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Eating is for the sake of living, and praising God.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.§

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It is reasonable that we should highly esteem this gift of our Creator; but let us not esteem it beyond

* *From Health and Condition in the Active and the Sedentary, by Dr. Yorke-Davies.*

† *From Smiles' Life and Labour.*

‡ *From How to Live Long.*

§ *Translated by Platts.*

the design of the donor. The sense of taste is given us to be the means of accomplishing a noble end. How indescribably foolish would it be to make the whole of our happiness consist in those pleasures of which this sense is the organ! and to live only to please the palate with savoury meats and delicious drinks? Let us take care not to bring ourselves to a level with the brute, whose principal happiness consists in eating and drinking. Let us remember that we have an immortal soul, which cannot be satisfied but by the Supreme Good.

—STURM'S REFLECTIONS.

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He who thinks that we live by bread alone, will make the securing of bread the chief object of his life—will determine to have it at whatever cost—will be at once miserable and rebellious if even for a time he be stinted or deprived of it; and, because he seeks no diviner food, he will inevitably starve with hunger in the midst of it. But he who knows that man doth not live by bread alone, will not thus, for the sake of living, lose all that makes life dear. When he has done his duty, he will trust God to preserve with all things needful the body He has made; he will seek with more earnest endeavour the bread from heaven, and that living water whereof he who drinketh shall thirst no more.*

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## THE PROPHET AND THE PHYSICIAN.

One of the kings of Persia sent a skilful physician to wait upon Mustâfa—God bless him and grant him peace! He was a whole year in Arabia (and) no one

* *From The Life of Christ, by F. W. Farrar.*

came to him for a single trial (of his skill), or asked in a single instance for treatment. One day he presented himself before the Prophet—may God bless him and grant him peace;—and complained, saying, "They sent me for the purpose of treating thy disciples, and no one, during all this time, has addressed himself to me, that I might discharge the duty for which I was appointed." The Prophet—may God bless him and grant him peace!—said "This band have (all) one course (of procedure), *viz.*, they eat nothing till hunger overcomes them; and the appetite (for more) yet remains, when they withdraw their hands from food." The physician replied, "This is the cause of good health." He kissed the ground in obeisance, and departed.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

## OVERWORK.

I trust I have said enough to prove that overwork, as productive of premature mental decay is not a mere idea, but a stern reality, arising mainly from want of rest, insufficient variety of employment, and a too violent pursuit after the attainment of success. In confirmation of which I would make three final reflections, each of which tells an important lesson.

First, the lesson of creation. Day was created first—light, emblematic of knowledge and giving opportunity of work—but it was immediately followed by night. "Work while it is to-day, for the night cometh when no man can work," is, then, as true in a natural as in a spiritual sense. Exertion, progress, advancement are necessary, and we must acquire knowledge, and

* *Translated by Platts.*

wisdom to fight the battle of life successfully. This is our daily work. But rest for the vital powers is equally imperative. This should be our nightly comfort. Only when work and rest follow one another can success follow, else were the world unfitted for man.

But secondly, another lesson is taught us by the multitudinous varieties with which this world abounds. It is by change, difference, and contrast, that harmony, beauty, and peace are brought about. We have heavenly revelations to comfort and encourage us. We have three kingdoms—the animal, vegetable, and mineral—with their endless diversities, in which to exercise our intellects and to raise them to a worthy level. Let the mind, therefore, feed on variety, and enlarge its usefulness and powe .

But lastly, man lives in time. Everywhere limit, finiteness, meet him here. There must, therefore, be a goal to his powers of progress and exertion. His full development belongs not to time. Let him not aim too high. This world must be used, not abused.

—Dr. Routh, M.D.

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I well remember a conversation I had with the late Dr. Golding Bird a few weeks before his death. He was then in the zenith of his popularity, and recognised by all as one of the ablest of our London physicians. I called upon him one morning with a relative to consult him. Several other medical men had preceded me. His rooms were full, and I had to wait three hours ere I could obtain admission into his study and consult about the case. I congratulated him on his success in practice. "Yes," he said to me, "you are right;

but I wish nevertheless to make your remark a text for a little parting advice. You see me at little over forty, in full practice, my rooms full. I am making my several thousands per annum"—I think he said seven—"and if I die to-morrow I do not leave as many hundreds to my family. All this I have done by sheer perseverance, increasing hard work, and no holiday; but I am to-day a wreck, I have fatal disease of the heart. I know I cannot live many months—the result of anxiety and hard work; and my parting words of advice to you are these; Coûte qui coûte,* and never mind at what loss—take your six weeks' holiday. It may delay your success, but it will ensure your development; otherwise you will find yourself at my age, a prosperous practitioner but a dying old man." Six weeks after this conversation he had put off his earthly tabernacle.

—Dr. Routh, M.D.

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The great worries of life are the so called "little things" which are from day to day left unadjusted till they fasten their victim like a net. The men who die of overwork are not so much destroyed by their great and useful labours as by the vexatious trifles which accumulate till they produce a condition of chronic fever and unrest.

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## A PRAYER AFTER RECOVERY.

Little Winthrop's meditation on his recovery from a dangerous illness.

To Thee, Almighty God! who from the bed
Of sickness hast vouchsafed to raise me up
To health and strength renewed, with grateful heart
I offer up my praises and thanksgivings,
And I beseech thee that my life preserved

* *i.e., cost what it may; at any price.*

May through Thy grace be constantly employed
In goodly works, and keeping Thy Commandments!
You next, my dearest mother, I approach
With thankfulness and joy! you gave me birth,
You fostered me in infancy, and taught
My dawning mind to seek our heavenly Father,
To trust in Him, to love and to adore Him.
You through my lingering illness wakeful sat,
The tedious nights beside me, while your voice,
Sweeter than zephyr's breath, soothed my complaints,
Assuaged my pains, and lulled me to repose.
Whate'er of medicine passed my feverish lips,
What little food my stomach would admit,
Your hand administered. Oh! if at times
I answered crossly, or in forward mood
Seemed to reject the help you fondly tendered,
Impute to the disorder all the blame,
And do not think your darling was ungrateful.
Not for the riches of the East, the power
Of mightiest emperors, nor all the fame
Conquest bestows on warriors most renowned,
Would I offend you—kindest, best of mothers!
May all your days be blest with many comforts,
The last of them far distant! and the close,
When it shall come, be smoothed by resignation,
And welcomed by the hope of bliss eternal! *

## EXERCISE.

Exercise prevents disease by giving vigour and energy to the body and its various organs and members, and thus enables them to ward off or overcome the

* *The poet Winthrop M. Praed when about 6 years of age passed through a severe illness. On his recovery these verses were written in his name by his father. (1808).*

influence of the causes which tend to impair their integrity. It cures many diseases by equalizing the circulation and the distribution of nervous energy, thus invigorating and strengthening weak organs, and recovering local torpor and congestion.

—Dr. Ruddock, M.D.

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By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
Mellow'd and subtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.

—Armstrong.

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However strong and well a man may feel notwithstanding his neglect of exercise, he ought to remember that he is playing a most dangerous game: and that sooner or later his sin will find him out, either in the form of dyspepsia, liver, kidney, or other diseases, which so surely creep upon the offender against Nature's laws of health.*

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In order to maintain in a sound state the energies which nature has given us, and still more particularly to increase their amount, we must exercise them. If we desire to have a strong limb, we must exercise that limb; if we desire that the whole of our frame should be sound and strong, we must exercise the whole of our frame.

In order that exercise may be truly advantageous the parts must be in a state of sufficient health to endure the exertion. A system weakened by disease or long inaction must be exercised very sparingly, and brought on to greater efforts very gradually; otherwise

* *From Essays by Romance.*

the usual efforts of over-exercise will follow. In no case must exercise be carried beyond what the parts are capable of bearing with ease; otherwise, a loss of energy, instead of a gain, will be the consequence.

The waste occasioned by exercise must be duly replaced by food; as, if there be any deficiency in this important requisite, the blood will soon cease to give that invigoration to the parts upon which increased health and strength depend.

—R. CHAMBERS.

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Exercise should always be proportioned in amount to the age, strength, state of the constitution, and former habits of the individual.

—ANDREW COMBE, M.D.

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A due amount of exercise in India is even more necessary to health than in England. As a rule, the most healthy people are those who take exercise regularly. The circulation of the blood is thus equalised, and the tendency to congestions, particularly of the lever, is often checked; the bowels are excited to healthy action, and effete material no longer required in the system is thereby expelled; while more air being inspired as a result of quickened respiration, more oxygen is introduced into the system, and more carbon expelled.

* * * * *

Whatever exercise is taken, it should not be sufficient to induce exhaustion. Fatigue carried beyond a moderate stage subjects the blood to a decomposing process through the infiltration into it of substances which act as poisons. Many persons feel fatigued during the day after exercise in the early morning, and this may be accepted as a sign that it does not agree with

them. Weak and delicate persons should avoid exercise before breakfast, especially if they are employed during the day. Extremes of exercise should be avoided during seasons of epidemic, as fatigue tends to predispose the system to epidemic diseases. Children should not be wakened to be sent out. They should go to bed early, and will then wake early. And they should have a little milk and bread before going out.*

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As I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day, when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation.

—ADDISON.

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There can be no good sleep without good health, and there can be no good health without good exercise. The one cannot exist without the other, any more than the shadow can exist without the substance, or the echo without the sound.†

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The Arabs think that the days spent in the chase are not counted in the length of life.

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The Duke of Wellington when once looking on at the boys engaged in their sports in the play-ground at Eton, where he had spent his own juvenile days, made the pregnant remark—"It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won."†

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* *From A Manual of Family Medicine and Hygiene for India, by Sir William Moore.*

† *From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black, M. B.*

In these days of long continued peace, so different from those in which our forefathers lived, all games and exercises are to be valued, not merely for physical training or for preventing deterioration of physique but also because they improve certain qualities of mind and character, and qualities of nerve and courage, and therefore it is, that all physical exercises are worthy of commendation and encouragement.*

—His Excellency Lord Lamington.

* *Reported in the Bombay Gazette of the 29th January 1904.*

## 78. HUMAN BROTHERHOOD.

God hath made mankind one mighty brotherhood,
Himself the Master, and the world their Lodge.

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We were all brothers, because we had one work, and one hope, and one All-Father.

—ALTON LOCKE.

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Children we are all
Of one Great Father, in whatever clime
His providence hath cast the seed of life;
All tongues, all colours.

—SOUTHEY.

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The rich and poor meet together; the Lord is the master of them all.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS."

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And God hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth.

—"BIBLE-ACTS 17."

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Men are fellow-members (of one body),
For in (their) creation, they spring from one original.
When fortune afflicts any one member,
Ease for the other members no longer remains.
,,Thou who art unconcerned at the sufferings of others,
It is not fit that people should give thee the name of man.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

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* *Translated by Platts.*

Search we the secret springs,
And backward trace the principles of things;
There shall we find, that when the world began,
One common mass composed the mould of man;
One paste of flesh on all degrees bestowed,
And kneaded up alike with moistening blood.
The same Almighty power inspired the frame
With kindled life, and formed the souls the same:
The faculties of intellect and will
Dispensed with equal hand, disposed with equal skill,
Like liberty indulged, with choice of good or ill:
Thus born alike, from virtue first began
The difference that distinguished man from man.
He claimed no title from descent of blood,
But that which made him noble made him good:
Warmed with more particles of heavenly flame,
He winged his upright flight, and soared to fame
The rest remained below, a tribe without a name.
This law, though custom now diverts the course,
As nature's institute, is yet in force;
Uncancelled, though disused: and he, whose mind
Is virtuous, is alone of noble kind:
Though poor in fortune, of celestial race:
And he commits the crime who calls him base.

—DRYDEN.

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Human nature is the same all over the world; but its operations are so varied by education and habit, that one must see it in all its dresses in order to be intimately acquainted with it.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

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Man is dear to man: the poorest poor
Long for some moments in a weary life,

When they can know and feel that they have been
Themselves the fathers and the dealers-out
Of some small blessings: have been kind to such
As needed kindness, for the single cause,
That we have all of us one human heart.

—WORDSWORTH.

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Notwithstanding every minor variation in feeling or capacity in taste or temperament, by which we are enabled to distinguish one people from another, there are certain moral, spiritual, and mental elements, inherent in humanity itself, and underlying all the national types and local characteristics.*

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Physical man is everywhere the same, it is only the various operations of moral causes that gives variety to the social or individual character and condition.

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All men are brothers, no matter what their colour may be, no matter what their race, no matter what their traditions, customs and origin may be: they all are within the spiritual unity which underlies all mankind.

—ANNIE BESANT.

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Man is like a pillow-case. The colour of one may be red, another blue, another black, but all contain the same cotton. So it is with man—one is beautiful, one is black, another is holy, a fourth wicked; but the divine dwells in them all.†

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If we look through all the earth,
Men, we see, have equal birth.

* *From Christ and other Masters, by Charles Hardwick.*

† *From Sayings of Râmakrishna, by Max Müller.*

Made in one great brotherhood,
Equal in the sight of God.
Food or caste or place of birth
Cannot alter human worth.*

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Men are social beings more than intellectual creatures. The best part of human cultivation is derived from social contact; hence courtesy, self-respect, mutual toleration, and self-sacrifice for the good of others.

—SMILES.

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Men are made for society and mutual fellowship.

—CALAMY.

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For Heaven's eternal wisdom has decreed
That man of man should ever stand in need.

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How selfish soever man may be supposed, there are evidently some principles in his nature, which interest him in the fortune of others, and render their happiness necessary to him, though he derives nothing from it, except the pleasure of seeing it.

—ADAM SMITH.

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Nature, when she formed man for society, endowed him with an original desire to please, and an original aversion to offend his brethren. She taught him to feel pleasure in their favourable, and pain in their unfavourable regard.

—ADAM SMITH.

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*Telugu Songs from the Folksongs of Southern India, by Charles E. Gover.*

From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual aid: all, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals; none who hold the power of granting aid, can refuse it without guilt.

—Sir W. Scott.

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God has created man imperfect, and left him with many wants, as it were to stimulate each to individual exertion, and to make all feel that it is only by united exertions and combined action that these imperfections can be supplied, and these wants satisfied. This presupposes self-reliance and confidence in each other.*

—Prince Consort.

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Nature requires that living beings should love one another, co-operate with, and assist one another. The birds of the air and the beasts of the forest all move about in groups large and small; and sympathize with their respective species in the most remarkable manner. Even the little ants and bees exhibit such strong attachments of brotherly love that, in their busy and hurried movements, they stop to exchange kind courtesies and friendly whispers, with one another; they make a common home, store common food, and revenge the attack on one as the attack on all! And yet can it be said that man alone on the face of the earth is devoid of such brotherly feeling or that he does not stand in need of sympathy from his fellow creatures at all? No! Man,—boasting of being, as he is, the master-piece of created works, and of being endowed with rational and moral faculties, compares

* *From The Principal Speeches and Addresses of H. R. H. the Prince Consort.*

very unfavourably with other living beings in this respect. Unlike other creatures, man is utterly incapable of moving about for several years after he is ushered into the world; he cannot eat or digest raw food; sorely needs external covering, and artificial dwelling, and urgently requires weapons of defence or attack. All this necessitates application for help from numerous quarters; and nothing can be gained unless there is a cordial co-operation on the part of all.

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Almost all the advantages which man possesses above the inferior animals arise from his power of acting in combination with his fellows; and of accomplishing by the united efforts of numbers what could not be accomplished by the detached efforts of individuals.

—J. S. MILL.

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Man, left to himself, living without a fellow,—if he could indeed so live—would become of the weakest of creatures. Associated with his kind, he gains dominion over the strongest animals, over the earth and the sea, and, by his growing knowledge, may be said to obtain a kind of property in the universe.

—REV. CHANNING.

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Man is a social being, demanding for his happiness an infinite variety of tender human bonds. He is linked to his fellow-creatures round and round, not by outward iron chains forged on the anvil of hard necessity alone, but by silken cords of inward sympathy and feeling. If in his keen desire for happiness he overlooks, or selfishly forgets these cords, what happens? Inevitably *this*—jarring and inward discord arise; the man has done

**From Pamphlet on Theosophy, 1883, by P. Shrinvás Ráo, F.T.S.*

violence to his own nature, and has missed the path that leads to satisfaction. He is torn, lacerated, harassed, and in the indulgence of his ignorant selfishness, he finds himself most miserable.

—JANE HUME CLAPPERTON.

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Let universal candour still,
Clear as yon heaven-reflecting rill,
Preserve my open mind;
Nor this, nor that man's crooked ways
One sordid doubt within me raise
To injure human kind.

—AKENSIDE.

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Think of thy brother no ill, but throw a veil over his failings.

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That no man go beyond and defraud his brother in any matter.

—"BIBLE, 1 THESSALONIANS 4."

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Who digs a hole for his brother falls headlong into it.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

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If a man say, I love God and hateth his brother, he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?

—"BIBLE, I JOHN 4."

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Let us not therefore judge one another any more: but judge this rather, that no man put a stumbling-block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.

—"BIBLE, ROMANS 14."

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Have good-will
To all that lives, letting unkindness die,
And greed and wrath; so that your lives be made
Like soft airs passing by.

—"THE LIGHT OF ASIA."*

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Learn to look intelligently into the hearts of men. Regard most earnestly your own heart.

—"LIGHT ON THE PATH."

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Society would be a charming thing if we were only more interested in one another.

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What do we live for, if it is not to make life less difficult to each other?

—GEORGE ELIOT.

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By anger, fear, and avarice deluded,
Men do not strive to understand themselves,
Nor ever gain self-knowledge. One is proud
Of rank and plumes himself upon his birth,
Contemning those of low degree; another
Boasts of his riches, and disdains the poor;
Another vaunts his learning, and despising
Men of less wisdom, calls them fools; a fourth
Piquing himself upon his rectitude,
Is quick to censure other people's faults.
But when the high and low, the rich and poor,
The wise and foolish, worthy and unworthy,
Are borne to their last resting-place—the grave—
When all their troubles end in that last sleep,
And of their earthly bodies nought remains
But fleshless skeletons—can living men
Mark difference between them, or perceive
Distinctions in that dust of birth or form?

* *By Sir Edwin Arnold.*

Since all are, therefore, levelled by the grave,
And all must sleep together in the earth—
Why, foolish mortals, do ye wrong each other?*

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

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Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

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The best way of avenging thyself is not to become like the wrong-doer. Men exist for the sake of one another. Teach them or bear with them.

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

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Remember, that the soul of your neighbour was primarily as pure as your own; its union with the body was brought about in exactly the same manner as that of your soul with your own body; and the final goal which it ought to be his earnest endeavour to reach, is the same as yours. Hence, he is your brother pilgrim, struggling to push himself forward on the right path, although it may be that he feels weary of the miry way and his progress in the great journey is retarded, owing to his conscious or unconscious violation of those moral laws, which it might have been your good fortune to obey and respect. He is therefore entitled more to your sympathy than hatred. The sin which makes him the object of your dislike, might have been yours yesterday or might be yours to-morrow.†

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The more men really know, the more they will agree together: it is ignorance that breeds disputes and discord. But

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

† *From Light on the Path, with commentary and annotations by P. Srinivás Rão, F. T. S.*

this real knowledge must first be attained; and perhaps the giving and receiving it may both be difficult. Without it they can never understand one another; and misunderstanding, as I have said before, is quarrelling.*

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The Talmud says that a man once saw a figure through a mist on the mountain side, and first thought it was a beast; and as he drew nearer he saw it was a man; and when he came close to it, he found it was his brother. How often has humanity repeated this experience, and yet how little the lesson has been learned!

—"THE CENTRAL HINDU COLLEGE MAGAZINE."

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When we fully realize the fact that selfishness is at the root of all error, sin, and crime, and that ignorance is the basis of all selfishness, with what charity we come to look upon the acts of all. It is the ignorant man, who seeks his own ends at the expense of the greater whole. It is the ignorant man, therefore, who is the selfish man. The truly wise man is never selfish. He is a seer, and recognizes the fact that he, a single member of the one great body, is benefited in just the degree that the entire body is benefited, and so he seeks nothing for himself that he would not equally seek for all mankind.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

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The truth will at once be recognised by all that the good of the whole depends upon the good of each, and the good of each makes the good of the whole. Attend, then, to the individual, and the whole will take care of itself. Let each individual work in harmony with every other, and harmony will pervade the whole. The old theory of competition—that in order to have great

* *From William Danby's Ideas and Realities.*

advancement, great progress, we must have great competition to induce it—is as false as it is savage, and detrimental in its nature. We are just reaching that point where the larger men and women are beginning to see its falsity. They are recognising the fact that not competition, but co-operation, reciprocity, is the great, the true power—to climb not by attempting to drag, to keep down one's fellows, but by aiding them, and being in turn aided by them, thus combining, and so multiplying the power of all instead of wasting a large part one against the other.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

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To shew cruelty to animals, to refuse them that nourishment and those conveniences which are necessary, is to act manifestly against the will of our common Creator, whose beneficent regards are extended to those creatures which are inferior to us. And if the brute creation have a positive right to our care, how much more are we obliged to soften, as much as is in our power, the distresses of our fellow creatures? Do not be contented to procure merely what may supply thy own necessities; but endeavour to provide something for the support of others: and let it never happen, that any creature has perished through lack of receiving that support which it was in thy power to afford.

—STURM'S REFLECTIONS.

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Try and acquire a pure and unselfish love for all Let this be your ideal, and strive earnestly and fervently to realise it in your life.

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Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

—"BIBLE—ROMANS XIII, 9."

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Wound not another though by him provoked,
Do no one injury by thought or deed
Utter no word to pain thy fellow creatures.

—MANU.

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It is the secret sympathy,
The silver link, the silken tie,
Which heart to heart, and mind to mind,
In body and in soul can bind.

—SIR W. SCOTT.

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Show kindness unto parents, and relations, and orphans, and the poor, and your neighbour, who is of kin to you, and also your neighbour who is a stranger, and to your familiar companion and the traveller.

—"KORÂN, CHAPTER 4." †

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Be towards thy fellow-creatures as God is towards the whole creation. Be a brother to the children of thy Father.

—"TALMUD."

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A new commandment I give unto you: that ye love one another.

—"BIBLE—ST. JOHN XIII."

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Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love; in honour preferring one another.

—"BIBLE—ROMANS 12."

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Ye sons of luxury be wise:
Know happiness for ever flies

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*
† *Translated by Sale.*

The cold and solitary breast;
Then let the social instinct glow,
And learn to feel another's woe,
And in his joy be blest.

—BEATTIE.

---

And from the prayer of Want, and plaint of Woe,
O never, never turn away thine ear!
Forlorn, in this bleak wilderness below,
Ah! what were man, should Heaven refuse to hear!
To others do (the law is not severe)
What to thyself thou wishest to be done,
Forgive thy foes; and love thy parents dear,
And friends, and native land; nor those alone:
All human weal and woe learn thou to make thine own.

—BEATTIE.

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The teacher of Islâm preached in a thousand varied ways universal love and brotherhood, as the emblem of the love borne towards the Primal Cause of All.

"How do you think God will know you when you are in His Presence—by your love of your children, of your kin, of your neighbours, of your fellow-creatures?" "Do you love your Creator, love your fellow-beings first." "Do you wish to approach the Lord, love his creatures, love for them what you love yourself, reject for them what you reject for yourself, do unto them what you wish to be done unto you."*

—SYED AMEER ALI MOULVI.

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* *From Life of Mahomed.*

No one, who is a lover of riches, or a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, can at the same time be a over of men.

—EPICTETUS.

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Small souls inquire 'Belongs this man
To our own race, or class or clan?'
But larger-hearted men embrace
As brothers all the human race.

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

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"Is this one of our tribe or a stranger?" is the calculation of the narrow-minded; but to those of a noble disposition, the earth itself is but one family.

—"HITOPADESHA."*

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To possess sufficient government over one's affections as to judge others in comparison with one's self, and to act towards them as we would that they should do towards us, may be called the doctrine of humanity—there is nothing superior to it.

—CHINESE PRECEPT.

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The Prophet (Muhammed) said,

"He who is not affectionate to God's creation, and to his own children, God will not be affectionate to him."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

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He's true to God who's true to man; wherever
wrong is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-
beholding sun,

* *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

† *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

That wrong is also done to us; and they are
slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not
for all their race.

—LOWELL.

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Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.

—"BIBLE—HEBREWS 12."

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Men resemble the gods in nothing so much as in doing good to their fellow creatures.

—CICERO.

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Those, who are dreaded by none, and who themselves dread no one, who regard all mankind like themselves, such men surmount all difficulties. Those who always treat friends and foes with equal heart, being friends to all, such men shall go to heaven.*

—"MÂHABHÂRATA."

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If we help one another
Along the path of life,
Each be to each a brother
Through quiet and through strife,
Our hopes will shine the brighter,
Our hearts will be the lighter,
If we help one another.

Though trouble's clouds may gather,
The sky is still above;
Though it be stormy weather,
The sun will constant prove,
And every shadow banish—

*From Lectures by Max Müller.*

The mists will surely vanish
If we help one another,

Life hath its mud of sorrow,
And all must have their share;
To-day there 's joy, to-morrow
May bring its load of care;
But trouble will be lightened
And happiness be brightened
If we help one another.

Then let us help each other,
And do all good we can—
Each be to each a brother
Through all of life's brief span.
For hearts will be the lighter,
The world be better, brighter,
If we help one another.

---

Go! bend to God! and leave to Him
The mystery of thy brother's heart,
Nor vainly think his faith is dim,
Because in thine it hath no part;
He, too, is mortal, and, like thee,
Would soar to immortality.

And if, in duty's hallowed sphere,
Like thee, he meekly, humbly bends,
With hands unstained, and conscience clear,
With life's temptations he contends,
O! leave him that unbroken rest,
The peace that shrines a virtuous breast.

And if his thoughts and hopes should err,
Still view him with a gentle eye;

Remembering doubt, and change, and fear
Are woven in Man's destiny;
And when these clouds are passed away,
The truth shall dawn like opening day.*

—JANE E. ROSCOE.

---

Faith in the Living God is your only creed—a creed of fiery enthusiasm and invincible power. Go forth in all directions with this living faith, and it will enkindle in the hearts of all around the sacred flame of pure religion. And let your words be words of love and peace, not of sectarian antipathy. Love all parties, and gratefully accept all that is good and true in each. By love shall ye conquer falsehood, and error, and uncharitableness. Be true to the sweet and eternal Gospel of the "Fatherhood of God, and the Brotherhood of man," and gather all races, and tribes, castes, and clans in one fold. Thus faith and love shall make India free (from falsehood, error, and uncharitableness), and thus shall our nation joyfully unite with other nations of the East and the West in hailing the kingdom of our God.

Come, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of light and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.
Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree,
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family!

—KESHUB CHUNDER SEN.

---

*From Selections by Emily Taylor.*

## ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL.

Abou Ben Adhem—may his tribe increase!—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw amid the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold;
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the vision in the room he said,
"What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
And with a voice made of all sweet accord,
Replied, "The names of them that love the Lord."
"And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still, and said, "I pray thee, then,
"Write me as one who loves his fellow men."
The angel wrote and vanished. The next night,
He came again with a great wakening light;
He showed the names whom love of God had blest,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

—LEIGH HUNT.

---

## A LAME MAN AND A BLIND MAN.

A man very lame
Was a little to blame
To stray far from his humble abode;
Hot, thirsty, bemired,
And heartily tired,
He laid himself down in the road.

While thus he reclined,
A man who was blind,
Came by and entreated his aid:
"Deprived of my sight,
Unassisted to-night,
I shall not reach home, I'm afraid."

"Intelligence give
Of the place where you live,"
Said the cripple, "perhaps I may know it;
In my road it may be,
And if you'll carry *me*,
It will give me much pleasure to show it.

Great strength you have got,
Which alas! I have not,
In my legs so fatigued every nerve is;
For the use of your back,
For the eyes which you lack,
My pair shall be much at your service."

Said the other poor man:
"What an excellent plan!
Pray get on my shoulders, good brother;
I see all mankind,
If they are but inclined,
May constantly help one another."

—R. S. SHARPE.

## 79. INDEPENDENCE.

He only is independent who can maintain himself by his own exertions.

---

Depend not on another, rather lean
Upon thyself ; trust to thine own exertions.
Subjection to another's will gives pain
True happiness consists in self-reliance.

—MANU.

---

Seek not to walk by borrowed light
But keep unto thine own ;
Do what thou doest with thy might,
And trust thyself alone.

---

To catch Dame Fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her :
And gather gear by every wile
That's justified by honour.

Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Not for a train attendant :
But for the glorious privilege
Of being independent.

—BURNS.

---

Men seem neither to understand their riches nor their strength ; of the former they believe greater things than they should, of the latter much less. Self-reliance and self-denial will teach a man to drink out of his own

° *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

cistern, and eat his own sweet bread, and to learn and labour truly to get his living, and carefully to expend the good things committed to his trust.

—BACON.

---

Self-reliance conjoined with promptitude in the execution of our undertakings is indispensable to success: and yet multitudes live in a life of vaccilation and consequent failure, because they remain undetermined what to do, or having decided that, have no confidence in themselves. Such persons need to be assured; this assurance can be obtained in no other way than by their own successes in whatever they may attempt for themselves. If they lean upon others, they not only become dissatisfied with what they achieve, but the success of one achievement in which they are entitled to partial credit, is no guaranty to them that, unaided, they will not fail in their very next experiment. For want of self-reliance and decision of character, thousands are submerged in their first essays to make the voyage of life. Disappointed and chagrined at this, they underestimate their own capacities, and thence forward, relying on others, they take and keep a subordinate position, from which they rise, if they rise at all, with the utmost difficulty. When a young man attains his majority, it is better for him, as a general rule, to take some independent position of his own, even though the present remuneration be less than he would obtain in the service of others. When at work for himself in a business, which requires and demands foresight, economy, and industry, he will naturally develop the strong points of his character and become self-reliant.

---

" I conceive that this Society (The Servants' provident and benevolent society) is founded upon a right

principle, as it follows out the dictates of a correct appreciation of human nature, which requires every man, by personal exertion, and according to his own choice, to work out his own happiness; which prevents his valuing, nay even his feeling satisfaction at, the prosperity which others have made for him.*

—THE PRINCE CONSORT.

---

Be cheerful also, and seek not external help, nor the tranquility which others give. A man then must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.

—MARCUS ANTONINUS.

---

The spirit of self-help is the root of all genuine growth in the individual; and, exhibited in the lives of many, it constitutes the true source of national vigour and strength.

—SMILES.

---

No proud, self-respecting person can ever be happy, or even satisfied, who has to be dependent upon others for his necessary wants. He who is dependent has not reached the full measure of manhood and can hardly be counted among the worthy citizens of the republic.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

---

It is the belly that causes a man to do drudgery,
and compels him to become a drummer;
It is the belly that makes a person lift heavy
loads and flatter others;
It is the belly that leads one to wander in foreign
countries, and even to commit sins;

* *From The Principal Speeches and Addresses of H. R. H. The Prince Consort.*

It is the belly that compels a man to give up virtue, honour and truth ;
It is for the sake of his belly that a man makes designs and frauds and degrades himself ;
Sâmal says, take it as true that all sins obstructing man are due to the stomach.

—SÂMAL.*

---

Limit your wants : make them few and inexpensive. To do this will interfere but little with your real enjoyment. It is mostly a matter of habit. You require more or are satisfied with less, just as you have accustomed yourself to the one or the other.

---

Contract your desires, if you wish for independence.

---

The first step towards making a man of your son, is to train him to earn what he spends ; the next best step is to teach him how to save his earnings.†

—DR. W. W. HALL.

---

Be not reliant on kindred and great ancestry, since in the end, dependence is on one's own deeds.

—"MAINYO-I-KHARD."‡

---

Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Boast not the titles of your ancestors
Brave youths ! they're their possession, none of yours ;

* *A Gujarâti poet.*
† *From How to Live Long.*
‡ *Translated by West.*

When your own virtues equall'd have their names,
'Twill be but fair to lean upon their fames,
For they are strong supporters ; but till then
The greatest are but growing gentlemen.

—BEN JONSON.

---

A poor freedom is better than rich slavery.

---

The coward calls black white, white black,
At bidding, or in fear of death ;
Such suppleness, thank God, I lack,
To die is but to lose my breath.*

—TORU DUTT.

---

What I am, I have made myself ; I say this without vanity, and in pure simplicity of heart.

—SIR HUMPHRY DAVY.

* *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.*

## 80. INDUSTRY AND IDLENESS.

### INDUSTRY.

Industry is the golden key that unlocks the gates of fortune.

—MAXIM.

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Industry will make a man a purse, and frugality will find strings for it. Neither the purse nor the strings will cost anything. He, who has it, should draw the strings as frugality directs, and he will be sure always to find a useful penny at the bottom of it.

---

Industry is fortune's right hand, and frugality his left hand.

---

"Excellence," said Sir J. Reynolds, "is never granted to man but as the reward of labour. If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if you have but moderate abilities, industry will but supply their deficiency. Nothing is denied to well-directed labour; nothing is to be obtained without it."

---

It is not accident then that helps a man in the world so much as purpose and persistent industry.

---

In every rank, or great or small,
'Tis industry supports us all.

—GAY.

---

Industry includes in itself this double blessing: it commonly enables us to gain the point we aim at; and in that case heightens the relish of our enjoyments, when we consider that we have attained them by our own art and perseverance: but if we should happen to fail in our endeavours, it excites the pity of those who are able to serve us; and gives a grace to our petitions for assistance and relief.*

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Love labour, if you need it not for food, you may for physic.

---

Sweet and sound is the sleep of an industrious man.

---

Industry pays debts, but despair increases them.

—FRANKLIN.

---

Despair blunts the edge of industry.

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Few things are impossible to skill and industry.

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Labour is one of the best antidotes to crime.

—SMILES.

---

If I have done the public any service, it is due to nothing but industry and patient thought.

—NEWTON.

## IDLENESS.

Idleness is the bane of body and mind, the nurse of naughtiness, the chief mother of all mischief, one of the seven deadly sins, the devil's cushion, his pillow, and chief reposal.

—BURTON.

---

*From Bewick's Select Fables.*

Noble work is the true educator. Idleness is a thorough demoraliser of body, soul, and conscience. Nine-tenths of the vices, and miseries of the world proceed from idleness. Without work there can be no active progress in human welfare. "I would rather work out than rust out," said a noble worker.

—SMILES.

Idleness is the burial of a living man,—an idle person being so useless to any purposes of God and man, that he is like one that is dead, unconcerned in the changes and necessities of the world and he only lives to spend his time, and eat the fruits of the earth, like a vermin or a wolf. When their time comes, they die and perish, and in the meantime do no good; they neither plough nor carry burthens; all that they do is either unprofitable or mischievous. Idleness, indeed, is the greatest prodigality in the world.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide, says Chesterfield, for the man is efficiently destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.

You have no enemy bitterer than sloth.

—JAIN PRECEPT.

Sloth is the key of poverty.

—SPANISH PROVERB.

Sloth is the mother of poverty.

The idle levy a very heavy tax upon the industrious, when by frivolous visitations they rob them of their

time. Such persons beg their daily happiness from door to door, as beggars their daily bread, and like them, sometimes meet with a rebuff. A mere gossip ought not to wonder if we evince signs that we are tired of him, seeing that we are indebted to the honour of his visit, solely to the circumstance of his being tired of himself. He sits at home until he has accumulated an insupportable load of ennui, and he sallies forth to distribute it, amongst all his acquaintance.

—COLTON.

---

Nature expects mankind should share
The duties of the public care.
Who's born for sloth? To some we find
The ploughshare's annual toil assigned;
Some at the sounding anvil glow;
Some the swift-gliding shuttle throw;
Some, studious of the wind and tide,
From pole to pole our commerce guide;
Some, taught by industry, impart
With hands and feet the works of art;
While some, of genius more refined,
With head and tongue assist mankind;
Each, aiming at one common end,
Proves to the whole a needful friend.
Thus, born each other's useful aid,
By turns are obligations paid.

—GAY.

---

The sedentary stretch their lazy length
When custom bids, but no refreshment find,
For none they need: the languid eye, the cheek,
Deserted of its bloom, the flaccid, shrunk,

And wither'd muscle, and the vapid soul,
Reproach their owner, with that love of rest
To which he forfeits even the rest he loves.
Not such the alert and active. Measure life
By its true worth, the comforts it affords,
And theirs alone seems worthy of the name.
Good health, and its associate in the most,
Good temper; spirits prompt to undertake,
And not soon spent, though in an arduous task;
The powers of fancy and strong thought are theirs;
Even age itself seems privileged in them
With clear exemption from its own defects.
A sparkling eye beneath a wrinkled front
The veteran shows, and gracing a grey beard
With youthful smiles, descends towards the grave,
Sprightly, and old almost without decay.

—COWPER.

---

Fly from idleness, as the certain parent both of guilt and ruin. And under idleness I include, not mere inaction only, but all that circle of trifling occupations in which too many saunter away their youth; perpetually engaged in frivolous society or public amusements, in the labours of dress, or the ostentation of their persons. Is this the foundation which you lay for your future usefulness and esteem? By such accomplishments do you hope to recommend yourselves to the thinking part of the world, and to answer the expectations of your friends and your country? Amusements youth requires: it were vain, it were cruel, to prohibit them. But, though allowable as the relaxation, they are most culpable as the business, of the young, for they then become the gulf of time and the poison of the mind;

they weaken the manly powers; they sink the native vigour of youth into contemptible effeminacy.

—BLAIR.

---

"Pray, of what did your brother die?" said the celebrated general Marquis Spinola one day to Sir Horace Vere. "He died," replied Vere, "of having nothing to do." "Alas! Sir," said Spinola, "that is enough to kill any general of us all."*

---

Business is the salt of life.

—MAXIM.

---

Business whets the appetite and gives relish to pleasure.

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The more we apply to business the more we relish our pleasures (the elegant pleasures of a rational being); the exercise of the mind in the morning, by study, whets the appetite for the pleasures of the evening, as the exercise of the body whets the appetite for dinner. Business and pleasure rightly understood, mutually assist each other—instead of being enemies, as foolish or dull people often think them.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

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An idle brain is the devil's workshop.

—PROVERB.

---

An idle man's budget is full of schemes.

—MAXIM.

---

* *From Seward's Anecdotes.*

Some temptations come to the industrious, but all temptations attack the idle.

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The devil tempts others, an idle man tempts the devil.

—OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

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The way of the slothful man is as an hedge of thorns: but the way of the righteous is made plain.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS."

---

He also that is slothful in his work is brother to him that is a great waster.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS."

---

Idleness belongs more to the mind than to the body.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

---

The greatest abuse of the faculties is disuse.

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A diligent man can always find leisure but a lazy man never.

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The lapse to indolence is soft and imperceptible, but the return to diligence is difficult.

—JOHNSON.

---

Procrastination is sloth's persuasive oratory, which she still applies
To lull the sluggard action of the willing idler to his ruin,—
A syren, the burden of whose song is,—Ease to-day, to-morrow business;
And morrow after morrow comes, but yet that busy morrow comes not:

Each in its turn has been the day of ease, and so continues,
Until our busy time is gone, and we betray our folly in vain wishes,—
If I had been wise, if I had but taken better heed of precious hours,
Of golden opportunities neglected, I had not been the thing I am.

—CHARLES HENRY HANGER.

---

Go to the ant, thou sluggard;
Consider her ways and be wise:
Which having no guide, overseer, or ruler,
Provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.
How long wilt thou sleep, O Sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep?
Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep:
So shall thy poverty come as one that travelleth, and thy want as an armed man.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS 6."

---

Turn on the prudent Ant thy heedless eyes,
Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise;
No stern command, no monitory voice,
Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice;
Yet, timely provident, she hastes away
To snatch the blessings of a plenteous day;
When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,
She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.
How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,
Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy powers?

—JOHNSON.

---

O man! go to the school of the bee; consider that wise labourer, and contemplate her works. Admire her activity and industry, by which she turns all to her advantage. Always busy, ever indefatigable, evening and morning she labours, and supports with courage the troubles of a short life. And wilt thou languish in indolence and idleness, or consume thy days in frivolous pleasures? Ah, rather apply thyself to more earnest labour than even the bee, which has not received, like thee, the inestimable gift of reason. Thy life is short; may it be entirely consecrated to labour, without intermission, for the glory of thy great Master, and the welfare of thy soul!

—STURM'S REFLECTIONS.

## AN INDOLENT YOUNG MAN.

How many live in the world as useless as if they had never been born! They pass through life like a bird through the air, and leave no track behind them; waste the prime of their days in deliberating what they shall do, and bring them to a period without coming to any determination.

An indolent young man, being asked why he lay in bed so long, jocosely and carelessly answered. Every morning of my life I am hearing causes. I have two fine girls, their names are Industry and Sloth, close at my bedside as soon as ever I awake, pressing their different suits. One intreats me to get up, the other persuades me to lie still; and then they alternately give me various reasons why I should rise, and why I should not. This detains me so long, as it is the duty of an impartial judge to hear all that can be said on either side, that before the pleadings are over, it is time to go to dinner.*

* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

FOR THE JAINS.

## 81. FOR THE JAINS.

One might almost sum up the atmosphere of Jainism in one phrase, that we find in the Sûtra Kritânga, that man by injuring no living creature reaches the Nirvâna which is peace. That is a phrase that seems to carry with it the whole thought of the Jaina: peace—peace between man and man, peace between man and animal, peace everywhere and in all things, a perfect brotherhood of all that lives: such is the ideal of the Jains, such is the thought that he endeavours to realise upon earth.*

---

Jainism is a religion which can properly claim to head the list of religions that have for their motto "Ahimsâ Paramo Dharmah;" "Destroy no living creature! Injure no living creature! This is the highest religion."†

---

We are told that there are three jewels, and these are said to be right knowledge, right faith, right conduct, a fourth being added for ascetics. "Learn the true road leading to final deliverance, which the Jinas have taught; it depends on four causes, and is characterised by right knowledge and faith. I. Right knowledge; II. Faith; III. Conduct; IV. Austerities. This is the road taught by the Jinas who possess the best knowledge."*

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* *From Annie Besant's Lecture on Jainism.*

† *From A Lecture on Jainism by Lâlâ Benârsi Dâss.*

The essential principles of the faith are common to all classes of Jains, but some differences occur in their *Duties* as they are divided into religious or lay orders, Yatis and Shrâvakas. Implicit belief in the doctrines and actions of the Tirthankaras is, of course, obligatory on both; but the former are expected to follow a life of abstinence, taciturnity, and continence, whilst the latter add to their moral and religious code the practical worship of the Tirthankaras, and profound reverence for their more pious brethren.

The moral code of the Jains is expressed in five Mahâvratas, or great duties: Refraining from injury to life, truth, honesty, chastity, and freedom from worldly desires.

There are four Dharmas, or merits—liberality, gentleness, piety, and penance; and three sorts of restraint—government of the mind, the tongue, and the person. To these are superadded a number of minor instructions or prohibitions.*

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1. Not to injure animal life, 2. Not to lie, 3. Not to steal, 4. Not to indulge in sensual pleasure.

—RELIGIOUS PROHIBITIONS OF THE JAINAS.†

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1. To discard doubt, 2. to perform acts without expectation of advantage, 3. to have a steady faith.

—INJUNCTIONS OF THE JAINAS.†

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Let not any one injure life, whilst bound in the bonds of action; but be as assiduous in cherishing the life of another as his own. Never let any one speak

* *From The Works of H. H. Wilson.*

† *From Bird's Historical Researches on the Bauddha and Jaina Religions.*

falsehood, but always speak the truth. Let every one who has a bodily form avoid giving pain to others as much as to himself. Let no one take property not given to him, for wealth is like the external life of men, and he who takes away such wealth commits as it were murder.*

—MAHÂVÎRA.
(The 24th Tîrthankara).

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The female ascetics, living under the same strict rule of conduct, have one duty which it seems to me is of the very wisest provision; it is the duty of female ascetics to visit all the Jaina households, and to see that the Jaina women, the wives and the daughters, are properly educated, properly instructed. They lay great stress on the education of the women, and one great work of the female ascetic is to give that education, and to see that it is carried out.†

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It is an enjoined duty of every Shrâvaka to bathe and to keep the body pure and clean by washing it. This is one of the commandments of the Dasha Lakshani Dharma.‡

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Every lay Jain is enjoined to observe the Dasha Lakshani Dharma.

1. He should control anger, and should patiently bear all insults and injuries even at the hands of his inferiors and should forgive them.
2. He should not give vent to pride.
3. He should keep aloof from hypocrisy and cheating.

* *From The Works of H. H. Wilson.*

† *From Annie Besant's Lecture on Jainism.*

‡ *From A Lecture on Jainism by Lâlâ Benârsi Dâss.*

4. He should speak the truth.
5. He should keep the soul pure and should not allow dark thoughts to corrupt it. He should also keep the body pure and clean by washing it.
6. He should observe the five Anuvratas or minor vows, the five Samatis, and the three Guptis. He should also control the five Indriyas.
7. He should do twelve sorts of Tapa.
8. He should abandon wicked thoughts. He should also abandon love of money and should spend it upon giving four kinds of Dâna.
9. He should remember that in this world there is nothing his but self.
10. He should remain absorbed in self. He should also observe the Brahmacharya Dharma.

---

Do not be uneasy if you do not get riches, but never be dishonest.

It is more appropriate to say that our every day habits are at fault than to find fault with the times.

Do not think that learning is meant to be the means of earning your bread, but it is for teaching you virtue.

We should always be skilful in our work but not dilatory.

Do not feel unhappy if you fail to do a good action through bodily or mental distemper, but in all your life do no such evil action as would make you a subject of reproach or fun.

* *From a Lecture on Jainism by Lâlâ Benârsi Dâss, before the Dharma Mahâ-Mahotsava at Muttrâ.*

It is enough if you know that you have to depart from this world leaving all the members of your family here ; for that which is to be left behind (and is thus transitory) cannot fascinate you.

Have you not seen friends going away leaving a dead body on the ground as if it were a piece of wood or clay? But piety does not go away in this way; it goes with a man's soul ; it is therefore essential for those that desire spiritual good.

Do such deeds in the former part of your life, as would make you happy in old age.

Do such things throughout your life as would secure you bliss in the life beyond the grave.

Do to-day what you think of doing to-morrow, and do now what you mean to do to-day; for death does not care to see whether or not a certain man has done his mission.

It is by no means pardonable foolishness that you place trust in things earthly in spite of your knowledge that they are one and all subject to destruction.

Why do not you exert yourself in matters spiritual although you know that in your last moments except religion, no person, God, or God of Gods is powerful enough to protect you.

What is there in this unsubstantial life that attracts you? There is surely no source of highest bliss other than salvation.

Do you not know that in this world you came and will go alone ; there is none who is yours and you are nobody's.

Consider what is yours among the things sublunary

and you will find that nothing but your soul is yours.

The pride of wealth is such as can never be suppressed.

Store up the following priceless gems of precepts in the treasury of your heart.

Control your mind and your tongue.

Talk not to strangers about your respect or disrespect.

Always cherish humility.

Live in peace with all living creatures for it is said
The man who slights peace and expects happiness
Only courts fresh troubles for himself.

Give due respect to all.

Do not indulge in excessive laughter.

Do not be conceited in the least degree.

Give up the habit of slandering others.

Listen to the words of your preceptor.

Do not dress like a fop.

Be clean and simple.

Act so as to ensure others' as well as your well-being.

In prosperity look to those more affluent than yourself.

In adversity be patient.

Be contented with what power you have got.

Take what is good in everything.

Do not waste time.

Do not be weary of work.

You have no enemy bitterer than sloth.

You have no friend better than diligence.

Happiness depends on the constitution of the mind.

Do good if possible even to the ungrateful.

Forget not your Lord and preceptor even in a dream.

—MORAL PRECEPTS.*

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The evil habit of wine-drinking is bad for this world as well as for the next. It is a prolific parent of sins according to the Jain scriptures.

—JAIN PRECEPT.

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Then we have the strict rule that no intoxicating drug or drink may be touched; nothing like bhâng, opium, alcohol: of course nothing of this kind is allowed.†

---

Do not practise jokes while standing on the brink of a well, nor wander from place to place in a state of intoxication;

Do not give caste-dinners by selling your house, and do not gamble.

—VÎRAVIJAYA ‡

---

Prostrate thyself lowly at thy mother's feet, bow respectfully to thy father;

Have the holy sight of the Lord and thy preceptor and then begin the affairs of life.

—VÎRAVIJAYA.‡

---

## GOODNESS IS THE HIGHEST POWER IN THE WORLD.

The civilization whose highest badge is the perishable symbol of corruption and greed,—silver and gold,

* *By Jhaveri Pânâchand Kâlâ, from Jain Prayer Book, by The Jâmnagar Harji Jain Shâlâ.*

† *From Annie Besant's Lecture on Jainism.*

‡ *A Jain poet.*

is not to be compared to that civilization whose highest symbol is the image of peace, and whose highest expression is goodwill towards men and all living beings.

The Jain poet says: "Spirit of peace and perfect bliss, devoid of impure and destructive thoughts, Glory be to Thee."

The Indian prayer runs thus:

"May peace rule in the universe, may peace rule in kingdoms and empires, may peace rule in states and in the lands of the potentates, may peace rule in the house of friends, and may peace also rule in the house of enemies."

—VÎRCHAND R. GÂNDHI.*

---

The ritual of the Jains is as simple as their moral code. The Yati, or devotee, dispenses with acts of worship at his pleasure, and the lay votary is only bound to visit daily a temple where some of the images of the Tîrthankaras are erected, walk round it three times, make an obeisance to the images, with an offering, usually fruit or flowers, and pronounce some such mantra, or prayer, as the following:—

"Salutation to the Arhats, to the Pure Existences, to the Sages, to the Teachers, to all the Devout in the world."

A morning prayer is also repeated:—

"I beg forgiveness, Oh Lord, for your slave, whatever evil thoughts, the night may have produced—I bow with my head.†

---

True worship is not to a person, or a mere existence, who may be conceived as a supreme being only, but this worship extends to all holy, worthy and pure and perfected

* *A Jain Philosopher.*

† *From The Works of H. H. Wilson.*

ones who by this method have attained a perfect state, and by their example and virtues, and the achievements of their austerities and devotions have made the way for us simple and sweet.

We the Jainists of India say every day in our prayer,

"I worship all perfected souls, I worship all spiritual masters, I worship all spiritual instructors, I worship all holy men and women in the world."

—VÎRCHAND* R. GÂNDHI.

---

We find in the daily life of the Jaina rules laid down for the layman as to how he is to begin and end every day :—

"He must rise very very early in the morning, and then he must repeat silently his mantras, counting its repetition on his fingers; and then he has to say to himself, what am I, who is my Ishtadeva, who is my Gurudeva, what is my religion, what should I do, what should I not do?"

This is the beginning of each day, the reckoning up of life, as it were; careful, self-conscious recognition of life. Then he is to think of the Tirthankaras and then he is to make certain vows, peculiar to the Jainas, and they have an object which is praiseworthy and most useful.†

---

You must remember that the Jains are the great Yogis. All Jain Tirthankaras were great Yogis. All Jain monks were great Yogis. A Jain cannot obtain moksha without practising Yoga. Yoga is a necessary

* *A Jain Philosopher.*

† *From Annie Besante Lecture on Jainism.*

condition for killing the karmans and attaining Nirvâna. Just see our images in our temples. They are practising Yoga. Look to their Âsana and Dhyâna. Just see how they are absorbed in meditation. This is the characteristic of Jain images.

—LÂLÂ BENÂRSI DÂSS.

---

Jainism attaches a great weight to thought and knowledge. The salvation of Jainism depends upon knowledge and thought. Thought is the source of our salvation. Thought is the cause of our damnation.*

---

When we go to the temple, we never look to the body of the images. We look to their Dhyâna. We contemplate that we ought to be like those Tîrthankaras whose images they are, and we ought to absorb ourselves in self as those images are suggesting. We look to the Dhyâna of the image and not to the body. One who understands our images will find them absorbed in meditation as it were. We worship this meditation. We worship the image to be reminded of this meditation. There is no idol-worship among us. We have ideal-worship. These images are only a means to remind us of our ideals just as lovers have rings to look at them to be reminded of their sweethearts.

—LÂLÂ BENÂRSI DÂSS.

---

This day, oh Lord! be kind and listen to my prayer,
Show mercy to thy servant and save him from worldliness, showing him the unreality of worldly charms and fascinations,
Lend a hand to thy slave, enable him to escape the

* *From A Lecture on Jainism by Lâlâ Benârsi Dâss.*

snares of worldly illusion, and prevent this evil-minded person from going astray.
Be thou gracious and grant this boon, that thy slave may be edified,
Help me to escape the pangs of hell.
Oh thou Saviour of the unhappy and the helpless! oh thou good and kind Lord!
Pay heed to this one prayer and grant it.
I only wish to serve Thy feet, and to sing Thy praises, oh Shântiji!
Would that I may get highest beatitude, I depend upon Thee alone.

—PRAYER.*

---

Oh Lord of the helpless! What fate shall I meet after death?
I busied myself with the gratification of the senses,
And thus committed very heinous sins;
Two things chiefly attracted my mind,
One of them was pelf, the other woman;
I have now rambled far and wide into regions;
But find no way to escape thy scourge.
My whole lifetime I have wasted in egotism,
Unmindful of devotion to Thee.
Thy slave is being drowned in the sea of worldliness,
Oh Pârshwanâth! help me to cross it safely.

—PRAYER.†

---

Oh Sojourner in life! Thou shalt soon march onward,
So worship the Lord during the short interval thou hast got;

* *From Jain Prayer-Book by the Jâmnagar Harji Jain Shâlâ.*
† *From Jain Kâvya Prakâsha.*

In thy infancy thou didst waste thy time in sports,
And youth thou wastedst in the snare of worldliness;
Thou broughtst nothing with thee and wilt take nothing with thee,
Only good and bad deeds will accompany thee.
Though thou art grown old, thou knowest not religion,
And still why dost thou murmur and complain?
Affection for the world is false and the body is transient,
And unreal are thy offspring.
Oh Pârshwanâth of Awantî! Bestow mercy upon me,
I have now no support except thine.

—PRAYER.*

---

Time that is once lost is lost for ever;
When thou knowest this, do good deeds,
That thou mayest be happy in all thy future births
This body, wealth, youth and all are unreal,
The soul flies off in an instant;
When the body decays, wealth is of no avail,
Then why dost thou act so as to be called a miser.
He whose heart is attached to truthfulness
Never shows a liking for falsehood;
Anandghana, oh Lord! walking in Thy path,
Repeatedly calls to mind Thy divine attributes and sings Thy glory.*

---

Oh spirit mine! This body is a tabernacle of brittle clay;
The moment the soul flies, the tabernacle collapses;
Albeit the people say "This body is ours."
Ornaments adorn the exterior,
While entire ignorance prevails in the heart;

* *From Jain Kâvya Prakâsha.*

Vain, very vain is all the show and splendour of this world,
And vain the boast of person and wealth.
My only request is 'do good actions.'
For there is nothing in this world thou canst call thy own;
Naval says take care of every moment as it comes;
And secure the means of thy final emancipation ere it is too late.*

---

Now it is that the truth dawns upon me,
That all affection for things worldly is false.
Oh the fool that depends every now and then on the morrow,
When not even a moment can be relied upon.
Do not be neglectful even a single moment,
For Death thy enemy is hovering on thy head;
The saint Chidânand says 'This precept of mine, oh dear friend!
Should be taken as true without any doubt of it.'*

---

All friendship of this world is false;
Mother, father, relatives and thy own self
Are not worth reliance, why dost thou depend on these?
All these are bound to thee by self-interest,
Their affection for thee is not disinterested.
If self-interest is at an end, none is thy relative;
Think of it and weigh this in the balance of thy mind.
Thou shalt depart this life alone and unfriended,
Thou, even thou, to whom this advice is addressed;

* *From Jain Kâvya Prakâsha.*

None is thine and thou art nobody's,
That is the old invariable course of things.
Let therefore devotion to the Lord be the goal thy heart should care to reach;
Dnyânasâr says 'in this song as above I sing a song of the soul!'*

---

All action without knowledge of religion is useless, Oh Jain brothers!
Try to replenish the store of knowledge and let mercy rule the heart.
Take good care of the old excellent works on Jainism,
Reflect glory on the name of Jain preceptors; why do you thus waste your time?
Instead of erecting new temples, he who restores the old ones,
Does an act of greater merit and becomes famous all over the world.
If there is surplus cash in temples, let it go to the support of old ones;
First improve the temples and places of pilgrimage; listen to this request.
Set up schools for the imparting of religious and worldly education,
So that the youth will bless you, if you feel sympathy for them.
In these schools they will learn, be wise, and do good and pious actions,
The Jain community will rise; so spend plenty of money in this way.
Oh you all good people! give refuge to the unhappy coreligionists;

* *From Jain Kârya Prakâsha.*

Open funds for the helpless Jains and contribute liberally thereto.

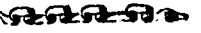
Pay attention to the admonitions given on this point by saints and sages;

The Jain Bâl Subodhak Sabhâ prays "May Mahâvîra grant success."*

---

To seek the greatest good of our people; to revive the pristine purity of our holy Jain religion; to preserve and guard our sacred books and our sacred places of worship; to sink deeper the foundations of our religion by encouraging and stimulating the observance of its sacred precepts;—in a word to advance the well-being of our brethren in this world and in the world to come and thus to realise the grand ideal of humanity—these are our aims and objects. Union is a mighty power in the world; all history shows that by union and co-operation alone great undertakings can be accomplished. Therefore I would most earnestly urge you, dear brethren, to work together heart and soul, united and knit together in the common bond of brotherly love. Thus only will you be able to do great and real good to your generation and to the generations to come of your coreligionists.

—SHETH VEERCHAND DEEPCHAND.



* *By The Jain Bâl Subodhak Sabhâ.*

## 82. JEALOUSY.

O, beware, my Lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

But jealous souls will not be answer'd so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they are jealous; 'tis a monster,
Begot upon itself, born on itself.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Trifles, light as air,
Are to the jealous, confirmations strong,
As proofs of Holy Writ.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

But through the heart
Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise.

—THOMSON.

---

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service, and pays the bitterest wages.

Its service is—to watch the success of our enemy,—its wages—to be sure of it.

—COLTON.

---

Jealousy is in some sort, rational and just; it aims at the preservation of a good which belongs, or which we think belongs, to us; whereas envy is a frenzy that cannot endure, even in idea, the good of others.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

---

Envy not greatness: for thou makest thereby
Thyself the worse, and so the distance greater.
Be not thine own worm: yet such jealousy,
As hurts not others, but may make thee better,
Is a good spur.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

---

Against the head which innocence secures,
Insidious malice aims her darts in vain;
Turn'd backwards by the powerful breath of heav'n.

—JOHNSON.

## 83. JUSTICE.

The Arabs say, "There is no safer guardian than justice."

---

Only the actions of the just,
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

---

The memory of the just is blessed: but the name of the wicked shall rot.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS 10."

---

The world would do well to reflect that injustice is in itself, to every generous and properly constituted mind, an injury, of all others the most insufferable and the most torturing, and the most hard to bear.

---

Deal not unjustly with others, and ye shall not be dealt with unjustly.

—"KORAN, CHAPTER II."*

---

If any one say that he has seen a just man in want of bread, we say that it was in some place where there was no other just man.

---

Justice should be the rule of man's life, but it should be tempered by generosity.

---

Justice must punish the rebellious deed,
Yet punish so as pity shall exceed.

—DRYDEN.

---

*Translated by Sale.*

It is with the greatest difficulty that I attempt to separate policy from justice. Justice is itself the great standing policy of civil society, and any eminent departure from it, under any circumstances, lies under the suspicion of being no policy at all.

—BURKE.

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## THEMISTOCLES AND THE SPARTAN FLEET.

Themistocles told the Athenians that he had conceived a project which would be of the greatest advantage to Athens, but the profoundest secrecy was necessary to ensure its success. They desired him to communicate it to Aristides, the Just, and promised, if he approved, to execute it. Themistocles took Aristides aside, and told him that he proposed, unawares, to burn the ships of the Spartans, then in profound peace with the Athenian state, and not expecting an attack, which would have very much weakened the Spartan power. Aristides reported that nothing could be more advantageous, but nothing more unjust than the project in view. The people refused to hear or to execute it.

## 84. KINDNESS.

Kindness does not consist in gifts, but in gentleness and generosity of spirit—men may give their money which comes from the purse, and withhold their kindness, which comes from the heart. The kindness that displays itself in giving money does not amount to much, and often does quite as much harm as good; but the kindness of true sympathy, of thoughtful help, is never without beneficent results.

—SMILES.

---

A kind heart is a spring of joy to all within its reach—
A fountain of refreshing in the great wilderness of life;
And words of gentleness, like winged seeds borne on the summer's breeze,
Float afar, and find and fertilize a soil where they were least expected.

—CHARLES HENRY HANGER.

---

Show kindness to those under you, that you may receive kindness from Mezdâm.[1]

—"DESATIR."

---

Do naught to others which if done to thee
Would cause thee pain: this is the sum of duty.†

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

---

1. The Most High God.

* *Translated by Mulla Firuz Bin Kaus, edited by D. J. Medhora.*

† *From Indian Wisdom, by Monier Williams.*

And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.

—"BIBLE—ST. LUKE, 6."

---

What you do not like when done to yourself, do not do that to others.*

—CONFUCIUS.

---

There is only one idea, which is universal for all mankind, of any age or sect or country, and that has been summed up in the Sanskrit aphorism:—"Do not injure any being; non-injuring any being is virtue; injuring any being is vice."†

---

A shepherd to his father said, "O wise sir,
Teach me a maxim worthy of the old."
He replied, "Practise kindness, but not to such an extent
That the sharp-toothed wolf become fearless."

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.‡

---

A kind act never stops paying rich dividends.

---

Each kindness shown to birds or men,
Is sure to flutter back again.

---

By sweet speech and kindness and cheerfulness,
Thou mayest lead an elephant along with a hair.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.‡

---

* *Dr. Legge's Life and Teachings of Confucius.*

† *From an Extract of a Lecture delivered in America, by Swâmi Vivekânanda, from The Awakened India.*

‡ *Translated by Platts.*

Even with the malignant act kindly,—
A dog's mouth is better closed with a morsel.
—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.

---

Gentleness often disarms the fierce and melts the stubborn.

---

The most corrective punishment is kindness.

---

Deal gently with those, who stray. Draw by love and persuasion. A kiss is worth a thousand kicks. A kind word is more valuable to the lost than a mine of gold.

---

Kind words! they in our troubled hours
Fall on the heart, like dew on flowers;
While all the wealth the earth could bring,
Would never reach its hidden spring.
And life—what is it? when 'tis past
The good, the true alone will last.
And gentle words and kindly deeds
Are all the parting spirit needs.
Kind words—they are the breath of Heaven;
To cheer earth's sorrowing ones they're given,
While they whose words wound the oppress'd,
May live and die, alike unblest.

* *Translated by Platts.*

## 85. KNOWLEDGE.

Knowledge is the true alchemy that turns everything it touches into gold. It gives us dominion over nature, unlocks the storehouse of creation and opens to us the treasure of the universe.

---

Knowledge is a comfortable and necessary retreat and shelter for us in an advanced age; and if we do not plant it while young, it will give us no shade when we grow old.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

---

Knowledge is power.

—BACON.

---

He that has light within his own clear breast,
May sit in the centre, and enjoy bright day;
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts
Benighted walks under the midday sun.

—MILTON.

---

The man of knowledge feels no doubt.

—CONFUCIUS.

---

Knowledge leads to unity, and Ignorance to diversity.

—SAYINGS OF RÂMAKRISHNA.

---

* *From Marshman's Works of Confucius.*

† *By Max Müler.*

Knowledge the wing wherewith we fly to heaven.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Knowledge alone effects emancipation.
As fire is indispensable to cooking,
So knowledge is essential to deliverance.
Knowledge alone disperses ignorance,
As sunlight scatters darkness.

—SHANKARÂCHÂRYA.

---

Even if we rub and scrub our body with water,
still, O Brother ! it is impure ;
Let us bathe in the mighty waters of knowledge,
O Brother ! so that the mind and body be
purified.†

—SIKH TEACHING.

---

A man without knowledge, a world without light.‡

---

Through ignorance of what is good and what is bad, the life of man is greatly perplexed.

—CICERO.

---

A blind man shakes off even the garland thrown on his head, suspecting it to be a snake.

—KÂLIDÂS'S SHÂKUNTALA.

---

Nature has given to us the seeds of knowledge, not knowledge.

—SENECA.

---

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

† *From Annie Besant's Lecture on Sikhism.*

‡ *From Gracian's Art of Worldly Wisdom, translated from the Spanish by Jacobs*

Knowledge is not gained on a bed of roses.

—TURKISH PROVERB.

---

Ignorance is a voluntary misfortune.

---

How can a man love knowledge yet repose?
Wouldst thou be learned, then abandon ease.
Either give up thy knowledge or thy rest.*

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

---

As with laborious toil the husbandman
Digging with spade beneath the ground, arrives
At spring of living water, so the man
Who searches eagerly for truth will find
The knowledge hidden in his teacher's mind.

—MANU.

---

You must not be ashamed to ask what you do not know.

—ARABIC MAXIM.

---

A Persian philosopher being asked by what method he had acquired knowledge, answered, "by not being prevented by shame from asking questions where I was ignorant."

---

One of the most powerful obstructions to the advancement of knowledge is the too great readiness with which mankind make up their minds, shut up the book of experience and rest contented with what they have seen. They, who seek truth with fervour are ever open to new evidence—ever ready to consider, reinvestigate the opinions they hold. They deem none irrevocably fixed.

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

They are tolerant of new views and explore with candour the grounds on which they are supported.

---

They who do not feel the darkness will never look for the light.

—BUCKLE.

---

The ignorant and the weak only are idle; but those who have once acquired a good stock of knowledge always desire to increase it. Knowledge is like power, in this respect; that those who have the most, are most desirous of having more. It does not clog, by possession, but increases desire; which is the case of very few pleasures.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

---

Amongst all things, knowledge, they say, is truly the best thing; from its not being liable ever to be stolen, from its not being purchasable, and from its being imperishable.

—"HITOPADESHA."*

---

Human knowledge is but an accumulation of small facts, made by successive generations of men, the little bits of knowledge and experience carefully treasured up by them growing at length into a mighty pyramid.

—SMILES.

---

The original and proper sources of knowledge are not books, but life, experience, personal thinking, feeling, and acting. When a man starts with these, books can fill up many gaps, correct much that is inaccurate, and

*Prof. Johnson's edition.*

extend much that is inadequate; but without living experience to work on, books are like rain and sunshine fallen on unbroken soil.

—PROF. BLACKIE.

---

The real animating power of knowledge is only in the moment of its being first received, when it fills us with wonder and joy; a joy, for which, the previous ignorance is just as necessary as the present knowledge. That man is always happy, who is in the presence of something, which he cannot know to the full, which he is always going on to know. This is the necessary condition of a finite creature with divinely rooted and divinely directed intelligence; this, therefore, its happy state.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

---

O happy they for whom, in early age,
Enlightening knowledge spreads her lettered page,
Teaches each headlong passion to control,
And pours her liberal lesson on the soul!
Ideas grow from books, their natural food,
As aliment is changed to vital blood.
Though faithless fortune strip her votary bare,
Though malice haunt him, and though envy tear,
Nor time, nor chance, nor want, can e'er destroy
This soul-felt solace, and this bosom joy!

—HANNAH MORE.

---

Be ignorance thy choice, where knowledge leads to woe.

—BEATTIE.

---

In disuse, knowledge is poison.

—"HITOPADESHA."*

---

Knowledge, that leaves no trace of acts behind,
Is like mere body, destitute of mind.
Knowledge the stem, and acts the fruit will be,
'Tis simply for the fruitage grows the tree.
The barren branches do but shock the eye,
And can but fuel to the cook supply.

—"ANVAR-I-SUHAILI."†

---

The value of knowledge to any man consists not in its quantity, but mainly in the good uses to which he can apply it. Hence a little knowledge of an exact and perfect character is always found more valuable for practical purposes than any extent of superficial learning,

—SMILES.

---

It is good to know much, but better to make good use of what we know.

—MAXIM.

---

The object of knowledge should be to mature wisdom and improve character, to render us better, happier and more useful; more benevolent, more energetic and more efficient in the pursuit of every high purpose in life.

—SMILES.

---

We should not place our felicity in knowledge so as to forget mortality; that we use knowledge so as to give ourselves ease and content, not distaste and repining;

* *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

† *Translated by Eastwick.*

that we presume not by the contemplation of nature to attain to the mysteries of God.

---

Knowledge is not a couch, whereupn to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a wandering and variable mind to walk up and down with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud mind to raise itself upon; or a fort or commanding ground for strife and contention; or a shop for profit or sale; but a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator, and the relief of man's estate. But this is that which will indeed dignify and exalt knowledge, if contemplation and action may be more nearly and strictly conjoined and united together than they have been.

—BACON.

---

Amongst the petty dishonesties of common life, there are some more hurtful, but perhaps none more paltry, than that of pretending to know where one is ignorant. It is a fault into which many not ill-meaning persons are drawn, from a false shame which would probably be checked if any immediate evil consequences seemed likely to flow from it. They dislike to appear at a loss, or defeated, or under a short-coming about anything; and thus are tempted either to affect knowledge where they have it not, or in some way to allow it to be supposed that they are not ignorant.

—R. CHAMBERS.

---

He who knows nothing is confident in everything.

—ITALIAN PROVERB.

---

Rather confess ignorance, than falsely profess knowledge.

---

Ignorance is bold, and knowledge reserved.

—THUCYDIDES.

---

Newton, the philosopher, compared himself to a child picking up a few shells on the shore, while before him lay the great ocean of knowledge.

---

As more and "More" our understanding clears,
So more and more our ignorance appears.*

—MORE.

---

And the whole difference between a man of genius and other men, it has been said a thousand times, and most truly, is that the first remains in great part a child seeing with the large eyes of children, in perpetual wonder, not conscious of much knowledge,—conscious, rather, of infinite ignorance, and yet infinite power; a fountain of eternal admiration, delight, and creative force within him meeting the ocean of visible and governable things around him.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

---

Get knowledge all you can, and the more you get, the more you breathe upon its nearer heights their invigorating air and enjoy the widening prospect, the more you will know and feel how small is the elevation you have reached in comparison with the immeasurable altitudes that yet remain unscaled. Be thorough in all you do, and remember that, though ignorance often may be innocent, pretension is always despicable.

—ADVICE TO STUDENTS.

---

* *From D'israeli's Curiosities.*

Ignorance is the parent of doubt, and is itself an answer to it, if the ignorance is such as may be expected from the nature and condition of man, and suited to all his wants, propensities and prospects. The proper sense of it may be as useful to him as the application of what he knows.*

---

Our happiness as thinking beings must depend on our being content to accept only partial knowledge, even in those matters which chiefly concern us. If we insist upon perfect intelligibility and complete declaration in every moral subject, we shall instantly fall into misery of unbelief. Our whole happiness and power of energetic action depend upon our being able to breathe and live in the cloud; content to see it opening here and closing there; rejoicing to catch, through the thinnest films of it, glimpses of stable and substantial things; but yet perceiving a nobleness even in the concealment and rejoicing that the kindly veil is spread where the untempered light might have scorched us, or the infinite clearness wearied.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

---

Perfect ignorance is quiet, perfect knowledge is quiet—not so the transition from the former to the latter.

---

How many are in knowledge rich,
And yet in wisdom poor?

---

Knowledge, when wisdom is too weak to guide her,
Is like a headstrong horse that throws the rider.

—QUARLES.

---

* *From William Danby's Ideas and Realities.*

Knowledge and wisdom, far from being one,
Have oft times no connexion. Knowledge dwells
In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
Wisdom in minds attentive to their own—
Knowledge a rude unprofitable mass,
The mere materials with which wisdom builds,
Till smoothed and squared, and fitted to its place,
Does but encumber whom it seems to enrich.
Knowledge is proud that he has learnt so much,
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

—COWPER.

---

Knowledge puffeth up, but charity buildeth.

—ST. PAUL.

---

We are all children of one Father, whose works it should be our delight to study. As the intelligent child, standing by his parent's knee, asks explanations alike of the most simple phenomena, and of the most profound problems; so, should man, turning to his Creator, continually ask for knowledge. Not because the profession of letters has, in these days, become a fashion, and that the man of general proficiency can best work out his success in worldly pursuits; but because knowledge is of itself a treasure which gladdens the heart, dignifies the mind, and ennobles the soul.

The occupation of the mind, by the pursuit of knowledge, is of itself a good, since it diverts from evil, and by elevating and refining the mind, and strengthening the judgment, it fortifies us for the hour of temptation, and surrounds us with barriers which the powers of sin cannot successfully assail.

It is not contended that the mere acquisition of knowledge will either ensure a good moral nature, or

convey religious truth. But both religion and morals will find in the diffusion of knowledge a ground-work upon which their loftier temples may discover an acceptable foundation.

—"THE REASON WHY."

---

The mind of man is this world's true dimension;
And knowledge is the measure of the mind:
And as the mind, in her vast comprehension,
Contains more worlds than all the world can find:
So knowledge doth itself far more extend,
Than all the minds of men can comprehend.

—LORD BROOKE.

---

The man with hoary head is not revered
As aged by the gods, but only he
Who has true knowledge; he, though young, is old.*

—MANU.

---

I will teach you the nature of true knowledge: if you know anything, apply that knowledge; but what you are ignorant of, do not appear to know. Thus act, and if there be anything doubtful, do not destroy yourself with anxiety, nor cast away what you already know; but continue to seek instruction, and thus you may arrive at solid and thorough knowledge.†

—CONFUCIUS.

---

The highest knowledge can be nothing more than the shortest and clearest road to truth.

—COLTON.

---

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

† *From Marshman's Works of Confucius.*

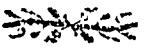
That is true knowledge which can show
The glory of the living gods,—
Divest of pride, make men below
Humble and happy, though but clods.
That is true knowledge which can make
Us mortals, saint-like, holy, pure,
The strange thirst of the spirit slake
And strengthen suffering to endure.*

—TORU DUTT.

---

Soul of the world, knowledge, without thee,
What hath the earth that truly glorious is?
Why should our pride make such a stir to be,
To be forgot? What good is like to this,
To do worthy the writing, and to write
Worthy the reading, and the world's delight?

—DANIEL.



* *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.*

## 86. LABOUR.

In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground.

—"BIBLE–GENESIS 3."

---

He that will not work, neither shall he eat.

—ST. PAUL.

---

Even the ripest fruit does not drop into one's mouth.

—CHINESE PROVERB.

---

No one goes to Heaven without dying for it, that is a well-known Indian proverb; that is, every one must work for his own salvation.

---

There may be plenty of water in the well, but wishing will not bring it out.

—CANARESE PROVERB.

---

Errors like straws upon the surface flow;
He who would search for pearls must dive below.

—DRYDEN.

---

No sweat, no sweet.

—PROVERB.

---

Employment is to man what oil is to machinery, it makes the wheels of existence turn smoothly.

---

A good stout body being provided, some labour must be found for it.

—SYDNEY SMITH.

---

He, who knows not to labour, knows not what it is to enjoy.

---

God gives food to every bird, but He does not bring it to the nest. In like manner, he gives us our daily bread, but by means of our daily work. God helps those that help themselves.

---

I cannot too much impress upon your mind that *labour* is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life; there is nothing worth having that can be had without it. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labour than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough.*

---

God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemploy'd and less need rest.
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways.

—MILTON.

---

Why to another's care consign
Schemes that thine own exertions claim?

* *Sir Walter Scott's Advice to his son.*

And when thou hast been thus supine,
Why on another hang the blame!
—"ANVÂR-I-SUHAILI."*

---

Fortune attends the lion-hearted man
Who acts with energy; weak-minded persons
Sit idly waiting for some gift of fate.
Banish all thought of destiny, and act
With manly vigour, straining all thy nerve;
When thou hast put forth all thy energy
The blame of failure will not rest with thee.
—"HITOPADESHA."

---

God helps them that help themselves.
—FRANKLIN.

---

Work and thou shalt have.
—PROVERB.

---

Labour conquers all things.
—MAXIM.

---

Certain it is that no bread eaten by man is so sweet as that earned by his own labour, bodily or mental. By labour the earth has been subdued, and man redeemed from barbarism, nor has a single step in civilization been made without it. Labour is not only a necessity and a duty but a blessing; only the idler feels it to be a curse.
—SMILES.

---

Assiduous pains the swelling coffers fill,
And all may make their fortune, if they will.‡

---

* *Translated by Eastwick.*
† *Prof. Johnson's edition.*
‡ *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

He becometh poor that dealeth with a slack hand: bu the hand of the diligent maketh rich.

—"BIBLE-PROVERBS 10."

---

It is the diligent hand and head alone that maketh rich in self-culture, growth in wisdom and in business.

—SMILES.

---

Diligence is the mother of good luck.

—PROVERB.

---

Plough deep when sluggards sleep
And you will have corn to sell and keep.

---

No endeavour is in vain;
Its reward is in the doing.

—LONGFELLOW.

---

He who would reap well, must sow well.

—MAXIM.

---

Easy come, easy go.

—PROVERB.

---

He that labours is tempted by one devil; but he that idle is tempted by a thousand.

—ITALIAN PROVERB.

---

There are some men who seem to be willing to do anything in the world to earn a living—but work.

---

am persuaded that Milton did not write his "Paradise Lost," nor Homer his "Iliad," nor Newton his "Principia" without immense labour. Nature gave

them a bias towards their respective pursuits, and that strong propensity, I suppose, is what we mean by genius. The rest they gave themselves.

—COWPER.

---

A wise man will never rust out; as long as he breathes the breath of life, he will be doing something for himself, his country or posterity. Washington, Franklin, Howard, Young, Newton all were at work to the last hour of their existence.

---

Most of those excellencies which are regarded as natural endowments will be found, when looked at more closely, to be the product of repeated exercise.

—LOCKE.

---

By labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life) joined with the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written to after times, as they should not willingly let it die.

—MILTON.

---

Learn to labour and to wait.

—LONGFELLOW.

---

In works of labour or of skill
Let me be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

—WATTS.

---

Labour is one of the best antidotes to crime.

—SMILES.

---

## THE PROPHET MAHOMED'S ADVICE.

One evening after a weary march through the desert, Mahomed was camping with his followers, and overheard one of them saying, 'I will loose my camel, and commit it to God;' on which the prophet took him up: 'Friend, *tie* thy camel, and commit it to God.'

---

## HERCULES AND THE CARTER.

As a clownish fellow was driving his cart along a deep miry lane, the wheels stuck so fast in the clay that the horses could not draw them out. Upon this, he fell a bawling and praying to Hercules to come and help him. Hercules, looking down from a cloud, bid him not lie there, like an idle rascal as he was, but get up and whip his horses stoutly, and clap his shoulder to the wheel; adding, that this was the only way for him to obtain his assistance.

—ÆSOP'S FABLES.

## 87. LEARNING.

The resolver of many doubts, the exhibition of invisible objects, the eye of all, is Learning. He, of whom it is not, verily is blind.

—"HITOPADESHA."*

---

'Tis art and learning that draw forth
The hidden seeds of native worth.

—WALLER.

---

The three foundations of learning: seeing much, suffering much, and studying much.

---

In learning anything, as little as possible should be proposed to the mind at first.

—WATTS.

---

It is never too late to learn.

---

So long as you are ignorant, be not ashamed to learn.

---

Learn to unlearn what you have learned amiss.

---

Get learning, that thou mayest honoured be;
Man is worth nought, of learning when bereft.
Knowledge will raise thy fortune and degree
From the remotest line where shoes are left,
To the mid-circle of the company.

—"ANVÂR-I-SUHAILI."†

---

* *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

† *Translated by Eastwick.*

He who has acquired learning is indeed a great man ;
He who is devoid of it is unsubstantial like a dry piece of wood.
Learning is the source of salvation, the essence of all essences ;
It is the foundation of happiness, the sum and substance of all philosophy.
Knowledge is a noble thing in the world, it pervades the whole universe ;
He who possesses true learning is lord of the goddess of wealth.

—SÂMAL.

---

The existence of a man of learning is like gold, pure gold ;
For wherever he goes people know his worth and value.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.†

---

Learning is wealth to the poor and an ornament to the rich.

---

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :
Their shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.

—POPE.

---

Learn thoroughly, inquire diligently, examine carefully, distinguish clearly, and practise firmly.

—CHUNG-CHEE.‡

---

*A Gujarâti poet.*

† *Translated by Platts.*

‡ *A disciple of Confucius. From Marshman's Works of Confucius.*

The love of money and the love of learning rarely meet.

—PROVERB.

---

There are many relations and friends in this world, but at the time of adversity none appears. They gather all for happiness, and as soon as bad time comes they fly. If a man has learning for his friend, what want has he in the three worlds! If he has wealth or no, still learning helps him, and does not desert him.

It cannot be stolen, is not visible, and gives happiness always. It does not become less even by an inch, though stretched. He, who has the wealth of learning, does not become poor, even to the end of the dissolution. Those, who, through idleness do not acquire it, are to be pitied.

—"MODI THIRD READING BOOK."

---

## LEARN A LITTLE EVERY DAY.

Little rills make wider streamlets,
  Streamlets swell the river's flow;
Rivers join the ocean billows,
  Onward, onward as they go!
Life is made of smallest fragments,
  Shade and sunshine, work and play;
So may we, with greatest profit,
  Learn a little everyday.

Tiny seeds make boundless harvests,
  Drops of rain compose the showers,
Seconds make the flying minutes,
  And the minutes make the hours,

Let us hasten, then, and catch them
As they pass us on our way,
And with honest true endeavour
Learn a little everyday.

Let us read some striking passage,
Cull a verse from every page;
Here a line and there a sentence,
'Gainst the lonely time of age.
At our work, or by the wayside,
While the sunshine 's making hay:
Thus we may, by help of heaven,
Learn a little everyday.

## 88. LIFE.

Life is a voyage, in the progress of which we are perpetually changing our scenes; we first leave childhood behind us, then youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the latter and more pleasing part of old age.

—SENECA.

---

The whole of life may be regarded as a great school of experience, in which men and women are the pupils. As in a school, many of the lessons learnt there must needs be taken on trust. We may not understand them, and may possibly think it hard that we have to learn them, especially, where the teachers are trials, sorrows, temptations, and difficulties; and yet we must not only accept their lessons, but recognise them as being divinely appointed.

—SMILES.

---

The life of man is a journey; a journey that must be travelled, however bad the roads or the accommodation. If in the beginning it is found dangerous, narrow, or difficult, it must either grow better in the end or we shall by custom learn to bear its inequality.

—GOLDSMITH.

---

### THE RIVER OF LIFE.

The more we live, more brief appear
  Our life's succeeding stages:
A day to childhood seems a year,
  And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
  Ere passion yet disorders,

Steals lingering like a river smooth
  Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
  And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye Stars, that measure life to man,
  Why seem your courses quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath
  And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of Death,
  Feel we its tide more rapid?

It may be strange—yet who would change
  Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
  And left our bosoms bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
  Indemnifying fleetness;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
  Proportion'd to their sweetness.

—T. CAMPBELL.

---

Our attachment to every object around us increases in general from the length of our acquaintance with it. "I would not choose," says a French philosopher, "to see an old post pulled up with which I had been long acquainted." A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance. From hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages, not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion, there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the Emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great Father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years' old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, and without being even confronted with my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy, unless I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed in that prison from which you were pleased to release me." The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell.

—GOLDSMITH.

---

Variety's the very spice of life,
That gives it all its flavour.

—COWPER.

---

Business is the salt of life.

—MAXIM.

---

The two great pleasures of living are in having something to love and something to hope for.

---

We live in deeds, not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by the heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—P. J. BAILEY.

---

Length of years is no test of length of life. Some live more in twenty years than others in a century. A man's life is to be measured by what he does in it, and what he feels in it. The more he does and the more he feels, the more he lives.

—SMILES.

---

Not to be happy, but to *deserve* happiness, says the philosopher, is the object of our existence.

---

How small a portion of our life it is that we really enjoy. In youth we are looking forward to things that are to come ; in old age, we are looking backwards to things that are gone past ; in manhood, although we appear indeed to be more occupied in things that are present, yet even that is too often absorbed in vague determinations to be vastly happy on some future day, when we have time.

—COLTON.

---

If we have not the good things of the world, we are distressed ;
And if we possess them, we fetter our feet through our love for them.

A more bewildering trial than this world's joys exists not;
Since they are a grief to the soul whether they are possessed or not.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

---

This life is but a bubble;
'Tis ended in a day;
Then let us laugh at trouble,
And drive our cares away.
The world is full of sorrow,
But has its pleasures, too,
Then do not trouble borrow,
Life's bright side only view.
Then a health to those who love us,
And a smile for those who hate;
Kind Heaven is above us,
And we may trust our Fate.

---

Some friendly stars the moonless night illume;
Some flowers of hope amid the desert bloom:
Life has no perfect good, no endless ill,
No constant brightness, no perpetual gloom;
But, circling as a wheel, and never still,
Now down, and now above, all must their fate fulfil.†

—KÂLIDÂSA.

---

Friend after friend departs,—
Who hath not lost a friend?
There is no union here of hearts,
That finds not here an end.

—MONTGOMERY.

---

* *Translated by Platts.*

† *From Mrs. Manning's Ancient and Mediæval India.*

O Life! without thy chequered scene
Of right and wrong, of weal and woe,
Success and failure, could a ground
For magnanimity be found;
For faith, 'mid ruined hopes, serene?
Or whence could virtue flow?

—WORDSWORTH.

---

Earth is not *all* fair, yet it is not *all* gloom;
And the voice of the grateful will tell,
That He who allotted Pain, Death, and the Tomb,
Gave Hope, Health, and the Bridal as well.

—ELIZA COOK.

---

Life is short, art long, opportunity fleeting, experiment slippery, judgment difficult.

—HIPPOCRATES.

---

Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end; the minor longs to be at age; then to be a man of business; then to make up an estate; then to arrive at honours; then to retire.

---

It is strictly and philosophically in nature and in reason, that there is no such thing as chance or accident, if by chance or accident is meant the absence of all law. It is evident that these words do not signify anything really existing, anything that is truly an agent, or the cause of an event, but they signify merely men's ignorance of the real and immediate cause.

Those who look on Mortality's ocean aright
Will not mourn o'er each billow that rolls,

But dwell on the glories, the beauties, the might,
As much as the shipwrecks and shoals.

—ELIZA COOK.

---

Six things temper the hardships of this life; good diet, a kind friend, a faithful wife, an obedient child, a prudent tongue, and a wise head.*

—"JAVIDAN-KHIRAD."

---

The wail of regret, the rude clashing of strife,
The soul's harmony often may mar;
But I think we must own, in the discords of life,
'Tis ourselves that oft waken the jar.

—ELIZA COOK.

---

The whole of human life is cause and effect; there is no such thing in it as 'chance, nor is there even in all the wide universe.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

---

Tell me what life you lead and I will tell you how you shall die.

—OLD ITALIAN PROVERB.

---

Life is a duty, and we ought to desire its preservation. Wilfully to let it decay would be a sin in the sight of God.

---

Sisostris, King of Egypt, having caused four of his captive kings to draw his triumphal chariot, instead of horses, one of them kept his eye fixed upon the two foremost wheels next him, which the king observing, asked him what he found worthy his admiration in that

*From *Ancient Iranian and Zoroastrian Morals* by *D. J. Medhora.*

motion, to which the captive king answered, "That in those wheels, he beheld the inconstancy of all human affairs: for the lowest part of the wheel was on a sudden raised up, and became the highest; and the uppermost part was quickly borne downwards." The king maturely reflected upon this and set the kings free.

---

In its true light this transient life regard;
This is a state of trial, not reward.
Though rough the passage, peaceful is the port.
The bliss is perfect, the probation short.
Of human wit beware the fatal pride;
A useful follower, but a dangerous guide:
On holy faith's aspiring pinions rise;
Assert your birthright, and assume the skies.
Fountain of Being! teach us to devote
To Thee each purpose, action, word and thought!

—HANNAH MORE.

---

Whatever happens, happy in the mind,
Be thou serene, nor at thy lot repine;
He 'scapes all ill whose bosom is resign'd,
Nor way nor weather will be always fine.
Besides, thy home's not here, a journey this,
A pilgrim thou, then hie thee on thy way;
Look up to God, intent on heav'nly bliss,
Take what the road affords, and praises pay.
Shun brutal lusts, and seek thy soul's high sphere,
So truth shall shield thee or from hurt or fear.*

—CHAUCER.

---

Say not, "this world seems dark and drear!"
But strive yourself to light it;

*His last advice, from Poetry and Poets by Richard Ryan.*

Though ignorance rage, yet never fear,
'Tis manhood's work to fight it.
Strive on, and rust will drop its scales—
The earnest effort seldom fails.
And purpose over doubt prevails,
Thus making life look brighter.

Does virtue meet with small reward?
That thought is worldly-minded,
For vice herself is oft abhorred,
By slaves whom she has blinded;
Though now the clouds be dark and dense,
When we shall walk by faith, not sense,
Virtue will have true recompense,
The while the clouds grow lighter.

Then call not life a "vale of tears,"
Our lives are what we make them;
And we must weigh by "deeds not years,"
If we would not mistake them.
Improve the years, and life is sweet;
We sow good seed to reap pure wheat;
Good thoughts and deeds make life complete,
And make the soul grow whiter.

---

God is omnipresent; the power of His knowledge, His goodness, His mercy, and His benign intentions are visible in every arrangement and organism of the Universe; to trust Him, to love Him, to adore Him devoutly and to resign oneself to His will—this is the realization of the highest object of life.*

---

* *Ishwaropásná (an admonition), by the Ahmedábád Prárthaná Samáj.*

## RIGHT-LIVING.

Indulge the true ambition to excel
In that best art,—the art of living well.

—JOSEPH ISHMAEL.

---

When all the fiercer passions cease
(The glory and disgrace of youth);
When the deluded soul, in peace,
Can listen to the voice of truth;
When we are taught in whom to trust,
And how to spare, to spend, to give,
(Our prudence kind, our pity just,)
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

Its weakness when the body feels,
Nor danger in contempt defies;
To reason when desire appeals,
When on experience hope relies;
When every passing hour we prize,
Nor rashly on our follies spend;
But use it as it quickly flies,
With sober aim to serious end;
When prudence bounds our utmost views,
And bids us wrath and wrong forgive;
When we can calmly gain or lose,—
'Tis then we rightly learn to live.

—CRABBE.

---

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife.

Trust no Future, however pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!

Act—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;—

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

—LONGFELLOW.

---

He lives who lives to God alone,
And all are dead beside;
For other source than God is none
Whence life can be supplied.

To live to God is to requite
His love as best we may;
To make His precepts our delight,
His promises our stay.

But life within a narrow ring
Of giddy joys comprised,
Is falsely named and no such thing
But rather death disguised.

—COWPER.

---

He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

—BAILEY.

---

A life spent worthily should be measured by a nobler line,—by deeds, not years.

—SHERIDAN.

---

Mine honour is my life, both grow in one;
Take honour from me, and my life is done.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Live while you live; the epicure would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day;
Live while you live, the sacred preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies:
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

—DODDRIDGE.

---

Vital action everywhere is emphatically a means, not an end; life is not given us for the mere sake of living, but always with an ulterior external aim.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

---

The highest object of life we take to be, to form a manly character, and to work out the best development possible, of body and spirit—of mind, conscience, heart and soul. This is the end; all else must be regarded as the means. Accordingly that is not the most successful life in which a man gets the most pleasure, the most money, the most power or place, honour or fame, but that in which a man gets the most manhood, and performs the greatest amount of useful work and of human duty.

—SMILES.

---

To live is to kindle of knowledge the fires;
To live is to cherish the blood of our sires;
To live is to conquer the passions of slaves;
To live is with honour to go to our graves;

To live is to quicken the heart with love's thrill;
To live is creation with gladness to fill;
To live is to scatter of wisdom the seeds,
Till blossoms of thought grow to fruits of good deeds.

---

Body is the boat by which we must cross the river of life. Forgiveness is the oar by which it is to be propelled. Truth is the ballast that is to steady it. The practice of righteousness is the rope for dragging it along difficult waters; and the wind to urge its sail onwards is charity.°

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

---

Live with men as if God saw you.

—SENECA.

---

The great business of life is to please God.

—ARNOLD.

---

So *live*, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

---

It is astonishing how much more anxious people are to lengthen life than to improve it.

—COLTON.

---

*From The Awakened India.*

Complain not of the shortness of life, but employ thy time usefully.

—MAXIM.

---

That short period of a short existence, which is rationally employed, is that which alone deserves the name of life; and that portion of our life is most rationally employed, which is occupied in enlarging our stock of truth, and of wisdom.

—COLTON.

---

If life be short it shall be glorious;
Each moment shall be rich in some great action.

—ROWE.

---

Life, if thou knowest how to use it, is long enough.

—SENECA.

---

Better to live well than long.

—MAXIM.

---

Life is not to live but to be well.

—MARTIAL.

---

The bread of life is love; the salt of life is work, the sweetness of life is poetry, the water of life is Faith.

---

None so little enjoy life, and are such burdens to themselves, as those, who have nothing to do.

---

Two things life offers—fame, the virtuous deed:
Save these, 'All things are subject to decay.'
Injure not others, help men to succeed,
Thus shalt thou reap, a blessing for to-day;
And the next world, when this has passed away.
—"ANVÂR-I-SUHAILI."*

---

When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies in me; when I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate passion expires; when I meet with the grief of parents upon a tombstone, my heart melts with compassion; when I see the tombs of the parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow.

---

Nor love thy life, nor hate; but what thou liv'st
Live well; how long or short permit to heaven.
—MILTON.

---

Pleasure and peace naturally result from a holy and good life.

—TILLOTSON.

---

How powerful and yet uncontrollable by ourselves, is the influence of our life upon the lives of others! For aught you can tell, your existence may be a fate to another—another's to you.†

---

Give me a calm, a thankful heart;
From every murmur free;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And make me live to thee.

**Translated by Eastwick.*

† *Thoughts from Writings of Richard Jefferies.*

Oh let the hope that I am thine
My life and death attend
Direct my steps by light divine
And bless my journey's end.*

## AIM IN LIFE.

The thing which an active mind needs is a purpose and a direction worthy of its activity.

---

Live to some purpose, for life was not given
To be squandered away at your will;
Each act of your life is recorded in heaven
To answer for good or for ill.

---

Live to some purpose; catch time as it flies,
For time is a taper that burns,
A gem of great value, a rich floating prize,
Once departed it never returns.

---

Half the people of the world are idle for the want of some overseeing eye to set them to work. The advice that one must settle down to some definite purpose, needs be given to one half of mankind.

---

Our success in life generally bears a driect proportion to the exertions we make, and if we aim at nothing, we shall certainly achieve nothing. By the remission of labour and energy, it often happens that poverty and contempt, disaster and defeat, steal a march upon prosperity and honour, and overwhelm us with reverses and shame.

---

*From Chambers's Infant Education.*

The most unhappy of all men is the man who cannot tell what he is going to do, who has got no work cut out for him in the world, and does not go into it. For work is the grand cure of all the maladies and miseries that ever beset mankind,—honest work, which you intend getting done.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

---

No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will;
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

---

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high,
So shall thou humble and magnanimous be.
Sink not in spirit; who aimeth at the sky,
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

---

Think always only of the best, and the good will very soon appear.

---

Aim at perfection in everything; though in most things it is unattainable, however those who aim at it and persevere will come much nearer to it than those whose laziness and despondency make them give it up as unattainable.

---

To comprehend a man's life it is necessary to know not merely what he does, but also what he purposely leaves undone. There is a limit to the work that can be got out of a human body or a human brain, and he is a wise man, who wastes no energy on pursuits for which he is not fitted: and he is still wiser, who, from

among the things that he can do well, chooses and resolutely follows the best.

—GLADSTONE.

---

"But we that have but span-long lives" must ever bear in mind our limited time for acquisition. And remembering how narrowly this time is limited, not only by the shortness of life, but also still more by the business of life, we ought to be especially solicitous to employ what time we have to the greatest advantage. Before devoting years to some subject which fashion or fancy suggests, it is surely wise to weigh with great care the worth of the results, as compared with the worth of various alternative results which the same years might bring if otherwise applied.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

---

Great designs and small means have been the ruin of many.

---

Before you attempt, consider what you can perform.

---

Aim not too high, nor sink too low, climb not too high, lest you fall, nor lie on the ground, lest you be trampled on. Consider yourself as safest, when your own legs bear you.

---

Trace not in life a vast expensive scheme,
But be thy wishes to thy state allied.

---

Never, under any circumstances, assume a responsibility you can avoid consistently with your duty to yourself and others.

---

They are happy men, whose natures sort with their vocations.

—BACON.

---

Choose betimes the courses and vocations you mean your children should take, for then they are most flexible; not regarding altogether the disposition of the children, as thinking they will take but to that which they have a mind. It is true that if the affection or the aptness of the child be extraordinary, it would be wrong, to cross it; but generally, the precept would be found, "choose what is best and custom will make it pleasant and easy."

—BACON.

---

Grave age approves the solid and the wise;
Gay youth from too austere a drama flies;
Profit and pleasure, then, to mix with art,
T' inform the judgment, nor offend the heart,
Shall gain all votes.—

—FRANCIS.

---

Man cannot at the same time attend to two objects.

—BISHOP TAYLOR.

---

One Science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit.

—POPE.

---

To know one profession only is enough for one man; and this (whatever the professors may tell you to the contrary) is soon learned. Be contented therefore with one good employment; for if you undertake two at a time, people will give you business in neither.

---

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Any man may occasionally be mistaken as to the means most conducive to the end which he has in view; but if the end be just and praiseworthy, it is by that he will be ultimately judged, either by his contemporaries or by posterity.

—CANNING.

---

Wouldst fashion for thyself a seemly life?—
Then fret not over what is past and gone;
And spite of all thou mayst have lost behind,
Yet act as if thy life were just begun.
What each day wills, enough for thee to know;
What each day wills, the day itself will tell.
Do thine own task, and be therewith content;
What others do, that shalt thou fairly judge;
Be sure that thou no brother-mortal hate,
Then all besides leave to the Master Power.

—GOETHE.

---

Thus many times we wish for wealth, and honour, and beauty, and the like; when, if we had them, they would only prove snares to us, we should be drawn into sin by them; and this God, who knows all things, sees, though we do not; and therefore often denies us those things, which he sees will tend to our mischief: and it is his abundant mercy that he doth so. Let us, therefore, whenever we are disappointed of any of our aims and wishes, ont only patiently, but joyfully submit to it, as knowing that it is certainly best for us, it being chosen by the unerring wisdom of our heavenly Father.

—"THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN."

---

The true ambition there alone resides,
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our achievement great;
Where public blessings, public praise attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end:

—YOUNG.

---

Milton neither aspired to present fame, nor even expected it; but, (to use his own words) his high ambition was "to leave something so written to after ages, that they should not willingly let it die." And Cato finely observed, he would much rather that posterity should inquire why no statues were erected to him, than why they were!

—COLTON.

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## LESSONS OF LIFE.

God sendeth and giveth, both mouth and the meat,
And blesseth us all with his benefits great:
Then serve we the God, who so richly doth give,
Shew love to our neighbours, and lay for to live.

As bud, by appearing, betok'neth the spring,
And leaf, by her falling, the contrary thing;
So youth bids us labour, to get as we can,
For age is a burden to labouring man.

A competent living, and honestly had,
Makes such as are godly, both thankfull and glad;
Life, never contented, with honest estate,
Lamented is oft, and repented too late.

Count never well gotten, what naughty is got,
Nor well to account of, which honest is not:

Look long not to prosper, that weighest not this,
Lest prospering faileth, and all go amiss.

* * * * *

Go count with thy coffers, when harvest is in,
Which way for thy profit to save or to win;
Of'tone or them both, if a savour we smell,
House-keeping is godly, wherever we dwell.

Son, think not thy money, purse bottom to burn,
But keep it for profit, to serve thine own turn:
A fool and his money be soon at debate,
Which after, with sorrow, repents him too late.

* * * * *

Make Money thy drudge, for to follow thy work,
Make Wisdom Comptroller, and Order thy clerk:
Provision Cater, and Skill to be cook,
Make Steward of all, pen, ink, and thy book.

Make Hunger thy sauce, as a med'cine for health,
Make Thirst to be butler, as physic for wealth:
Make eye to be usher, good usage to have,
Make bolt to be porter, to keep out a knave.

Make husbandry bailiff, abroad to provide,
Make huswifery daily, at home for to guide:
Make coffer, fast locked, thy treasure to keep,
Make house to be süer, the safer to sleep.

* * * * *

Each day to be feasted, what husbandry worse,
Each day for to feast, is as ill for the purse;
Yet measurely feasting, with neighbours among,
Shall make thee beloved, and live the more long.

Things husbandly handsome, let workmen contrive,
But build not for glory, that thinkest to thrive;

Who fondly in doing, consumeth his stock,
In the end for his folly, doth get but a mock.

* * * * *

At some time to borrow, account it no shame,
If justly thou keepest thy touch for the same:
Who quick be to borrow, and slow be to pay,
Their credit is naught, go they never so gay.

* * * * *

Who breaketh his credit, or cracketh it twice,
Trust such with a süerty, if ye be wise:
Or if he be angry, for asking thy due,
Once even, to him afterward, lend not anew.

* * * * *

Once weekly, remember thy charges to cast,
Once monthly, see how thy expenses may last:
If quarter declareth too much to be spent,
For fear of ill year, take advice of thy rent.

Who orderly ent'reth his payments in book,
May orderly find them again (if he look:)
And he that intendeth, but once for to pay,
Shall find this in doing, the quietest way.

In dealing uprightly, this counsel I teach,
First reckon, then write, ere to purse ye do reach:
Then pay and dispatch him, as soon as ye can,
For ling'ring is hinderance, to many a man.

* * * * *

The eye of the master enricheth the hutch,
The eye of the mistress availeth as much:
Which eye, if it govern, with reason and skill,
Hath servant and service, at pleasure and will.

* * * * *

Pay weekly thy workman, his household to feed,
Pay quarterly servants, to buy as they need:

Give garment to such as deserve, and no mo,
Lest thou and thy wife, without garment do go.

* * * * *

The greatest preferment that child we can give,
Is learning and nurture, to train him to live;
Which whoso it wanteth, though left as a squire,
Consumeth to nothing, as block in the fire.

When God hath so blest thee, as able to live,
And thou hast to rest thee, and able to give;
Lament thy offences, serve God for amends,
Make soul to be ready, when God for it sends.

* * * * *

—TUSSER.

---

To take thy calling thankfully,
And shun the path to beggary.
To grudge in youth no drudgery,
To come by knowledge perfectly.
To count no travell slavery,
That brings in penny saverly.
To follow profit earnestly,
But meddle not with pilfery.
To get by honest practisy,
And keep thy gettings, covertly.
To lash not out, too lashingly,
For fear of pinching penury.
To get good plot, to occupy,
And store and use it, husbandly.

* * *

To wed good wife, for company,
And live in wedlock honestly.
To furnish house with housholdry,
And make provision skilfully.

* * * *

To suffer none live idly,
For fear of idle knavery.
To courage wife in huswifery,
And use well doers gently.
To keep no more but needfully
And count excess unsavoury.
* * * *
To walk thy pastures usually,
To spy ill neighbour's subtilty.
To hate revengement hastily,
For losing love and amity.
To love thy neighbour, neighbourly,
And show him no discourtesy.
To answer stranger civilly,
But show him not thy secresy.
To use not man deceitfully,
To offer no man villainy.
To learn how foe to pacify,
But trust him not too hastily.
* * * *
To meddle not with usury,
Nor lend thy money foolishly.
To hate to live in infamy,
Through craft, and living shiftingly.
To shun all kind of treachery,
For treason endeth horribly.
To learn to shun ill company,
And such as love dishonestly.
To banish house of blasphemy,
Lest crosses cross, unluckily.
* * * *
To bear thy crosses patiently,
For worldly things are slippery.
To lay to keep from misery,
Age coming on, so creepingly.

To pray to God, continually,
For aid against thine enemy.
To spend thy Sabbath holily,
And help the needy poverty.
To live in conscience quietly,
And keep thyself from malady.
To ease thy sickness speedily,
Ere help be past recovery.
To seek to God for remedy,
For witches prove unluckily.

—TUSSER.

## 89. LOVE.

### WHAT IS LOVE?

'Tis that delightsome transport we can feel,
Which painters cannot paint, nor words reveal,
Nor any art we know of can conceal.
Canst thou describe the sunbeams to the blind?
Or make him feel a shadow with his mind?
So neither can we by description show,
This first of all felicities below.
When happy love pours magic o'er the soul,
And all our thoughts in sweet delirium roll,
When contemplation spreads per rainbow wings,
And every flutter some new rapture brings,
How sweetly then our moments glide away,
And dreams renew the transports of the day:
We live in ecstacy, to all things kind,
For love can teach a moral to the mind.

---

'Love is the grace of nature and the glory of reason, the blessing of God and the comfort of the world.

—Nicholas Breton.

---

Love has prompted the noblest actions, taught the highest virtue, conducted in a path of rectitude to a goal starred and luminous, filled the soul with lofty aspirations, whispered hope and comfort to the drooping spirit, and made all things precious by its own mysterious alchemy. Love is a catholic passion. It belongs to all. It is a universal birthright. Princes and peasants alike acknowledge its power. Though it dwells in king's palaces, it does not fly from cottage homes. It adds fresh lustre

to gold and jewels, and gives to simple folk what neither gold nor jewels can bestow.

---

Love rules the court, the camp, the grove,
And men below and saints above,
For Love is Heaven and Heaven is Love.

—SCOTT.

---

Love with women is business, but business with men is love.

---

What is life when wanting love?
Night without a morning!
Love's the cloudless summer's sun,
Nature gay adorning.

---

In loving thou dost well; in passion not,
Wherein true love consists not. Love refines
The thoughts, and heart enlarges; hath his seat
In reason and is judicious; is the scale
By which to heavenly love thou may'st ascend.

—MILTON.

---

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

—TENNYSON.

---

Love and a cough cannot be hid.

—PROVERB.

---

Love, the tooth-ache, smoke, a cough, and a tight boot are things, which cannot possibly be kept a secret very long.

---

Love pleases more than marriage for the reason that novels are more interesting than history.

---

It is impossible to love and be wise.

---

A lover has been pithily described as a man who in his anxiety to gain possession of another, has lost possession of himself.

---

I have heard of reasons manifold
Why love must needs be blind,
But this the best of all I hold—
His eyes are in his mind.

What outward form and feature are
He guesseth but in part;
But what within is good and fair
He seeth with the heart.

—COLERIDGE.

---

## HOME IN THE HEART.

Oh! ask not a home in the mansions of pride,
Where marble shines out in the pillars and walls;
Though the roof be of gold it is brilliantly cold,
And joy may not be found in its torch-lighted halls.
But seek for a bosom all honest and true,
Where love, once awaken'd, will never depart:
Turn, turn to that breast like a dove to the nest,
And you'll find there's no home like a home in the heart.

Oh! link but one spirit that's warmly sincere,
That will heighten your pleasure and solace your care;
Find a soul you may trust as the kind and the just,
And be sure the wide world holds no treasure so rare.

Then the frowns of Misfortune may shadow our lot,
The cheek-searing tear-drops of Sorrow may start,
But a star never dim, sheds a halo for him,
Who can turn for repose to a home in the heart.
—ELIZA COOK.

---

## A RICH SADDLER.

A rich saddler, whose daughter was afterwards married to a celebrated Earl, ordered in his will that she should lose the whole of her fortune, if she did not marry a saddler. The young Earl, in order to win the bride, actually served an apprenticeship of seven years to a saddler, and afterwards bound himself to the rich saddler's daughter for life.

---

## LOVE AND FOLLY.

Cupid, we know, is painted blind;
The reason it were hard to find,
Unless, indeed, we may suppose
The fable of Lafontaine shows,
Beyond a reasonable doubt,
How the misfortune came about.
'Tis said that on a certain day,
As Love and Folly were at play,
They fell into a warm debate,
Upon a point of little weight,
Until, so high the quarrel rose,
From angry words they came to blows.
Love, little used to warlike arts,
(Save with his famous bow and darts,)
Although he fought with all his might,
Was quickly vanquished in the fight

Miss Folly dealt him such a slap
Across the face, the little chap
Fell in a swoon, and woke to find
He could not see! the boy was blind!
Now when his doting mother came,
To know the case, the angry dame
Behaved as any mother might
Whose only son had lost his sight.
Whate'er had caused the dreadful deed—
Malicious aim or want of heed,
Such wrath in Heaven was seldom seen
As Venus showed in speech and mien:
She stunned Olympus with her cries
For vengeance! "What! put out his eyes!
My precious Cupid! Let the jade
Straight down to Pluto be conveyed!
That justice may be duly done
On her who maimed my darling son,
And left the lad, bereaved of sight,
To grope in everlasting night!"
While Venus thus for vengeance prayed
On Folly—thoughtless, hapless maid—
Great Jove convenes a special court
To hear the case and make report.
In solemn council long they sit
To judge what penalty is fit
The crime to answer; and, beside,
Some restitution to provide,
(If aught, indeed, they can devise,)
For Master Cupid's ruined eyes.
And thus, at last, it was decreed,
That Folly, for her wicked deed,
In part the damage should restore
By *leading* Cupid evermore!

MORAL.

And so it comes that still we see
The maid where'er the boy may be;
Love still is blind; and Folly still
Directs the urchin where she will!

---

## LOVE AND FOLLY.

As once, beneath the fragrant shade
Of myrtles fresh in heaven's pure air,
The children Love and Folly played—
A quarrel rose betwixt the pair.
Love said the gods should do him right—
But Folly vowed to do it then,
And struck him o'er the orbs of sight,
So hard he never saw again.

His lovely mother's grief was deep,
She called for vengeance on the deed;
A beauty does not vainly weep,
Nor coldly does a mother plead.
A shade came over the eternal bliss
That fills the dwellers of the skies;
Even stony-hearted Nemesis
And Rhadamanthus, wiped their eyes.

"Behold," she said, "this lovely boy,"
While streamed afresh her graceful tears,
"Immortal, yet shut out from joy
And sunshine, all his future years.
The child can never take, you see,
A single step without a staff—
The harshest punishment would be
Too lenient for the crime by half."

All said that Love had suffered wrong,
And well that wrong should be repaid;

Then weighed the public interest long,
And long the party's interest weighed.
And thus decreed the Court above—
"Since Love is blind from Folly's blow,
Let Folly be the guide of Love,
Where'er the boy may choose to go."

—WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

---

## LOVE AND SORROW.

When Love was a child, and went idling round,
'Mong flowers, the whole summer's day,
One morn in the valley a bower he found,
So sweet, it allur'd him to stay.

O'erhead, from the trees, hung a garland fair,
A fountain ran darkly beneath;—
'Twas Pleasure had hung up the flow'rets there;
Love knew it, and jump'd at the wreath.

But Love didn't know,—and, at *his* weak years,
What urchin was likely to know?—
That Sorrow had made of her own salt-tears
The fountain that murmur'd below.

He caught at the wreath—but with too much haste,
As boys when impatient will do—
It fell in those waters of briny taste,
And the flowers were all wet through.

This garland he now wears night and day;
And, though it all sunny appears
With Pleasure's own light, each leaf, they say,
Still tastes of the Fountain of Tears.

—THOMAS MOORE.

---

## THE HERMIT.

### A BALLAD.

I.

"Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
"And guide my lonely way,
"To where yon taper cheers the vale,
"With hospitable ray.

II.

"For here forlorn and lost I tread,
"With fainting steps and slow;
"Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
"Seem length'ning as I go."

III.

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
"For yonder faithless phantom flies,
"To lure thee to thy doom.

IV.

"Here to the houseless child of want
"My door is open still;
"And though my portion is but scant
"I give it with good will.

V.

"Then turn to night, and freely share,
"Whate'er my cell bestows;
"My rushy couch and frugal fare,
"My blessing and repose.

VI.

"No flocks that range the valley free,
"To slaughter I condemn;
"Taught by that Power that pities me,
"I learn to pity them:

VII.

"But from the mountain's grassy side
"A guiltless feast I bring;
"A scrip with herbs and fruits supply'd,
"And water from the spring.

VIII.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
"All earth-born cares are wrong;
"Man wants but little here below,
"Nor wants that little long."

IX.

Soft as the dew from Heaven descends,
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

X.

Far in a wilderness obscure
The lovely mansion lay,
A refuge to the neighbouring poor
And strangers led astray.

XI.

No stores beneath its humble thatch
Required a master's care;
The wicket, op'ning with a latch,
Receiv'd the harmless pair.

XII.

And now, when busy crowds retire
To take their ev'ning rest,
The Hermit trimm'd his little fire,
And cheer'd his pensive guest:

XIII.

And spread his vegetable store,
And gaily press'd, and smiled;
And skill'd in legendary lore
The ling'ring hours beguil'd.

XIV.

Around in sympathetic mirth
Its tricks the kitten tries,
The cricket chirrups in the hearth,
The crackling faggot flies.

XV.

But nothing could a charm impart
To soothe the stranger's woe;
For grief was heavy at his heart,
And tears began to flow.

XVI.

His rising cares the Hermit spy'd,
With answ'ring care oppress't:
"And whence, unhappy youth," he cry'd,
"The sorrows of thy breast?

XVII.

"From better habitations spurn'd,
"Reluctant dost thou rove?
"Or grieve for friendship unreturn'd,
"Or unregarded love?

XVIII.

"Alas! the joys that fortune brings,
"Are trifling and decay;
"And those who prize the paltry things,
"More trifling still than they.

XIX.

"And what is friendship but a name,
"A charm that lulls to sleep;
"A shade that follows wealth or fame,
"But leaves the wretch to weep?

XX.

"And love is still an emptier sound,
"The modern fair-one's jest:
"On earth unseen, or only found
"To warm the turtle's nest.

XXI.

"For shame, fond youth, thy sorrows hush,
"And spurn the sex," he said;
But while he spoke, a rising blush
His love-lorn guest betray'd.

XXII.

Surpris'd he sees new beauties rise,
Swift mantling to the view;
Like colours o'er the morning skies,
As bright, as transient too.

XXIII.

The bashful look, the rising breast,
Alternate spread alarms:
The lovely stranger stands confest
A maid in all her charms.

XXIV.

"And ah! forgive a stranger rude,
"A wretch forlorn," she cry'd;
"Whose feet unhallow'd thus intrude
"Where Heaven and you reside.

XXV.

"But let a maid thy pity share,
"Whom love has taught to stray:
"Who seeks for rest, but finds despair,
"Companion of her way.

XXVI.

"My father liv'd beside the Tyne,
"A wealthy lord was he;
"And all his wealth was mark'd as mine,
"He had but only me.

XXVII.

"To win me from his tender arms,
"Unnumber'd suitors came;
"Who prais'd me for imputed charms,
"And felt, or feign'd a flame.

XXVIII.

"Each hour a mercenary crowd
"With richest proffers strove;
"Amongst the rest young Edwin bowed,
"But never talk'd of love.

XXIX.

"In humble, simplest habit clad,
"No wealth nor power had he;
"Wisdom and worth were all he had,
"But these were all to me.

XXX.

"And when, beside me in the dale,
"He carol'd lays of love;
"His breath lent fragrance to the gale,
"And music to the grove.

XXXI.

"The blossom op'ning to the day
"The dews of Heaven refin'd,
"Could naught of purity display
"To emulate his mind.

XXXII.

"The dew, the blossom on the tree,
"With charms inconstant shine;
"Their charms were his, but woe to me,
"Their constancy was mine.

XXXIII.

"For still I try'd each fickle art,
"Importunate and vain;
"And while his passion touch'd my heart,
"I triumph'd in his pain.

XXXIV.

"Till quite dejected with my scorn,
"He left me to my pride;
"And sought a solitude forlorn,
"In secret where he died.

XXXV.

"But mine the sorrow, mine the fault,
"And well my life shall pay;
"I'll seek the solitude he sought,
"And stretch me where he lay.

XXXVI.

"And there forlorn despairing hid,
"I'll lay me down and die;
"'Twas so for me that Edwin did,
"And so for him will I."

XXXVII.

"Forbid it Heaven!" the Hermit cry'd,
And clasp'd her to his breast:
The wond'ring fair-one turn'd to chide,—
'Twas Edwin's self that press'd.

XXXVIII.

"Turn Angelina, ever dear,
"My charmer, turn to see
"Thy own thy long-lost Edwin here,
"Restored to love and thee.

XXXIX.

"Thus let me hold thee to my heart,
"And ev'ry care resign:
"And shall we never, never, part,
"My life,—my all that's mine?

XL.

"No, never from this hour to part,
"We'll live and love so true;
"The sigh that rends thy constant heart,
"Shall break thy Edwin's too."

—GOLDSMITH.

---

THE FRIAR.

It was a friar of orders gray,
Walk'd forth to tell his beads;
And he met with a lady fair,
Clad in a pilgrim's weeds.

Now Christ thee save, thou reverend friar,
I pray thee tell to me,
If ever at yon holy shrine
My true love thou did'st see.

And how should I know your true love,
From many another one?
O by his cockle hat and staff,
And by his sandal shoon.

But chiefly by his face and mien,
That were so fair to view;
His flaxen locks that sweetly curl'd,
And eyne of lovely blue.

O lady he is dead and gone!
Lady he is dead and gone!
And at his head a green grass turf,
And at his heels a stone.

Within these holy cloisters long
He languish'd, and he died,
Lamenting of a lady's love,
And 'plaining of her pride.

Here bore him bare—fac'd on his bier
Six proper youths and tall,
And many a tear bedew'd his grave
Within yon kirk-yard wall.

And art thou dead, thou gentle youth!
And art thou dead and gone!
And didst thou die for love of me!
Break, cruel heart of stone!

O weep not, lady, weep not so;
Some ghostly comfort seek:
Let not vain sorrow rive thy heart,
Nor tears bedew thy cheek.

O do not, do not, holy friar,
My sorrow now reprove;

For I have lost the sweetest youth,
That e'er won lady's love.

And now, alas! for thy sad loss
I'll evermore weep and sigh;
For thee I only wish'd to live,
For thee I wish to die.

Weep no more, lady, weep no more,
Thy sorrow is in vain:
For violets pluck'd the sweetest showers
Will ne'er make grow again.

Our joys as winged dreams do fly,
Why then should sorrow last?
Since grief but aggravates thy loss,
Grieve not for what is past.

O say not so, thou holy friar;
I pray thee, say not so:
For since my true love died for me,
'Tis meet my tears should flow.

And will he never come again?
Will he ne'er come again?
Ah! no, he is dead and laid in his grave,
For ever to remain.

His cheek was redder than the rose,
The com'liest youth was he:
But he is dead, and laid in his grave;
Alas! and woe is me!

Sigh no more, lady, sigh no more,
Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea, and one on land,
To one thing constant never.

Hadst thou been fond, he had been false,
And left thee sad and heavy;
For young men ever were fickle found,
Since summer trees were leafy.

Now say not so, thou holy friar,
I pray thee, say not so;
My love he had the truest heart:
O he was ever true!

And art thou dead, thou much-lov'd youth,
And didst thou die for me?
Then farewell home; for, evermore
A pilgrim I will be.

But first upon my true love's grave
My weary limbs I'll lay,
And thrice I'll kiss the green-grass turf,
That wraps his breathless clay.

Yet stay, fair lady; rest a while
Beneath this cloister wall:
See through the hawthorn blows the cold wind,
And drizzly rain doth fall.

O stay me not, thou holy friar;
O stay me not, I pray;
No drizzly rain that falls on me,
Can wash my fault away.

Yet stay, fair lady, turn again,
And dry those pearly tears:
For see beneath this gown of gray
Thy own true love appears.

Here forc'd by grief, and hopeless love,
These holy weeds I sought:

And here amid these lonely walls
To end my days I thought.

But haply for my year of grace
Is not yet pass'd away,
Might I still hope to win thy love,
No longer would I stay.

Now farewell grief, and welcome joy
Once more unto my heart;
For since I have found thee, lovely youth,
We never more will part. *

—PERCY.

* *From Aikin's Collection of Songs, by R. H. Evans.*

## 90. LOVE (general).

The three conquerors of the world are Fashion, Love and Death.

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All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

—COLERIDGE.

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Those which are worth keeping with every one, are peace and love; and those which are not to be kept even with any one, are malice and discord.

—"MAINYO-I-KHARD."*

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He prayeth well, who loveth well,
Both man and bird and beast;
He prayeth best, who loveth best,
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

—COLERIDGE.

---

The noblest minds their virtue prove
By pity, sympathy, and love;
These, these are feelings truly fine,
And prove their owner half divine.

—COWPER.

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* *Translated by West.*

Could we forbear dispute, and practise love,
We should agree as angels do above.

—E. WALLER.

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To know a thing, what we can call knowing, a man must first love the thing, sympathise with it: that is, be virtuously related to it.

The beginning of all thought, worth the name, is Love; and the wise head never yet was, without first the generous heart.

How can a man, without clear vision in his heart first of all, have any clear vision in the head? It is impossible!

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

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Henry Drummond says,—and how admirably and how truly!—that 'Love is the greatest thing in the world.' Have you this greatest thing? Yes. How, then, does it manifest itself? In kindliness, in helpfulness, in service, to those around you? If so, well, and good, you have it. If not, then I suspect that what you have been calling love is something else; and you have indeed been greatly fooled. In fact, I am sure it is; for if it does not manifest itself in this way, it cannot be true love, for this is the one grand and never failing test.

* * * * *

Helpfulness, kindliness, service, is but the expression of love. It is love in action.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

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The test of the true love and service is this—that it goes about and does its good work, it never says any thing about it, but lets others do the saying. It not only says nothing about it, but

more, it has no desire to have it known; and the truer it is, the greater the desire to have it unknown save to God, and its own true self. In other words, it is not sicklied o'er with a semi-insane desire for notoriety or vain glory, and hence never weakens itself nor harasses any one else by lengthy recitals of its good deeds. It is not the professional good-doing. It is simply living its natural life, open-minded, open-hearted, doing each day what its hands find to do, and in this finding its own true life, and joy.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

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Love is the key to life, and its influences are those that move the world. Live only in the thought of love for all and you will draw love to you from all. Live in the thought of malice or hatred, and malice and hatred will come back to you.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

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If you wish to be loved, love.

—SENECA.

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Write your name with kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of the people you come in contact with year by year, and you will never be forgotten.

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Dr. Doddridge one day asked, his little daughter how it was that everybody loved her. "I know not," said she, "unless it be that I love everybody."

---

Love rules this kingdom without a sword.

---

For never anywhere at any time
Does hatred cease by hatred, always 'tis
By love that hatred ceases—only Love,
The Ancient Law is this.

—"DHAMMAPADA."

---

He who adores God and loves man is a saint.

—SMRITI.

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Love in all its shapes implies sacrifices. Much must be conceded, much endured, if we would love.

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Love seeketh not itself to please,
Nor for itself hath any care,
But for another gives its ease,
And builds a heaven in hell's despair.

—W. BLAKE.

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Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

—"BIBLE-ROMANS XIII 9."

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A crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, where there is no love.

—BACON.

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Dwell in the love of God and of men.

# FOR THE MAHOMEDANS.

## 91. FOR THE MAHOMEDANS.

"Islam" signifies the true and orthodox faith of the Mussalmans or the Mahomedans. It also means tranquility, composure, peace, safety; salutation, submission, surrender; salvation, redemption; resigning oneself to the divine disposal, consigning oneself to the will of God; striving after righteousness and avoiding sinful actions.

The followers of Islam are called Moslems, who are otherwise the same as Mahomedans, the people of Mahommad who preached and established the institution of Islam.*

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An unknown person said, "O Muhammed, instruct me in Islam." The Prophet said, "Islam is that thou bear witness that there is no God but God, and that Muhammed is his messenger; and be steadfast in prayer, and charitable; and fast during the month Ramdan and make a pilgrimage to Cába, if thou have it in thy power to go there."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

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The religion of Islam is divided into faith and practice. The faith includes six articles: 1. Belief in God, 2. in his angels, 3. in his scriptures, 4. in his prophets, 5. in the resurrection, 6. in predestination.

* *From a pamphlet by Peerzadah Motamiyan alias Mutaudeen Kayamuddeen of Kadi.*

† *Translated from Arabic, by Captain Matthews.*

The practice includes four points: 1. Prayers and purifications, 2. alms, 3. fasting, 4. the pilgrimage to Mecca.*

The practical religion of the Koran attaches the highest value to prayer, which among the followers of Mahammad is invariably preceded by ablution, on the principle that while prayer is the key to paradise, it will only be accepted from persons bodily clean.

The Mahomedans are very rigorous in the observance of their ablutions. It is regarded by them as a duty of divine obligation, to wash first their mouths and faces, and after that their whole bodies. This ablution must be performed with a pious intention.*

Among the Mahomedans, very great importance is attached to the duty of alms-giving. In some cases alms are entirely voluntary; but in other cases, the mode of giving is prescribed by the law. The Mahomedans call alms zacat, which signifies increase, because it draws down God's blessing; and sadakat because they are a proof of a man's sincerity in the worship of God.

Alms-giving is regarded by them as so pleasing to God that Caliph Omar used to say, "Prayer carries us half-way to God; fasting brings us to the door of his palace; but alms procure us admission.*

The Prophet (Muhammed) was asked, "which kind of alms is most excellent?" He said, "the most excellent of alms is that of a man of small property, which he has earned by labour, from which he gives as much as he is able."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

* *From Gardner's Faiths of the World.*

† *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

Mahammad commanded that a whole month, that of Ramadhan, should be appropriated to the exercise of fasting, which is so strictly observed, that on every day of that month, from sunrise to sunset, total abstinence is rigidly adhered to from all liquids, as well as from solids. Children are alone exempt, and if any one of the faithful is necessarily precluded from the observance of the fast at the appointed time, he must fast afterwards for as long a period.*

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The time of Rouza (fasting) commences from the true morning (and lasts) upto the setting of the sun for the reason that God has so commanded in the Great, Book (Koran). (He has said) "Eat and drink (*i.e.*) in the nights of Ramzan, upto the time that the white line appears from the dark line and thereafter finish the Rouza upto the night. By the white line is meant the white of the day *i.e.* the true morning and by the dark line is meant the darkness of the night *i.e.* false morning."

—"HEDÂYÂ."

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Prayer is the pillar of religion and the key of Paradise.

—MAHOMED.

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The Prophet (Muhammed) said:—

The key of paradise is prayer, and the key of prayer is ablution.

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH.†

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God is great! God is great! There is no God but God. Mahomet is the apostle of God. Come to prayers!

* *From Gardner's Faiths of the World*

† *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

Come to prayers! God is great! God is great! There is no God but God.

—Summons calling the Mahomedans to the place of worship. To this at dawn of day is added the exhortation,

Prayer is better than sleep! Prayer is better than sleep!*

---

Mahomet now received from the Deity himself, many of the doctrines contained in the Koran; and fifty prayers were prescribed as the daily duty of all true believers.

When he descended from the divine presence, and again met with Moses, the latter demanded what Allah had required. "That I should make fifty prayers every day."

"And thinkest thou to accomplish such a task? I have made the experiment before thee. I tried it with the children of Israel, but in vain; return, then, and beg a diminution of the task."

Mahomet returned accordingly, and obtained a diminution of ten prayers; but when he related his success to Moses, the latter made the same objection to the daily amount of forty. By his advice Mahomet returned repeatedly, until the number was reduced to five.

Moses still objected. "Thinkest thou to exact five prayers daily from thy people? By Allah! I have had experience with the children of Israel, and such a demand is vain; return, therefore, and entreat still further mitigation of the task."

"No," replied Mahomet, "I have already asked indulgence until I am ashamed." †

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* *From Irving's Life of Mahomet.*

† *From Irving's Account of the Night Journey of the Prophet, from Mecca to Jerusalem, and thence to the Seventh Heaven.*

The pious performs prayers five times every day. 1. Before sun-rise, 2. at noon, 3. before sun-set, 4. after sun-set, during the short twilight, 5. when night has set in. Wherever he may be, in the desert, at home, in his shop, or in the crowded street, he steps aside. spreads out some little carpet or cloth, takes off his shoes, and, with his face turned towards the Kibla at Mecca, performs, sitting, standing or prostrate, his solemn devotions. Some repair to the mosques for this purpose, but this owing to occupation or distance, is not always practicable.

Rosaries, consisting of ninety-nine beads (the number of the names of Allah) are frequently seen in the hands of the most zealous, and are used to count the ejaculatory prayers: such as "Praise be to God," "God is most great," &c., which are directed to be repeated a certain number of times.*

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The Prophet (Muhammed) said: "A person in prayer tells secrets to God; therefore he must repeat them with an humble and contrite heart."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

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The Prophet (Muhammed) said, "when you say your prayers, do it like that of a man, who has forsaken everything besides God; as if they were your last; and do not say anything which you will want to excuse yourself for to-morrow; do not covet from others, or have any hopes from them."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

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* *From Stobart's Islam and its Founder.*

† *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

The Prophet (Muhammed) said, "tell me, if any one of you had a rivulet before his door, and bathed five times a day in it, whether any dirt would remain upon his body?" The companions said, "nothing would remain." The Prophet said, "in this manner will the five daily prayers, as ordered by God, do away all small faults."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

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Allah! Lord *who liv'st for aye!*
*O Sole! O king of Glory's Ray!*
Monarch who ne'er shalt pass away!
*Show Thou to us Thy bounties fair.*
In early morning shall our cry,
Our wail, mount to Thy Throne on high:
"Error and sin are wont," we sigh:
*Show Thou to us Thy bounties fair.*
If cometh not from Thee, Thy grace,
Evil shall all our works deface,
O Lord of Being and of space!
*Show Thou to us Thy bounties fair.*
Creator of security!
To Thy Beloved greetings be!
These words are in sincerity:
*Show Thou to us Thy bounties fair.*
I Q'BĀL I sinned hath indeed,
Yet unto him Thy grace concede;
Eternal, Answerer in need!
*Show Thou to us Thy bounties fair.*†

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* *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

† *From Ottoman Poems.*

We have reached the morning, and so have all other inhabitants of God's empire: praised be God; And there is no other God but God; one; To whom there is no partner; for him is dominion and praise, and he is powerful over all things: O Lord! I supplicate thee for the good of this morning; and for every good that is in it; and I seek protection with thee, from the evils of this morning and from every evil that may be in it; O Lord, verily, I seek protection with thee from sickness, from age and pride; and from the contentions and calamities of the world, and from the punishments of the grave.

—THE PROPHET'S FORM OF MORNING PRAYER.*

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We have reached the night, and so have all other inhabitants of God's empire: praised be God; and there is no other God but God; one; to whom there is no partner; for him is dominion and praise, and he is powerful over all things: O Lord! I supplicate thee for the good of this night; and for every good that is in it; and I seek protection with thee, from the evils of this night, and from every evil that may be in it; O Lord! verily, I seek protection with thee from sickness, from age and pride; and from the contentions and calamities of the world, and from the punishments of the grave.

—THE PROPHET'S FORM OF EVENING PRAYER.*

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"O messenger of God! order me a prayer to say morning and evening." The Prophet (Muhammed) said, "Say, 'O God, the knower of the hidden and the open, the present and the absent, the creator of the regions

* *From Mishcat-ul-Masábih, translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

and the earths, and the cherisher of every thing; the master and king of all; I give evidence that there is no God but thee; I seek protection with thee from the badness of myself, and from the badness of the devil.' Say this morning and evening and at bed time."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

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It was said: "O messenger of God! what causes an unsullied heart?" The Prophet (Muhammed) said, "Remembering death very much, and repeating the Koran."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

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The Prophet (Muhammed) said, "Repeating the Koran in prayers is better than at other times."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

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## SÛRÂH FÂTIHAH

(OR THE BEGINNING, AND IS ALSO CALLED "THE SEVEN VERSES.")

In the name of the most merciful God.

Praise be to God, the Lord of all creatures; the most merciful, the king of the day of judgment. Thee do we worship, and of thee do we beg assistance. Direct us in the right way, in the way of those to whom thou hast been gracious; not of those against whom thou art incensed, nor of those who go astray.†

—"KORAN-CHAP. 1."‡

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We have already brought unto thee seven verses which are frequently to be repeated.

—"KORAN-CHAP. 15."‡

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* *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

† *(Often repeated in public and private devotions.)*

‡ *Translated by Sale.*

O messenger of God! Verily you said, "I will teach you the greatest chapter in the Koran." The Prophet (Muhammed) said, "it is the introductory chapter; and it consists of seven revelations, which came down twice; once in Mecca, and once in Medina."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

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It is not righteousness that ye turn your faces in prayer towards the east and the west, but righteousness is of him who believeth in God and the last day, and the angels, and the scriptures, and the prophets; who giveth money for God's sake unto his kindred, and unto orphans, and the needy, and the stranger, and those who ask, and for redemption of captives; who is constant at prayer and giveth alms; and of those who perform their covenant, when they have covenanted, and who behave themselves patiently in adversity and hardships, and in time of violence: these are they who are true, and these are they who fear God.

—"KORAN-CHAP. 2." †

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God! there is no God but he; the living, the self-subsisting: neither slumber nor sleep seizeth him; to him belongeth whatsoever is in heaven and on earth. Who is he that can intercede with him, but through his good pleasure? He knoweth that which is past, and that which is to come unto them, and they shall not comprehend anything of his knowledge, but so far as he pleaseth. His throne is extended over heaven and earth, and the preservation of both is no burden unto him. He is the high, the mighty.‡

—"KORAN-CHAP. 2, THE COW."†

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* *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

† *Translated by Sale.*

‡ *(Greatly admired and recited in prayers).*

The Prophet (Muhammed) said, "Read the Koran; for verily it will come on the day of resurrection, an intercessor for its reader; and read the two bright Chapters, one of them that entitled the Cow, and the other, the family of Imran (Chapter 3); for verily they will come, on the day of resurrection, as if two clouds or two canopies, or two flocks of birds, in ranks; when they will be a proof on the part of their readers. Read the Chapter of the Cow, because taking it is a means of abundant happiness, and the neglecting it is a cause of regret; and the slothful cannot take it."

A man asked, "Which is the greatest section of the Koran?" The Prophet said, "the revelation of the throne."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

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IN THE NAME OF THE MOST MERCIFUL GOD.

We have not sent down the Koran unto thee, that thou shouldst be unhappy; but for an admonition unto him who feareth God: being sent down from him who created the earth, and the lofty heavens. The Merciful sitteth on his throne: unto him belongeth whatsoever is in heaven and on earth, and whatsoever is between them, and whatsoever is under the earth. If thou pronounce thy prayer with a loud voice, know that it is not necessary in respect to God; for he knoweth that which is secret, and what is yet more hidden. God! there is no God but he: he hath most excellent names.†

—"KORAN-CHAP. 20."‡

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* *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

† *Passage, which had a wonderful effect upon one who had gone to slay the Prophet (Muhammed), but who gave up his design and finally became his follower.—Irving's Life of Mahomet.*

‡ *Translated by Sale.*

Wherefore glorify God, when the evening overtaketh you and when ye rise in the morning: and unto him be praise in heaven and earth; and at sunset, and when ye rest at noon. He bringeth forth the living out of the dead, and he bringeth forth the dead out of the living; and he quickeneth the earth after it hath been dead: and in like manner shall ye be brought forth from your graves. Of his signs, one is that he hath created you of dust, and behold, ye are become men, spread over the face of the earth. And of his signs another is, that he hath created for you, out of yourselves, wives that ye may ("dwell") with them; and hath put love and compassion between you; verily herein are signs unto people who consider. And of his signs are also the creation of the heavens and the earth, and the variety of your languages, and of your complexions; verily herein are signs unto men of understanding. And of his signs are your sleeping by night and by day, and your seeking to provide for yourselves of his abundance: verily herein are signs unto people who hearken. Of his signs others are, that he showeth you the lightning, to strike terror, and to give hope of rain, and that he sendeth down water from heaven, and quickeneth thereby the earth, after it hath been dead; verily herein are signs unto people who understand. And of his signs this also is one, namely, that the heaven and the earth stand firm at his command: hereafter, when he shall call you out of the earth at one summons, behold, ye shall come forth. Unto him are subject whosoever are in the heavens and on earth: all are obedient unto him. It is he who originally produceth a creature, and afterwards restoreth the same to life: and this is most easy with

him. He justly challengeth the most exalted companion, in heaven and earth, and he is the mighty, the wise.

—"KORAN-CHAP. 30."*

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Verily the Moslems of either sex, and the true believers of either sex, and the devout men, and the devout women, and the men of veracity, and the women of veracity, and the patient men, and the patient women, and the humble men and the humble women, and the alms-givers of either sex, and the men who fast, and the women who fast, and the chaste men and the chaste women, and those of either sex who remember God frequently; for them hath God prepared forgiveness and a great reward.

—"KORAN-CHAP. 33."*

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Have we not made him two eyes, and a tongue, and two lips; and shown him the two highways of good and evil? Yet he attempted not the cliff. What shall make thee to understand what the cliff is? It is to free the captive; or to feed, in the day of famine, the orphan who is of kin, or the poor man who lieth on the ground. Whoso doth this, and is one of those who believe, and recommend perseverance unto each other, and recommend mercy unto each other; these shall be the companions of the right hand.

—"KORAN-CHAP. 90."*

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## THE DECLARATION OF GOD'S UNITY.

IN THE NAME OF THE MOST MERCIFUL GOD.

Say, God is one God; the eternal God: he begetteth not, neither is he begotten: and there is not any one like unto Him.

—"KORAN-CHAP. 112."*

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* *Translated by Sale.*

The Prophet (Muhammed) said, "The declaration of God's Unity is equal to a third of the Koran."

A man said, "O Prophet of God! Verily I like the chapter entitled the Declaration of God's Unity." The Prophet said, "Verily your liking this chapter shall bring you into paradise."

The Prophet said, "repeat the declaration of God's unity, and the two chapters which implore his protection (Chapters 113-114) in the morning and evening, three times; it will be sufficient for you in everything."

The Prophet used, when going to sleep, to hold up the palms of both his hands, and repeat upon them, the three chapters entitled the Declaration of God's Unity, the Daybreak, and Men (Chapters 112-113 and 114); after that he would blow upon the palms of his hands, and touch the noble parts of his body with them, that he could reach. He began by passing his hands over his head and face, and over the front part of his body, after that over other parts; and this he did three times.

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

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## THE DAYBREAK.

Say, I fly for refuge unto the Lord of the daybreak, that he may deliver me from the mischief of those things which he hath created; and from the mischief of the night, when it cometh on; and from the mischief of women[1] blowing on knots, and from the mischief of the envious, when he envieth.

—"KORAN-CHAP. 113." †

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* *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

1 *i.e.* witches.

† *Translated by Sale.*

MEN.

Say, I fly for refuge unto the Lord of men, the king of men, the God of men, that he may deliver me from the mischief of the whisperer who slyly withdraweth, who whispereth evil suggestions into the breasts of men; from genii and men.

—"KORAN-CHAP. 114."*

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A man came to the Prophet (Muhammed) and said: "I cannot remember any part of the Koran; therefore teach me something which may be sufficient for me in place of it." The Prophet said, say, "O! most pure God;" and "Praise be to God;" and "There is no other God but God;" and "God is very great;" and, "There is no strength nor power except from God." The man said, "O Prophet! these words are for the praise and glory of God: then what are for me?" The Prophet said, say, "O Lord! have mercy upon me and give me comfort and direct me and give me daily bread." All this the man remembered; and the Prophet said, "Verily this man has filled both his hands with good."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

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Rehearse that which hath been revealed unto thee of the book of the Koran: and be constant at prayer; for prayer preserveth a man from filthy crimes, and from that which is blameable: and the remembering of God is surely a most important duty. God knoweth that which ye do.[1]

—"KORAN-CHAP. 29."*

1. *i.e.* the devil.

* *Translated by Sale.*

† *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

Read, therefore, so much of the same (Koran) as may be easy. And observe the stated times of prayer, and pay the legal alms; and lend unto God, an acceptable loan; for whatever good ye send before for your souls, ye shall find the same with God. This will be better, and will merit a greater reward. And ask God forgiveness, for God is ready to forgive, and merciful.

—"KORAN—CHAP. 73."*

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The Prophet (Muhammed) would say, "there is a polish for everything that takes rust; and the polish for the heart is the remembrance of God; and there is no act that redeems from God's punishment so much as the remembrance of him.

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

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The Prophet (Muhammed) seldom read lectures without saying there is no faith in him who is not faithful to his trust, nor is there any religion in him who breaks his promise.

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

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The Prophet (Muhammed) said:

"Do unto all men as you would wish to have done unto you, and reject for others what you would reject for yourself.

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

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O true believers, be patient, and strive to excel in patience, and be constant-minded, and fear God, that ye may be happy.

—"KORAN—CHAP. 3."*

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* *Translated by Sale.*

† *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

O true believers, surely wine, and lots, and images, and divining arrows are an abomination of the work of Satan; therefore avoid them, that ye may prosper. Satan seeketh to sow dissension and hatred among you, by means of wine and lots, and to divert you from remembering God, and from prayer; will ye not therefore abstain from them?

—"KORAN—CHAP. 5."*

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Thy Lord hath commanded that ye worship none besides him; and that ye show kindness unto your parents, whether the one of them or both of them attain to old age with thee. Wherefore say not unto them, 'Fie on you!' neither reproach them, but speak respectfully unto them; and submit to behave humbly towards them, out of tender affection, and say, "O Lord, have mercy on them both, as they nursed me when I was little."

—"KORAN—CHAP. 17."*

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IN THE NAME OF THE MOST MERCIFUL GOD.

O men, fear your Lord, who hath created you out of one man, and out of him created his wife, and from them two hath multiplied many men and women: and fear God by whom ye beseech one another; and respect women who have borne you, for God is watching over you.

—"KORAN—CHAP. 4."*

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Men's souls are naturally inclined to covetousness; but if ye be kind towards women, and fear to wrong them, God is well acquainted with what ye do.

—"KORAN—CHAP. 4."*

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* *Translated by Sale.*

Whoso doth evil, shall be rewarded for it: and shall not find any patron or helper, beside God; but whoso doth good works, whether he be male or female, and is a true believer, they shall be admitted into paradise, and shall not in the least be unjustly dealt with.

—"KORAN—CHAP. 4"*

---

O my people, verily this present life is but a temporary enjoyment; but the life to come is the mansion of firm continuance. Whoever worketh evil shall only be rewarded in equal proportion to the same: but whoever worketh good, whether male or female, and is a true believer, they shall enter paradise.

—"KORAN—CHAP. 40."*

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Every good act is charity. Your smiling in your brother's face is charity. An exhortation addressed to your fellowmen to do virtuous deeds is equal to almsgiving. Putting a wanderer in the right path is charity; assisting the blind is charity; removing stones and thorns and other obstructions from the road is charity; giving water to the thirsty is charity.

—"THE SPIRIT OF ISLÂM."

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The Prophet (Muhammed) said, "the best of actions is this, that you separate from the world, and die whilst your tongue is moist in repeating the name of God."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."†

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The Prophet (Muhammed) counted five things, and said, "abstain from things unlawful, that you may be the most obedient of men to God:

the second, be satisfied with what God has given you, that you may be the richest of men:

* *Translated by Sale.*

† *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

the third, do good to your neighbour:

the fourth, love for others what you love for yourself:

the fifth, do not laugh much.

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

---

The Prophet (Muhammed) ordered me seven things:

one, love for your poor and keeping near them;

the second, to look at those inferior to myself in the world;

the third, to do my duty to propinquity;

the fourth, not to beg anything from anybody;

the fifth, to speak the truth, although it might be bitter;

the sixth, not to fear the obloquy of any one, in God's religion;

the seventh, to repeat frequently,

"there is no power or strength but in God."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

---

I came to the Prophet (Muhammed) and said, "O Messenger of God! Give me advice." The Prophet said, "I advise you in righteousness to God, because it will adorn you in every work." I said, "Give me more advice." The Prophet said, "May it be on you to read the Koran constantly, and to mention God; because, mentioning God will cause your being mentioned in heaven: and it is a cause of light in the earth." I said, "Give me more advice." The Prophet said, "May silence be yours; because long silence drives away the

*Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

devil, and keeps you safe from calamities." I said, "Give me more advice." The Prophet said, "Keep yourself far from much laughter; because much laughing deadens the heart, and takes away the splendour of the countenance." I said, "Give me more." The Prophet said, "Fear not the obloquy of the detractor, in showing God's religion." I said, "Give me more." The Prophet said "Say what is true, although it may be bitter and displeasing to people." I said, "Give me more." The Prophet said, "Withhold yourself from seeing and speaking the vices of mankind, in the thing which you know in yourself."

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

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While Mahomet was exulting in the tidings of success from every quarter, he was stricken to the heart by one of the severest of domestic bereavements. His son, a child but fifteen months old, his only male issue, on whom reposed his hope of transmitting his name to posterity, was seized with a mortal malady, and expired before his eyes. Mahomet could not control a father's feelings as he bent in agony over this blighted blossom of his hopes. Yet even in this trying hour he showed that submission to the will of God, which formed the foundation of his faith. "My heart is sad," murmured he, "and mine eyes overflow with tears at parting with thee, oh, my son! And still greater would be my grief, did I not know that I must soon follow thee; for we are of God; from him we came, and to him we must return."

Abda'lrahman, seeing him in tears, demanded, "Hast thou not forbidden us to weap for the dead?" "No,"

* *Translated from Arabic by Captain Matthews.*

replied the Prophet. "I have forbidden ye to utter shrieks and outcries, to beat your faces, and rend your garments; these are suggestions of the evil one; but tears shed for a calamity are as balm to the heart, and are sent in mercy." *

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Mahomet was one day sleeping alone at the foot of a tree, at a distance from his camp, when he was awakened by a noise, and beheld Durthur, a hostile warrior, standing over him with a drawn sword. "Oh, Mahomet," cried he, "who is there now to save thee?" "God," replied the Prophet. Struck with conviction, Durthur let fall his sword, which was instantly seized upon by Mahomet. Brandishing the weapon he exclaimed in turn, "Who is there now to save thee, Oh, Durthur?" "Alas, no one!" replied the soldier. "Then learn from me to be merciful." So saying, he returned the sword. The heart of the warrior was overcome; he acknowledged Mahomet as the Prophet of God, and embraced the faith. *

---

I have heard that a rumour of the death of your Prophet filled you with alarm; but has any Prophet before me lived for ever, that ye think I would never leave you? Everything happens according to the will of God; and has its appointed time, which is not to be hastened nor avoided. I return to him who sent me; and my last command to you is, that ye remain united; that ye love, honour, and uphold each other; that ye exhort each other to faith and constancy in belief, and

* *From Irving's Life of Mahomet.*

to the performance of pious deeds; by these alone men prosper; all else leads to destruction.

I do but go before you; you will soon follow me. Death awaits us all. Let no one then seek to turn it aside from me. My life has been for your good; so will be my death.

—THE LAST WORDS OF MAHOMET IN PUBLIC.*

* *From Irving's Life of Mahomet.*

## 92. MAN—WOMAN—CHILDHOOD—YOUTH—AND OLD AGE.

### MAN.

Know, then, thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.

—POPE.

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We see in man a being with a material frame, receiving influences from the light, air, and earth, exposed to suffering from the elements, needing perpetually fresh supplies of energy from abroad, hungering and thirsting for food, shivering from cold, seeking shelter from heat, impelled by continually recurring animal wants, and under these impulses spending the largest part of existence in making provisions for the body.

—REV. CHANNING.

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Man creeps into childhood, bounds into youth, sobers into manhood, softens into age, totters into second childhood, and stumbles into the cradle prepared for us all.

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Man is the most excellent and noble creature of the world, the principal and mighty work of God, wonder of nature; the marvel of marvels; the abridgment and epitome of the world; microcosmus, a little world, a model of the world, sovereign lord of the earth, viceroy of the world, sole commander and governor of all the creatures in it; to whose empire they are subject in particular, and yield obedience; for surpassing all the rest, not in body only, but in soul.

—BURTON.

---

Man is the only animal that laughs and weeps; for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are, and what they ought to be.

—WILLIAM HAZLITT.

---

Man is a religious being. The ideas of god, of sacrifice, of prayer, have been interwoven with his spiritual constitution, and have, therefore, always struggled for expression in his personal and social life. Approach him where you will, in England, in the tropics or at the antipodes, and he exhibits this unfailing proof of his humanity, especially in all the sober moments when he communes most profoundly with himself, in trouble, sorrow, and perplexity, in solitude, in sickness, or when verging close upon the grave.*

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Man proposes, God disposes.

—OLD PROVERB.

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Weak and irresolute is man;
The purpose of to-day,
Woven with pains into his plan
To-morrow rends away.

* * *

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
And dangers little known,
A stranger to superior strength,
Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can never prevail
To reach the distant coast,
The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
Or all the toil is lost.

—COWPER.

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* *From Christ and other Masters, by Charles Hardwick.*

As the lamp does not burn without oil, so man cannot live without God.*

---

Being 's the bounty of the Lord; and life, the gift divine;
The Breath, the present of His Love; and Speech His Grace's sign;
The Body is the pile of God; the Soul, His Breath benign;
The Powers thereof, His Glory's trust; the senses His design.
O that I knew what here I am, that which indeed is mine! †

---

Merit and good works is the end of man's motion; and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest; for if a man can be partaker of God's theatre he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest.

—BACON.

---

Man is his own star, and the soul that can
Render an honest and a perfect man,
Commands all light, all influence, all fate;
Nothing to him falls early or too late.
Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
Our fatal shadows that walk by us still.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

---

Man is of soul and body, formed for deeds
Of high resolve, on fancy's boldest wing
To soar unwearied, fearlessly to turn

* *From Sayings of Rámakrishna, by Max Müller.*
† *From Ottoman Poems.*

The keenest pangs to peacefulness, and taste
The joys that mingled sense and spirit yield.

—SHELLEY.

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Say, why was man so eminently raised
Amid the vast creation; why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limit of his frame;
But that the Omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His generous aim to all diviner deeds;
To chase each partial purpose from his breast;
And through the mists of passion and of sense,
And through the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfaltering, while the voice
Of Truth and Virtue, up the steep ascent
Of Nature, calls him to his high reward.

—MARK AKENSIDE.

---

What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,
Be but to sleep and feed? A beast, no more.
Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To fust in us unused. "

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

It is not to taste sweet things, but to do noble and true things, and vindicate himself under God's Heaven as a god-made Man, that the poorest son of

Adam dimly longs. Show him the way of doing that, the dullest day-drudge kindles into a Hero.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

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Our ingress in life is naked and bare,
Our progress through life is trouble and care;
Our egress out of it we know not where,
But doing well here, we shall do well there.

---

All experience serves to illustrate and enforce the lesson, that a man perfects himself by work more than by reading—that it is life rather than literature, action rather than study, and character rather than biography, which tend perpetually to renovate mankind.

—SMILES.

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Men are frequently like tea—the real strength and goodness are not properly drawn out until they are in hot water.

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It is not ease but effort, not facility but difficulty, that makes men.

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To understand man, however, we must look beyond the individual man, and his actions or interests, and view him in combination with his fellows. It is in society that man first feels what he is; first becomes what he can be. In society an altogether new set of spiritual activities are evolved in him, and the old immeasurably quickened and strengthened. Society is the genial element wherein his nature first lives and grows: the solitary man were but a small portion of himself, and must continue for ever folded in, stunted and only half-alive. 'Already,' says a deep thinker, with more meaning than will disclose itself at once

'my opinion,' my conviction gains infinitely in strength and sureness, the moment a second mind has adopted it.'

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

---

The right of human conduct is liable to be affected by thousands of contingencies—the time, the place, the occasion, the condition of parties—so that it is almost impossible to lay down any rule in a few words, which will not be liable to not only exception, but contradiction. Only a fanatic admits of no flexture in the principles which he has adopted; and only a fool thinks of walking invariably by proverbs. God has provided for man's difficulty in both respects, by giving him feelings to soften the action of principles, a judgment to guide him with a regard to the peculiarities of each particular case, and a conscience which enables him to know when he fulfils his duty to his neighbour, by telling him if the same would satisfy himself.

—R. CHAMBERS.

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Man passes his life
in reasoning on the past,
in complaining of the present,
and in speculating on the future.

---

Some men are like brooks, they are always murmuring.

---

The generality of men expend the greater part of their lives in contributing to render the latter part miserable.

---

Yet blame not Heaven; 'tis erring man,
Who mars his own best joys;

Whose passions, uncontrolled, the plan
Of promised bliss destroys.
* * * *
The deadliest wounds with which we bleed,
Our crimes inflict alone;
Man's *mercies* from God's hand proceed,
His *miseries* from his *own*.

—HANNAH MORE.

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He censures God who quarrels with the imperfections of man.

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Gift of Prophecy has been wisely denied to man. Did a man foresee his life, and not merely hope it, and grope it, and so, by Necessity and Free will, make and fabricate it into a reality, he were no man, but some other kind of creature, superhuman or subterhuman. No man sees far: the most see no farther than their noses.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

---

In the sphere of common experience, we see some human beings live and die, and furnish by their life no special lessons visible to man, but only that general teaching, in elementary and simple forms, which is derivable from every particle of human histories. Others there have been who, from the time when their young lives first, as it were, peeped over the horizon, seemed at once to—

"Flame in the forehead of the morning sky"

—whose lengthening years have been but one glowing splendour and who at last—

"Leave a lofty name,
A light, a landmark on the cliffs of fame."

—GLADSTONE.

---

We have, among mankind in general, the three orders of being;—the lowest, sordid, and selfish, which neither sees nor feels; the second, noble and sympathetic, but which sees and feels without concluding or acting; the third and highest, which loses sight in resolution, and feeling in work.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

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There are some people who appear to the best advantage on the distant heights, elevated by intellectual eminence above the range of scrutiny, or shrouded from too close observation by the misty glamour of great station and great affairs. Others excel in the middle distance of official intercourse, and in the friendly but not intimate relations of professional and public life. But the noblest natures are those which are seen at their best in the close communion of the home, and here Mr. Gladstone is preeminently attractive. The dignity, the order, the simplicity, and above all, the fervent and manly piety, of his daily life, form a spectacle even more impressive than his most magnificent performances in Parliament or on the platform. He is the idol of those who are most closely associated with him, whether by the ties of blood, of friendship, or of duty; and perhaps it is his highest praise to say that he is not unworthy of the devotion he inspires.

—GEORGE RUSSELL.

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Unless above himself he can
Erect himself, how poor a thing is man.

—S. DANIEL.

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There is no limit to the upward progress of humanity, towards perfection.

—A. P. SINNET.

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A man is perfected only by three things; by being great in the sight of others, and little in his own esteem, by despising wealth for its own sake, and by being truthful under difficulties.

—"JAVIDAN-KHIRAD." *

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Arouse a man to a sense of what he is, and he will soon be what he ought.

—SCHELLING.

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Men, my brothers, men the workers, ever reaping something new,
That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do.

—TENNYSON.

---

A man should not be a slave to desire, anger, and avarice, he should not be fascinated by worldly vanities;

He should give up egotism and conceit and should never practise fraud and deceit.

He should not covet another's property, should avoid illegitimate gratification and despise slandering other people;

He should love truthfulness, and exercise due restraint over worldly desires.

He should be generous in bestowing gifts, should give due respect to the deserving and should perform benevolent actions.

—SÂMAL.†

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*From Ancient Iranian and Zoroastrian Morals, by D. J. Medhora.*

*A Gujarâti poet.*

Always remember no one can debase you but yourself. Slander, satire, falsehood, injustice, these can never rob you of your manhood. Men may lie about you, they may denounce you, they may cherish suspicions manifold, they may make your failings the target of their wit and cruelty; never be alarmed; never swerve an inch from the line your conscience has marked out for you.

---

If thou art wise, seek ease and happiness
In deeds of virtue and of usefulness;
And ever act in such a way by day
That in the night thy sleep may tranquil be;
And so comfort thyself when thou art young,
That when thou art grown old, thine age may pass
In calm serenity. So ply thy task
Throughout thy life, that when thy days are ended,
Thou mayest enjoy enternal bliss hereafter.

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

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A man is valued as he makes himself valuable.

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A man inherits prudence from his mother and courage from his father.†

—SCHOPENHAUER.

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A man is what his wife makes him.‡

—DR. W. W. HALL.

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* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

† *From Counsels and Maxims, translated by Saunders.*

‡ *From How to Live Long.*

There is nothing a man can less afford to leave at home than his conscience and his good manners.

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The social, friendly, honest man,
Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils great Nature's plan,
An' none but he.

---

A man's dignity should be increased by his house, and yet not wholly sought from it: the master ought not to be ennobled by the house, but the house by the master.

—CICERO.

---

Man should do nothing that he should repent,
But if he have, and say that he is sorry,
It is a worse fault, if he be not truly.

—BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

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Man was meant to be not the slave, but the master of circumstances; and in proportion as he recovers his humanity—in proportion as he gets back the spirit of manliness, which is self-sacrifice, affection, loyalty to an idea beyond himself, a God above himself, so far will he rise above circumstances, and wield them at his will.

—KINGSLEY.

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He who is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome, strong, rich, or wise.

—OLD SPANISH PROVERB.

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Fie upon that wretch whose faith in God is unsteady;
Fie upon that wretch whose gratitude is lip-deep;
Cursed be the man, who becomes a foe to his relatives and friends;
And who is not true to his word, and woe befall the libertine;
To take delight in slandering others—fie upon such an evil habit;
May curses fall, says Sâmaḷ, upon the man who commits breach of trust.

—ṢÂMAL.

---

He who walks along the true path of religion and does not follow wrong paths,
Who pursues the real and permanent thing and does not attach himself to the unreal and changeable,
Who though surrounded by things transitory, has a longing for the eternal—such a man says Akho has lived a successful life.

—AKHO.*

---

So act in thy brief passage through this world
That thy apparel, speech, and inner store
Of knowledge be adapted to thy age,
Thy occupation, means, and parentage.†

—MANU.

---

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

—SHAKESPEARE.

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* *A Gujarâti Poet.*

† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

Just men they seem'd, and all their study bent
To worship God aright, and know his works.

—MILTON.

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God shall be my hope,
My stay, my guide and lantern to my feet.

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The man who does not know God, cannot be attached to Him; he resembles a blind man that stumbles at every turn;

Seek therefore a learned preceptor who will show God who pervades the whole universe.

—AKHO.*

---

Face the world proudly, with courage and might;
Plant thy feet firmly and look to the right;
Conscience thy judge, Heaven thy hope,
Manfully, proudly, with the world cope.

---

Onward and upward, the path lies before thee,
Seek to attain what thy spirit would win:
Fame's mystic portals are wide to enfold thee,
Only be brave, thou shalt enter within.

* * * * *

Onward and upward; in life's early morning
Moments are precious, youth has none to spare,
See how the sunbeams thy sky is adorning,
Then wouldst thou sit down in quiet despair?

* * * * *

Never look downward, though clouds loom above thee,
Still let the spirit be proud in its might:
Heed not the world, when its phantoms allure thee,
Manfully battle for God and the right.

---

* *A Gujarâti poet.*

Sum up at night, what thou hast done by day;
And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
Dress and undress thy soul: mark the decay
And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
Be down, then wind up both; since we shall be
Most surely judged, make thy accounts agree.

In brief, acquit thee bravely; play the man.
Look not on pleasures as they come, but go.
Defer not the least virtue: life's poor span
Make not an ell, by trifling in thy woe.
If thou do ill, the joy fades, not the pains:
If well, the pain doth fade, the joy remains.

—GEORGE HERBERT.

---

Is there a lone and dreary hour,
When worldly comforts lose their pow'r;
My Father! let me turn to Thee,
And set each thought of darkness free.

Is there a time of fear or grief,
Which sees no prospect of relief;
My Father! break the cheerless gloom;
And bid my heart its calm resume.

Is there an hour of peace and joy,
When hope is all my soul's employ;
My Father! still my hopes will roam,
Until they rest with Thee, *their home.*

The noontide blaze, the midnight scene,
The dawn or twilight's sweet serene;
The sick, nay, e'en the dying hour,
Shall own my Father's grace and pow'r.*

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* *From Mary Carpenter's Meditations.*

In every place, in every hour,
Whate'er my wayward lot may be ;
In joy or grief, in sun or shower,
Father and Lord ! I turn to Thee.

—LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

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## THE GODS AND MAN.

Affliction one day, as she hark'd to the roar
Of the stormy and struggling billow,
Drew a beautiful form on the sands of the shore,
With the branch of a weeping willow.

Jupiter, struck with the noble plan,
As he roam'd on the verge of the ocean,
Breath'd on the figure, and calling it man,
Endued it with life and motion.

A creature so glorious in mind and in frame,
So stamp'd with each parent's impression,
Among them a point of contention became,
Each claiming the right of possession.

He is mine, said affliction ; I gave him his birth,
I alone am his cause of creation :—
The materials were furnished by me, answer'd Earth ;—
I gave him, said Jove, animation.

The Gods, all assembled in solemn Divan,
After hearing each claimant's petition,
Pronounced a definitive verdict of Man,
And thus settled his fate's disposition.

Let Affliction possess her own child, till the woes
Of life cease to harass and goad it ;

After death give his body to Earth, whence it rose;
And his spirit to Jove, who bestow'd it.*

—DR. SHERIDAN.

## MAN AND WOMAN.

The woman's cause is man's; they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free.

TENNYSON.

For contemplation he and valour form'd,
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace.

—MILTON.

Woman, above all other educators, educates humanly. Man is the brain, but woman is the heart of humanity; he its judgment, she its feeling; he its strength, she its grace, ornament and solace. Even the understanding of the best woman seems to work mainly through her affections. And thus, though man may direct the intellect, woman cultivates the feelings, which mainly determine the character. While he fills the memory, she occupies the heart. She makes us love what he can only make us believe and it is chiefly through her that we are enabled to arrive at virtue.

—SMILES.

But, as there are two kinds of beauty, in the one of which is loveliness, in the other dignity: we ought to regard loveliness as the quality of woman, dignity that of man. Therefore let every ornament unworthy of a man be removed from his person, and let him guard against any similar defect in his gestures and movements.

—CICERO.

*From Gaietics and Gravitics.*

Men acquire acuteness. Women are born with it.

---

In condemning the vanity of women, men complain of the fire they themselves have kindled.

---

Man is woman's fulness and strength. Woman is his quicker insight and his more winsome grace. Man represents power, courage, will, labour. Woman represents delicacy, beauty, tenderness, trust. Man is the prose of humanity; woman the poetry. Man is roused into action by ambition; woman by love. Woman carries her special strength in her heart, man in his head.

—Dr. Downes.

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| | |
|---|---|
| Man is strong, | woman is beautiful; |
| Man is daring and confident, | woman is diffident and unassuming. |
| Man is great in action, | woman in suffering, |
| Man shines abroad, | woman at home, |
| Man talks to convince, | woman to persuade and please, |
| Man has a rugged heart, | woman a soft and tender one, |
| Man prevents misery, | woman relieves it. |
| Man has science, | woman taste, |
| Man has judgment, | woman sensibility, |
| Man is a being of justice, | woman of mercy. |

---

The man that lays his hand upon a woman save in the way of kindness, is a wretch, whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.

—Tobin.

## WOMAN.

Dear Woman is the dream of life.
Adorned with every winning art,
As mother, daughter, sister, wife,
She melts the soul, she charms the heart.
Without her, what were lordly man?—
A rainless cloud—a fruitless tree—
A world without a sun—a plan
That ever incomplete must be.
Her fost'ring care, devotion, love,
Seem inspirations from above.

---

O woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man; we had been brutes without you
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of heaven;
Amazing brightness, purity and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love.

—T. Otway.

---

Woman is the beacon-light of every man's ambition; his aspirations, energies, and courage are all drawn forth by the holy influence of her love.

—James Ellis.

---

Woman! thou loveliest gift that here below
Man can receive, or Providence bestow!
To thee the earliest offerings belong
Of opening eloquence, or youthful song;
Lovely partaker of our dearest joys!
Thyself a gift whose pleasure never cloys—
Whose wished-for presence gently can appease
The wounds of penury, or slow disease,—

Whose loss is such, as through life's tedious way
No rank can compensate, no wealth repay;
Thy figure beams a ray of heavenly light
To cheer the darkness of our earthly night:
Hail, fair Enslaver! at thy changing glance
Boldness recedes, and timid hearts advance,
Monarchs forget their sceptre and their sway,
And sages melt in tenderness away.

—W. M. PRAED.

---

Man may the sterner virtues know,
  Determined justice, truth severe;
But female hearts with pity glow,
  And woman holds affliction dear;
From guiltless woes her sorrows flow,
  And suffering vice compels her tear;
'Tis hers to soothe the ills below,
  And bid life's fairer views appear;
To woman's gentle kind we owe
  What comforts and delights us here;
They its gay hopes on youth bestow,
  And care they soothe and age they cheer.

—REV. CRABBE.

---

If the heart of a man is depress'd with cares,
The mist is dispell'd when a woman appears.

—GAY.

---

Women are more taken with courage than with generosity, for it has all the merits of its sister virtue, with the addition of the most disinterested devotedness, and most powerful protection.

—COLTON.

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Women are the poetry of the world.

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Women have the grains of charity. A man gives but his gold, a woman adds to it her sympathy.

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Women have more strength in their looks than we have in our laws, and more power in their tears than we have by our arguments.

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Men acquire acuteness. Women are born with it.

---

For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?

---

All the reasonings of men are not worth one sentiment of woman.

---

There will always remain something to be said of woman, as long as there is one on the earth.

---

It's surprising how much a woman can say about herself without telling anything.

---

The heart of a woman never grows old; when it has ceased to love it has ceased to live.

---

Which is the most difficult punctuation?

*Ans.* Putting a stop to a woman's tongue.

---

Milton was asked if he intended to instruct his daughter in the different languages; to which he replied, "No, Sir! one tongue is sufficient for a woman!"

---

It is an error to imagine that women talk more than men; they are listened to—that's all.

---

Silence in woman, is like speech in man.

—BEN JONSON.

---

She who ne'er answers till her husband cools,
Or if she rules him never shews she rules,
Charms by accepting by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour when she obeys.

—BEN JONSON.

---

"The most curious thing in the world is a woman that is not curious," said one husband in reply to his wife who had asked him what was the most curious thing in the world.

---

Women are indebted to us for the greater part of their faults. We are indebted to them for most of our good qualities.

---

One young man asked another if he were able always to please the ladies. "I never get so far as to try to please them," was the answer. "It takes all my tact not to displease them."

---

The woman's cause is man's: they rise or sink
Together, dwarf'd or godlike, bond or free.

—TENNYSON.

---

Man proposes, God disposes. Can it not be said, "Man proposes, woman disposes"?

---

Women must be honoured and adorned by their fathers, brothers, husbands, and brothers-in-law, who desire (their own) welfare.

—MANU.

---

A handsome woman pleases the eye, a good woman the heart. The one is a jewel, the other a treasure.

---

Modesty is the richest ornament of a woman.

—COLTON.

---

'Tis beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
'Tis virtue, that doth make them most admired;
'Tis modesty, that makes them seem divine."

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Modesty is the appendage of sobriety, and is to chastity, to temperance, and to humility, as the fringes are to a garment.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

---

The brightest jewel of a woman is modesty. The brightest jewel of a man is courage.

---

An immodest woman is food without salt.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

---

Pity in a woman is a great beautifier.

---

The girl who has the greatest command of language, is she who can say "Yes" and "No" at the right time.

---

We want the natural woman now-a-days—the women who have hearts, not the women who have views.

---

While we slight not the qualities of external gracefulness, and the adorning of the accomplishments, which in their place and in their degree, may contribute to it,—often connected as this is with health of body, and often productive of that refinement and delicacy of mind,

which are limited to no station in society, and which true religion cherishes, by its sentiments and its spirit;—while the outward adorning, whether of person or manner or acquirement, are not neglected,—let the highest consideration of the Female Young be the incorruptible ornament of the soul within. In the words of the sacred poet,

"Then let me set my heart to find
"Inward adorning of the mind;
"Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,—
"These are the robes of richest dress."

Of this "blest apparel" he says,—

"It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
"Nor fears the rain, nor moth, or mould;
"It takes no spot, but still refines;
"The more 'tis worn, the more it shines."

—Rev. Carpenter.

---

A Chinese maxim says, "we require four good things of women,

1. That virtue dwell in her heart,
2. That modesty play on her brow,
3. That sweetness flow from her lips,
4. That industry occupy her hand."

---

Men consider men excusable for being men; but they want women to be angels.

---

Every man of sense and refinement admires a woman *as a woman*, and when she steps out of this character, a thousand things, that in their appropriate sphere would be admired, become disgusting and offensive. The appropriate character of a woman demands

1. Delicacy of appearance and manners,
2. Refinement of sentiment,
3. Gentleness of speech,

4. Modesty in feeling and action,
5. A shrinking from notoriety and public gaze,
6. Aversion to all that is coarse and rude, and
7. An instinctive abhorrence of all that tends to indelicacy and impurity either in principle or action.

These are the traits which are always admired, and often sought for in a woman.

---

In those far-off primeval days
Fair India's daughters were not pent
In closed zenanas. On her ways
Sâvitri at her pleasure went
Whither she chose,—and hour by hour
With young companions of her age,
She roamed the woods for fruit or flower,
Or loitered in some hermitage.

* * * *

Her father let her have her way
In all things whether high or low;
He feared no harm; he knew no ill
Could touch a nature pure as snow.*

—TORU DUTT.

---

Her charm was this—upon her face,
Childlike and innocent and fair,
No man with thought impure or base
Could ever look; the glory there,
The sweet simplicity and grace,
Abashed the boldest; but the good
God's purity there loved to trace,
Mirrored in dawning womanhood.*

—TORU DUTT.

---

* *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.*

## A FUNERAL ELEGY.

The world contains
Princes for arms, and counsellors for brains;
Lawyers for tongues, divines for hearts, and more
The rich for stomachs, and for backs the poor;
The officers for hands, merchants for feet,
By which remote and distant countries meet:
But those fine spirits, which do tune and set
This organ, are those pieces, which beget
Wonder and love; and these were she.

—DONNE.

---

Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
In every gesture dignity and love.

—MILTON.

---

A house and a woman suit excellently.

—PROVERB.

---

Pleasure is to women what the sun is to the flower; if moderately enjoyed, it beautifies, it refreshes, and it improves; if immoderately, it withers, etiolates, and destroys. But the duties of domestic life, exercised as they must be in retirement, and calling forth all the sensibilities of the female, are perhaps as necessary to the full development of her charms, as the shade and the shower are to the rose, confirming its beauty, and increasing its fragrance.

—COLTON.

---

A female must always live with a cheerful temper, with good management in the affairs of the house, with great care of the household furniture, and with a frugal hand in all her expenses.

—MANU.

---

For nothing lovelier can be found
In *woman*, than to study household good
And good works in her husband to promote.
—MILTON.

---

A man doth work from sun to sun,
But a woman's work is never done.

---

The more women look in their glass, the less they look to their house.

---

There are three ways in which women may mould the entire future of mankind.

I. One is by doing their utmost to secure that the childhood of their boys and girls shall be as happy as outward circumstances render possible. It is a golden rule to "give to the morn of life its natural blessedness." Every mother should make a study in the art of creating happiness in her children. That art cannot be learnt from books, it comes from the inspiration of a divine unselfishness. Poverty is no bar to its attainment.

II. Another is by the wise training of the will. Nothing can be more deadly in its foolishness than the efforts of some ill-instructed parents to break down a child's will. Miss Martineau in her admirable book on household education points out that the true and natural way is to control the will of a child not by another person's will, but by the other faculties of the child itself. Avoid both indulgence and opposition, and a habit of docility will be formed by the time the child becomes capable of deliberate self-control.

III. The third and the last is the early inculcation of religion in its broad, eternal, essential verities upon the yet plastic mind, and above all, of the one main end and aim of all religion, which is to mould the character and sway the Moral Conduct.*

---

A woman who educates her children well, prepares them for school; who endeavours to train them in mind, is fulfilling the greatest part towards the education of the human species. The after-work of teachers and schools can only be successful if the mother's care has made the child's heart and mind properly receptive. In doing this a woman renders her highest service to the state and to humanity.

—ADELE CREPAZ.†

---

It is not saying too much to aver that the happiness or misery, the enlightenment or ignorance, the civilization or barbarism of the world, depends in a very high degree upon the exercise of woman's power within her special kingdom of home.

—SMILES.

---

We want women, strong of soul, yet lowly,
With that rare meekness born of gentleness—
Women whose lives are clean, and pure, and holy,
The women whom all little children bless;
Brave, earnest women, helpful to each other,
With finest scorn for all things low and mean;
Women who hold the names of wife and mother
Far nobler than the tittle of a queen.

Oh, these are they who mould the men of story—
These mothers oft times shorn of grace and youth—

* *From Woman's Work in the Home by F. W. Farrar.*
† *Authoress of The Emancipation of Women.*

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---

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—MANU.

---

Oh! woman, tender, tearful woman,
You are not formed for strife,
But happy homes to make on earth,
That is your sphere of life.

Oh! woman, fairest flower of earth,
Since first our race began,
Oh! be our love, our angel still,
Don't try to be a man!*

---

## WOMAN'S POWER.

Oh! tell me not that woman's weak,
Inconstant, or unkind;
Though flippant writers often speak
As though Dame Nature's master freak
Was moulding woman's mind.

Around the sufferer's lowly bed,
When palls the heart of men;
When Science fails and hope is fled,
And helpless lies the dying head,
Oh! who is constant then?

Who watches with a tireless eye
The faintly heaving breath?
Who hovers round, for ever nigh,
To catch the last expiring sigh,
And soothe the pangs of death?

When disappointments sink the soul,
And round us troubles throng;
When grief exerts its wild control,
And sorrow's stormy billows roll,
Then, then, oh! who is strong?

* *Candid Appeal to Woman, by E. W. Cole.*

Man sinks beneath misfortune's blow,
And hope forsakes his breast;
His boasted powers are all laid low,
His strength is swallowed up in woe,
When not by woman blest.

But she can cheer his drooping heart,
And rouse his soul again;
Can bid his cankering cares depart,
And, by her smiling, artless art,
Can soothe his keenest pain.

Is woman weak! go ask the sword,
The weapon of the brave,—
Whose look, whose tone, whose lightest word,
Though e'en but in a whisper heard,
Commands it as her slave.

Go ask man's wild and restless heart,
Who can its passions quell?
Who can withdraw hate's venomed dart,
Bid malice and revenge depart,
And virtue in it dwell?

If woman's weak, then what is strong?
For all things bow to her.
To her man's powers all belong;
For her the bard attunes his song,
Her truest worshipper.

Woman, a fearful power is thine.
The mission to thee given
Requires a strength almost divine,
A bosom that is virtue's shrine,
A soul allied to heaven.

## THE WATER CURE.

Miss Molly, a fam'd Toast, was fair and young,
Had wealth and charms—but then she had a tongue
From morn to night th' eternal larum run,
Which often lost those hearts her eyes had won.

Sir John was smitten, and confess'd his flame,
Sigh'd out the usual time, then wed the dame;
Possess'd, he thought, of ev'ry joy of life:
But his dear Molly prov'd a very wife.
Excess of fondness did in time decline;
Madam lov'd money, and the knight lov'd wine;
From whence some petty discord would arise,
As "You 're a fool!" and, "You are mighty wise!

Though he, and all the world, allow'd her wit,
Her voice was shrill, and rather loud than sweet.
* * * * *
To an old uncle oft she would complain,
Beg his advice, and scarce from tears refrain.

Old Wisewood smok'd the matter as it was;
"Cheer up," cry'd he, "and I'll remove the cause.
A wond'rous spring within my garden flows,
Of sovereign virtue, chiefly to compose
Domestic jars, and matrimonial strife;
The best elixir t' appease man and wife:
Strange are the effects; the qualities divine;
'Tis water call'd, but worth its weight in wine.
If in his sullen airs Sir John should come,
Three spoonfuls take, hold in your mouth—then mum
Smile, and look pleas'd, when he shall rage and scold
Still in your mouth the healing cordial hold!
One month this sympathetic med'cine try'd,
He'll grow a lover; you a happy bride.

But, dearest niece, keep this grand secret close
Or every prattling hussy 'll beg a dose."

A water bottle's brought for her relief;
Not Nantz could sooner ease the lady's grief.
Her busy thoughts are on the trial bent,
And female like, impatient for the event.

The bonny knight reels home exceeding clear,
Prepar'd for clamour and domestic war;
Entering, he cries, "Hey! wher's our thunderer fled?
No hurricane! Betty, 's your lady dead?"
Madam, aside, an ample mouthful takes,
Curt'sies, looks kind, but not a word she speaks:
Wondering, he stares, scarcely his eyes believ'd,
But found his ears agreeably deceiv'd.

* * * * *

For many days these fond endearments past,
The reconciling bottle fails at last;
'Twas used and gone. Then midnight storms arose,
And looks and words the union discompose.
Her coach is order'd, and post haste she flies,
To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies;
Transported does the strange effects relate,
Her knight's conversion, and her happy state.

"Why niece", says he, "I pr'y thee apprehend,
The water 's water—be thyself the friend.
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm;
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:
Be silent, and complying; you'll soon find,
Sir John without a med'cine will be kind."

—WILLIAM HARRISON.

---

*From Poets' Wit and Humour, by W. H. Wills.*

## THE LADY AND THE PIE,

OR

## KNOW THYSELF.

A worthy squire, of sober life,
Had a conceited, boasting wife:
Of him she daily made complaint;
Herself she thought a very saint.
She loved to load mankind with blame,
And on their errors build her fame.
Her favourite subject of dispute
Was Eve and the forbidden fruit.
"Had I been Eve," she often cried,
"Man had not fallen, nor woman died;
I still had kept the orders given,
Nor for an apple lost my heaven;
To gratify my curious mind
I ne'er had ruined all mankind;
Nor, from a vain desire to know,
Entailed on all my race such wo."
The squire replied, "I fear 'tis true
The same ill spirit lives in you;
Tempted alike, I dare believe
You would have disobeyed, like Eve."
The lady stormed, and still denied
Sin, curiosity, and pride.
The squire, some future day at dinner,
Resolved to try this boastful sinner;
He grieved such vanity possessed her,
And thus in serious terms addressed her:—
"Madam, the usual splendid feast,
With which our wedding-day is graced,
With you I must not share to-day,
For business summons me away.

Of all the dainties I have prepared,
I beg not any may be spared;
Indulge in every costly dish;
Enjoy, 'tis what I really wish;
Only observe one prohibition,
Nor think it a severe condition;
On one small dish, which covered stands,
You must not dare to lay your hands;
Go—disobey not, on your life,
Or henceforth you're no more my wife."
The treat was served, the squire was gone,
The murmuring lady dined alone:
She saw whate'er could grace a feast,
Or charm the eye, or please the taste;
But while she ranged from this to that,
From venison haunch to turtle fat,
On one small dish she chanced to light,
By a deep cover hid from sight.
"O! here it is, yet not for me!
I must not taste, nay, dare not see;
Why place it there? or why forbid
That I so much as lift the lid?
Prohibited of this to eat,
I care not for the sumptuous treat;
I wonder if 'tis fowl or fish;
To know what's there I merely wish.
I'll look—O no; I lose for ever,
If I'm betrayed, my husband's favour.
I own I think it vastly hard,
Nay, tyranny, to be debarred.
John, you may go—the wine is decanted;
I'll ring or call you when you're wanted."
Now left alone, she waits no longer,
Temptation presses more and stronger.

"I'll peep—the harm can ne'er be much,
For though I peep, I will not touch;
Why I am forbid to lift this cover,
One glance will tell, and then 'tis over.
My husband's absent; so is John;
My peeping never can be known."
Trembling, she yielded to her wish,
And raised the cover from the dish:
She starts, for, lo! an open pie,
From which six living sparrows fly.
She calls, she screams, with wild surprise,
"Haste, John, and catch these birds!" she cries.
John hears not; but to crown her shame,
In at her call her husband came.
Sternly he frowned as thus he spoke:
"Thus is your vowed allegiance broke!
Self-ignorance led you to believe
You did not share the sin of Eve.
Like hers, how blest was your condition!
Like Heaven's, how small my prohibition!
Yet you, though fed with every dainty,
Sat pining in the midst of plenty;
This dish, thus singled from the rest,
Of your obedience was the test;
Your mind, unbroke by self-denial,
Could not sustain this slender trial.
Humility from this be taught;
Learn candour to another's fault.
Go; know, like Eve, from this sad hour,
You are both a vain and curious sinner."

—HANNAH MORE.

## CHILDHOOD.

Childhood is like a mirror, which reflects in after-life the images first presented to it.

—SMILES.

---

The mind should be formed early, no less than the person and for the same reason. Providence has plainly indicated childhood to be the season of instruction, by communicating at that period such flexibility to the organs, such attention to the memory, such quickness to the apprehension, such inquisitiveness to the temper, such alacrity to the animal spirits, and such impressibility to the affections, as are not possessed at any subsequent period. We are therefore bound, by every tie of duty, to follow these obvious designations of Providence, by moulding that flexibility to the most durable ends; by storing that memory with the richest knowledge; by pointing that apprehension to the highest objects; by giving to that alacrity its best direction; by turning that inquisitiveness to the noblest intellectual purposes; and, above all, by converting that impressibility of heart to the most exalted moral uses.

—HANNAH MORE.

---

The greatest preferment that child we can give,
Is learning and nurture, to train him to live;
Which who-so it wanteth, though left as a squire,
Consumeth to nothing, as block in the fire.

—TUSSER.

---

There are, who think that childhood does not share
With age the cup, the bitter cup of care:
Alas! they know not this unhappy truth,
That every age, and rank, is born to ruth.

From the first dawn of reason in the mind,
Man is foredoom'd the thorns of grief to find;
At every step has further cause to know,
The draught of pleasure still is dash'd with woe.

Yet in the youthful breast, for ever caught
With some new object for romantic thought,
The impression of the moment quickly flies,
And with the morrow every sorrow dies.

—H. K. White.

---

## CHILD—CHILDREN.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,—

That to the world are children;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children!
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

—Longfellow.

A noble Roman lady was asked to show her jewels. Pointing to her well-educated, well-behaved sons, she readily and properly said, "These are all the jewels of which I have to boast."

---

When I look upon a child I see a history of what I have been, an example of what I should be, a prophecy of what I may be.

---

Children soon find out those who are fond of them; they are true seers—they intuitively elect those that love them, and discard those that dislike them.

—CHAVASSE.

---

Ah! how regardless of their doom
The little victims play,
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day.

—GRAY.

---

Few people think that the management of very young babes has anything to do with their future dispositions and characters; yet I believe it has more influence than can easily be calculated.*

---

Children are what they are made.

—FRENCH PROVERB.

---

Without discipline, the favourite child,
Like a neglected forester, runs wild.

—COWPER.

---

* *From Mrs. Child's Mother's Book.*

The strictness of the teacher is better than the leniency of the father.

—PERSIAN PROVERB.

---

Bitter words ought never to be spoken to a child; they are not at all suitable, and are quite out of place to him. Bitter words, if a child be cross, will not sweeten his temper, but, on the contrary, will confirm him in his naughtiness.

—CHAVASSE.

---

Never accuse a child of a fault, unless you are certain he committed it. Children should not be treated with suspicion.

---

It is mightily the fault of parents, guardians, tutors and governors, that so many men miscarry. They suffer them at first to run ahead, and when perverse inclinations are advanced into habits, there is no dealing with them.

—SIR R. L. 'ESTRANGE.

---

Him whom one does not train in his childhood,
Prosperity will depart from in manhood.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.

---

Train up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it.

—"BIBLE—PROVERBS."

---

Such as the tree is, such is the fruit.

---

The opinions—the spirit—the conversation, the manners of the parent, influence the child. Whatever sort of man he is, such, in a great degree, will be the child; unless constitution or accident give him another turn.

—REV. R. CECIL.

---

[8] *Translated by Platts.*

Children are not fools, and they are not to be governed like fools. Parents who adhere to the firm principle of truth, may be certain of the respect and confidence of their children. Children who never see the example of falsehood, will grow up with a simplicity of character, with an habitual love of truth, that must surprise preceptors who have seen the propensity to deceive which early appears in children who have had the misfortune to live with servants, or with persons who have the habits of meanness and cunning. We have advised that children, before their habits are formed, should never be exposed to temptations to deceive; that no questions should be asked them which hazard their young integrity; that as they grow older they should gradually be trusted; and that they should be placed in situations where they may feel the advantages both of speaking truth, and of obtaining a character for integrity.*

---

The great anxiety of parents ought to be that their children should behave well. This chiefly depends upon their setting them a good example. A mother crab reproved her children for going side-ways, and not straight forward. The little crabs replied, "You go that way yourself." †

---

The first tendency to any injustice * * must be suppressed with a show of wonder and abhorrency in the parents.

—LOCKE.

---

Napoleon Bonaparte was of opinion that "the future good or bad conduct of a child depends entirely on the mother." Once, in the course of a conversation

* *From Essays on Practical Education, by Maria and R. L. Edgeworth.*

† *From Pictures of Women in Many Lands—Madras.*

with Madame Campan on the subject of public Education, he remarked: "The old systems of instruction seem to be worthless; what, do you think, is yet wanting for the better instruction of the people?"—"Mothers!" immediately replied Madame Campan. Her reply struck the Emperor. "Yes!" he said, "here you have a system in a word—mothers trained to properly instruct their children."

—SMILES.

---

The first thing a child ought to be taught is obedience. This is frequently not done. Mothers threaten to punish their children if disobedient, but as their threats are not carried out, their children do not heed them.

---

A child is usually very quick of hearing, and is withal a sensitive little creature, and therefore requires to be gently talked to. It is a folly to bawl and shout to a little child as though he were "as deaf as a post," and as though he were a foreigner; such loud contentious talking only makes him rough, and coarse and vulgar. The surroundings of a child very much influence his character and manners, and determine whether he shall turn out refined or vulgar—a gentleman or a clown. Uneducated people have a knack of bawling at their children as though they were always in a passion with them: such a procedure makes their offspring very harsh and unloveable. There is nothing like gentleness of speech to every one—to the young especially.

—CHAVASSE.

---

One of the memoranda written by Her Majesty herself in 1844, says: "The greatest maxim of all is—

* *From Pictures of Women in Many Lands—Madras.*

that the children should be brought up as simply and in as domestic a way as possible ; that (not interfering with their lessons) they should be as much as possible with their parents, and learn to place their greatest confidence in them in all things."

The religious training of the children was given, as much as circumstances admitted, by the Queen herself.*

---

Children are more frequently ruined by inheriting large fortunes than by being compelled by the absence of wealth to embrace an active and industrious life to gain a subsistence.

---

A man who gives his children habits of industry provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

—ARCHBISHOP WHATELY.

---

Although abstinence to a child is injurious, stuffing him is equally so—the golden mean should be observed.

—CHAVASSE.

---

Soon ripe, soon rotten.

—PROVERB.

---

Undutiful children make wretched parents.

---

Filial ingratitude !
Is it not as this mouth should tear his hand,
For lifting food to 't ?

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Ingratitude ! thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster !

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

* *From M. G. Fawcett's Life of H. M. Queen Victoria.*

Birds in their little nests agree :
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out and chide, and fight.

—WATTS.

---

The dutifulness of children is the foundation of all the virtues.

—CICERO.

---

A child is the ornament in the garden of prosperity,
It illuminates the assembly of felicity.
Its existence becomes dear
When it kindles the flame of goodness.
If a child be as bright as the noon-day sun
And is disobedient, turn away your face from it.
The edifice of the fame and name of ancestors
Is given to the winds by the misdeeds of children.
A stranger is better than a son
Who makes his father unhappy.

---

A child's mind should be impressed with the following beautiful sentiment :

"Write injuries in dust, but kindness in marble."

—CHAVASSE.

---

Good temper is one of the most valuable points of character. A good-tempered child is generally loved much more than one who is clever, but who has an unpleasant temper. We would, if only for their own happiness, wish to see children study to have a kindly disposition—to be patient, docile, good-tempered. †

---

° *From Persian Amusing Stories.*

† *From Chambers's Stories.*

Be modest and reserved in the presence of thy betters, speaking little, answering pertinently.

—JEREMY TAYLOR.

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Honour thy father and thy mother.

—"BIBLE—EXODUS 20."

---

Children, obey your parents in all things: for this is well pleasing unto the Lord.

—"BIBLE—COLOSSIANS 3."

---

My son, hear the instruction of thy father, and forsake not the law of thy mother.

—"BIBLE—PROVERBS 1."

---

Come let us make it our delight
To do the things we ought,
'Tis good to know, and do the right,
And mind what we are taught.

Wherever we are told to go,
At once we should obey,
Nor ever think it hard although
We leave a pretty play.

When we are bid we ought to bring
Whatever we have got,
And never handle anything
Which parents tell us not.

When they permit us, we may tell
About our little toys;
But if they're busy or unwell,
We must not make a noise.*

---

* *From Chambers's Infant Education.*

To do to others as I would
That they should do to me,
Will make me honest, kind, and good,
As every child should be.

I never need behave amiss,
Nor feel uncertain long,
As I may always know by this,
If things are right or wrong.

I know I should not steal or use
The smallest thing I see,
Which I should never like to lose,
If it belong'd to me.

And this plain rule forbids me quite
To strike an angry blow,
For I should never think it right
If others served me so.

---

Would you learn, my little children,
To be very good and kind;
What I tell you pray remember;
What I teach you, always mind.

In your play be very careful
Not to give another pain;
If rude children tease or hurt you,
Never do the same again.

If a stone was thrown against you,
And should hit your head or eye,
Don't you know 't would hurt you sadly?
Don't you think it would make you cry

*From Chambers's Infant Education*

Never throw a stone or brick then,
Though you see no creature near;
'Tis a dangerous naughty practice,
Which my little ones should fear.

Never do like those bad children,
Who are often in the street,
Throwing stones at dogs or horses,
Or at anything they meet.

God will love the child that's gentle,
And that tries to do no wrong;
Think of this my dearest children,
Even though you are so young.*

---

## DUTIES TO OUR NATURAL PARENTS.

To our parents we owe several duties: as first, we owe them reverence and respect. We must behave ourselves towards them with all humility and observance; and must not upon any pretence of infirmity in them, despise or contemn them either in outward behaviour or so much as inwardly in our hearts. A second duty we owe to them is love: we are to bear them a real kindness, such as may make us heartily desirous of all manner of good to them, and abhor to do anything that may grieve and disquiet them. The third duty we owe to them is obedience. A fourth duty is to assist and minister to them in all their wants, of what kind so ever, whether weakness and sickness of body, decayedness of understanding, or poverty and lowness of estate; in all these the child is bound, according to his ability, to relieve and assist them.

—"THE WHOLE DUTY OF MAN."

---

*From Chambers's Infant Education.*

I.

Never, my child, forget to pray,
Whate'er the business of the day.
If happy dreams have bless'd thy sleep,
If startling fears have made thee weep,
With holy thoughts begin the day;
And ne'er, my child, forgot to pray.

II.

Pray Him, by whom the birds are fed,
To give to thee thy daily bred;
If wealth his bounty should bestow,
Praise Him from whom all blessings flow.
If He who gave should take away,
Oh, ne'er my child, forget to pray.

III.

A time may come when thou wilt miss
A father's and a mother's kiss,
And then, my child, perchance thou 'lt see,
Some who in pray'r ne'er bend their knee
From such examples turn away,
And ne'er, my child, forget to pray.

—J. HAYNES BAYLY.

---

When I kneel down my prayers to say,
I must not think of toys or play;
No! I must think what I should be,
To please God who is good to me.

He loves to see a little child
Obedient—patient too—and mild;
Not often angry, but inclined
Always to do what's good and kind.

And I must love my dear mamma,
And I must love my dear papa;
And try to please them, and to do
Things that are right, and say what's true.

For God is always pleased to see
Even little children such as we,
Whose hearts (as angels' are above)
Are full of peace and full of love.

—LADY FLORA HASTINGS.

---

Oh God! Lend me at all times thy helping hand and bestow upon me that purity of heart by which I may be enabled to bear in mind the obligations I owe to my parents and my protectors who take so much pains to maintain me. Grant that I may always serve my parents and never offend them or disregard the admonitions that have been or that may be given for my welfare. Teach me, Best of Beings! to conduct myself in such a way that I may never displease my parents or cause them any uneasiness, so that they may always look upon my behaviour with satisfaction. Grant me that nobility of heart by which I may love my brothers, relatives, and friends, without cherishing malice or jealousy towards any of them, and by which I may ever refrain from slandering other people. Let my behaviour be good in every respect and prompt me always to do such actions as may please Thee. Help me, O adorable Being! to renounce evil deeds, evil ways, and evil company.*

---

* *Children's Praye, frrom Ishwaropásaná, by the Ahmedábád Prárthaná Samáj.*

Father, help each little child,
Make us truthful, good, and mild,
Kind, obedient, modest, meek.
Mindful of the words we speak,
What is right, may we pursue,
What is wrong, refuse to do;
What is evil seek to shun,
This we ask for every one.

—MORNING HYMN.

## A PRAYER.

Giver of our every blessing,
Thou, for whose unceasing care,
Earth is still her praise addressing,
Hear thy little children's prayer.

Wisdom, with our stature, grant us.
Goodness with each growing year,
Nor let folly's viles enchant us
From our duty's sacred sphere.

Grant us hope when life is ending;
When the pulse forsakes the breast.
May our spirit upward tending.
Father! in thy bosom rest. *

## YOUTH.

The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, instruction. There is not an hour of it, but is trembling with destinies; not a moment of which, once passed, the appointed work can ever be done again, or the neglected blow can be struck on the cold iron.

—RUSKIN.

* *From Chambers's Infant Education.*

Youth is the season for improvement.

---

The right time to educate the will aright is in youth.

—LOCKE.

---

It is less painful to learn in youth than to be ignorant in age.

---

Do such deeds in the former part of your life, as would make you happy in old age.

—JAIN PRECEPT.

---

Youth is the season of hope, energy, and enthusiasm, yet often clouded with error, conceit, and inexperience. Youth needs counsel, sympathy, and encouragement, while its brilliancy is dimmed by neglect, restraint, and indifference. There is life, power, ambition in the youthful breast, unless blighted by the frosts of censure, rebuke, and discouragement; there is love, regard, and confidence in its intercourse with parents, elders, and superiors, unless its spirit is broken, its pride destroyed, or its affections trifled with; youth is largely the creature of its surroundings; it is shaped by father's example, mother's prayers, and home influence.

---

In youth it is the outward aspect of things that most engage us; while in age, thought or reflection is the predominating quality of the mind. Hence youth is the time for poetry, and age is more inclined to philosophy. In practical affairs it is the same; a man shapes his resolutions in youth more by the impressions that the outward world makes upon him; whereas, when he is old, it is thought that determines his actions.*

—SCHOPENHAUER.

---

* *From Counsels and Maxims, translated by Saunders.*

I.

Many there are who of their lot complain;
Many there are who rail at fate in vain;
But on himself weak man should vent his rage,
Error in youth must lead to gloom in age.

II.

Many there are content in humblest lot:
Many there are, though poor, who murmur not:
Write then in gold on their recording page:
Virtue in youth must lead to bliss in age.

—T. HAYNES BAYLY.

---

The year I compare, as I find for a truth,
The Spring unto Childhood, the Summer to Youth,
The Harvest to Manhood, the Winter to Age,
All quickly forgot, as a play on a stage.

—TUSSER.

---

There are in existence two periods, when we shrink from any great vicissitude—early youth and old age. In the middle of life we are indifferent to change, for we have discovered that nothing is, in the end, so good or so bad as it at first appeared. We know moreover how to accommodate ourselves to circumstances; and enough of exertion is still left in us to cope with the event; but age is heart-wearied and tempest-torn, why should they then be in turmoil for the few days?

---

## YOUNG MEN.

The youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity.

—LORD BEACONSFIELD.

---

A man that is young in years, may be old in hours, if he have lost no time.

Young men are fitter to invent than to judge; fitter for execution than for counsel; and fitter for new projects than for settled business.

—BACON.

---

Socrates advised young men to look at themselves in a glass, that if they were fair and handsome, they might take care not to do anything unworthy of their beauty, and if on the contrary they were ugly and deformed, that then they should endeavour to efface the defects of the body by the virtues of the mind.

---

Young men's happiness and well-being as individuals in after-life, must necessarily depend mainly upon themselves—upon their own diligent self-culture, self-discipline, and self-control—and above all, on that honest and upright performance of individual duty, which is the glory of manly character.*

---

Were the young but heartily and habitually impressed with the conviction, that God knows all our thoughts and actions, and that obedience to His will is in all cases our duty, and in all cases our true wisdom, they would have a support to virtuous principles and dispositions which would usually enable those to stand firm in the day of trial, and give them a general decision, vigour, and permanency.

—REV. DR. CARPENTER.

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Between the ages of forty-five and sixty, a man, who has properly regulated himself, may be considered in the prime of life. His matured strength of constitution renders him impervious to an attack of disease, and ex-

* *From Introduction to Self-Help.*

perience has given soundness to his judgment. His mind is resolute, firm and equal, all his functions are in the highest order, he assumes mastery over his business, builds up a competence he has laid in early manhood, and passes through a period of life attended by many gratifications. Then he must proceed carefully, and he will even then have time and things to enjoy.

---

There are four things in the world difficult to do; those who can do them shall certainly obtain much happiness (merit) and escape poverty. And what are the four?

First, when in the heyday of youth not to be disdainful;

Secondly, when advancing in years to give up thoughts about pleasure;

Thirdly, when rich, to be ever mindful of charity;

Fourthly, to give respectful attention to the words of a wise teacher.*

—"DHAMMAPADA."

---

Still blind to reason, nature, and his God,
Youth follows pleasure, till he feels the rod
Of sad experience, then bemoans his fate,
Nor sees his folly, till it is too late.†

---

To train up their households is the business of the old; to obey their parents, and to grow in wisdom is the business of the young.

—SMILES.

---

Though vig'rous health thy tide of life sustains,
And youthful manhood revels in thy veins:

* *From the Buddhist Canon, translated by Beal.*

† *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

With reverend awe regard the bending sage,
Nor thoughtless mock th' infirmities of age.*

---

The chief recommendation of a young man is modesty, obedience to parents, and affection for relations.

—CICERO.

---

The child should say—

1 I will support them who supported me.
2 I will perform family duties incumbent on them.
3 I will guard their property.
4 I will make myself worthy to be their heir.
5 When they are gone, I will honour their memory.†

—GAUTAMA.

---

We ought not to speak evil of old age, for we all hope to reach it.

---

A boy may be clever, yet not a boy whom we can love or admire. To insure our affection, a young person requires to be amiable in temper, good in dispositions, and correct in his conduct; and if he be at the same time quick in apprehension—that is, *clever*, so much the better.

—CHAMBERS.

---

Woe, woe to him, on safety bent,
Who creeps to age from youth,
Failing to grasp his life's intent,
Because he fears the truth.

—H. ALFORD.

---

* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*
† *From David's Buddhism.*

O youth, in this the golden season of thy days, choose wisely,—
Choose well;—for here the current springs whose stream
May flow in honour or in shame; therefore, be doubly careful.
Let virtue, goodness, truth, be thy first, thy earliest aim.

—CHARLES HENRY HANGER.

---

I would have you
Not stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy and mere borrow'd thing
From dead men's dust and bones; and none of yours
Except you make and hold it.

—JOHNSON.

---

O, now, while health and vigour still remain,
Toil, toil, my lads, to purchase honest gain!
Shun idleness! shun pleasure's tempting snare!
A youth of revels breeds an age of care.*

---

O youth! glorious is man's heritage! this goodly earth of ours,
God's dear and precious gift, full of infinite stores, all thine,—
All at thy command,—mountain, and wood, and fertile plain,—
Deep ocean, the expansive fields of air, earth's embowelled riches,—
All thine, with no stint, no check, no limitation, to thy enjoyment,

* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

Save this—that thy share is according to the heartiness of thy endeavours.

—CHARLES HENRY HANGER.

---

When wayward children in the pride of youth,
Scorn wisdom's precepts, and the curb of truth;
Laugh at experience, and her sagest rules,
And hold restraints the doting fits of fools;
They thoughtless rush, where folly leads the way,
Where evils throng, and vice holds lordly sway.
Yet hoary age by long experience knows,
Where vices flourish, and where evil grows;
With cautious fondness for the budding mind,
Warns from the path, where ills with ill's combin'd;
Whilst heedless youth, in all the pomp of pride,
Spurn at his prudence, and his laws deride.
A few short years disperse the dazzling shade,
Which fame excited, and which transports made;
Wearied and pall'd with pleasure's fleeting joys,
Which madness raves for, and which health destroys;
Too late they find, by sage experience taught,
The rules of age are with true wisdom fraught.

---

Young men soon give, and soon forget affronts. Old age is slow in both.

—ADDISON.

---

Spare when you are young and spend when you are old.

---

Reflect that health is transient, death impends,
Ne'er in thy day of youthful strength do aught
To grieve thy conscience, lest when weakness comes,

*From Bewick's Select Fables.*

And thou art on a bed of sickness laid,
Fear and remorse augment thy sufferings.

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

---

Oh friend! be on your guard,
Recite frequently the name of God.
Youth—a period of madness—is short-lived
As is granted to you by God.
You will depart without your having glorified God
When Death will be sent to you.
You dress yourself in variegated clothes
And adorn your external features;
But salvation is impossible without devotion,
When the halter of death is round your neck.
You cover your head with a fastidious turban,
And are chewing betel-nut and leaf,
When the summons of Death will come to arrest you,
You shall have to go in a state of nudity.
Kabîr says, "hearken oh ye boor!
Do not be vain and conceited;
Ever adore God almighty
Or else do not blame Death.

—KABÎR.

---

## YOUTH AND SORROW.

"Get thee back, Sorrow, get thee back!
My brow is smooth, mine eyes are bright,
My limbs are full of health and strength,
My cheeks are fresh, my heart is light.

So, get thee back! oh, get thee back!
Consort with age, but not with me;

*From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

Why shouldst thou follow on my track?
I am too young to live with thee."

"O foolish Youth, to scorn thy friend!
To harm thee wherefore should I seek?
I would not dim thy sparkling eyes,
Nor blight the roses on thy cheek.

I would but teach thee to be true:
And should I press thee over-much,
Ever the flowers that I bedew
Yield fragrance to the touch."

"Get thee back, Sorrow, get thee back!
I like thee not, thy looks are chill.
The Sunshine lies upon my heart,
Thou showest me the shadow still.

So, get thee back! oh, get thee back!
Nor touch my golden locks with grey;
Why shouldst thou follow on my track?
Let me be happy while I may."

"Good friend, thou needest sage advice;
I'll keep thy heart from growing proud,
I'll fill thy mind with kindly thoughts,
And link thy pity to the crowd.

Wouldst have a heart of pulseless stone?
Wouldst be too happy to be good?
Nor make a human woe thine own,
For sake of human brotherhood?"

"Get thee back, Sorrow, get thee back!
Why should I weep while I am young?—
I have not piped—I have not danced—
My morning songs I have not sung:

The world is beautiful to me,
Why tarnish it to soul and sense?
Prithee begone! I'll think of thee
Some half a hundred winters hence."

"O foolish Youth, thou know'st me not;
I am the mistress of the earth—
'Tis I give tenderness to love;
Enhance the privilege of mirth;
Refine the human gold from dross;
And teach thee, wormling of the sod,
To look beyond thy present loss,
To thy eternal gain with God."

"Get thee back, Sorrow, get thee back!
I'll learn thy lessons soon enough:
If virtuous pleasure smooth my way,
Why should thou seek to make it rough?
No fruit can ripen in the dark,
No bud can bloom in constant cold—
So, prithee, Sorrow, miss thy mark,
Or strike me not till I am old."

"I am thy friend, thy best of friends;
No bud in constant heats can blow—
The green fruit withers in the drought,
But ripens where the waters flow.
The sorrows of thy youthful day
Shall make thee wise in coming years;
The brightest rainbows ever play
Above the fountains of our tears."

Youth frowned, but Sorrow gently smiled;
Upon his heart her hand she laid,
And all its hidden sympathies
Throbbed to the fingers of the Maid.

And when his head grew grey with Time,
He owned that Sorrow spoke the truth,
And that the harvest of his prime
Was ripened by the rains of Youth.

—C. MACKAY.

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## TO THE YOUNG.

Mark me! I ne'er presume to teach
The man of wisdom, grey and sage;
'Tis to the growing I would preach
From moral text and simple page.

First I would bid thee cherish truth
As leading star in virtue's train;
Folly may pass, nor tarnish youth,
But falsehood leaves a poison stain.

Keep watch, nor let the burning tide
Of Impulse break from all control;
The best of hearts needs pilot-guide
To steer it clear from Error's shoal.

One wave of Passion's boiling flood
May all the sea of Life disturb;
And steeds of good but fiery blood
Will rush on death without a curb.

Think on the course ye fain would run,
And moderate the wild desire;
There's many a one would drive the sun,
Only to set the world on fire.

Slight not the one of honest worth,
Because no star adorns his breast:

* *From Poets of the 19th Century, by the Rev. R. A. Willmott.*

The lark soars highest from the earth,
Yet ever leaves the lowest nest.

Heed but the bearing of a tree,
And if it yield a wholesome fruit;
A shallow, envious fool is he,
Who spurns it for its forest-root.

Let fair humanity be thine,
To fellow-man and meanest brute:
'Tis nobly taught—the code's divine—
Mercy is God's chief attribute.

The coward wretch whose hand and heart
Can bear to torture aught below,
Is ever first to quail and start
From slightest pain or equal foe.

Be not too ready to condemn
The wrong thy brothers may have done;
Ere ye too harshly censure them
For human faults, ask—"Have I none?"

Live that thy young and glowing breast
Can think of death without a sigh;
And be assured *that* life is best
Which finds us least afraid to die.

—ELIZA COOK.

## OLD AGE.

What is everybody doing at the same time?
*Ans.* growing older.

What makes old age sad is not that our joys but that our hopes then cease.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
In health and sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
That life protracted is protracted woe.

—DR. JOHNSON.

---

Long life in itself may not be any real advantage to its possessor. If the later years are years of pain and suffering, it may not seem desirable that they should be prolonged. But is it not true that much of the disease which embitters old age is the result of ignorance or carelessness in former years? We have often to pay dearly for our experience; for nothing is more certain than that we shall reap in old age what we have sown in childhood and youth. * * * *

It is when our physical power is good, and our mind clear that we are conscious of the delight of existence, and under such conditions old age is not simply a burden to be borne, but it is a time of quiet happiness and content. To be in good health is worth all the efforts any one can put forth, and it more than pays for all that is expended to attain it.*

---

Years do not make sages: they only make old men.

---

A man is not an elder, because his head is gray. His age may be ripe, but he is called old in vain. He, in whom there is truth, virtue, love, restraint, moderation, he who is free from impurity and is wise, he is called an elder.

—GAUTAMA.

---

*From Ward and Lock's Long Life Series, edited by George Black.*

No old age is agreeable but that of a wise man.
—OLD SPANISH PROVERB.

---

An age that melts in unperceived decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,
The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend;
Such age there is, and who would wish its end?
—JOHNSON.

---

It is a most beautiful thing to see a long life ending in such perfect happiness and peace.*

---

The value of youth is justly appreciated by the old.

---

When leaning on the staff
Amid the crowded street,
With feeble step and wrinkled face
Some aged form I meet.
However poor and weak,
Or ignorant and low,
I must respect their hoary hairs,
For God has told me so.
I love to see the hair
All venerably grey,
A crown of glory 'tis to those
Who walk in Wisdom's way.
I love the reverend head,
With years and honours white,
'Tis like the ripened fruit of heav'n,
And angels bless the sight.†

---

* *Remarks on Mr. Gladstone's old age.*

† *From Chambers's Infant Education.*

## OLD MEN.

He that spares when he is young, may the better spend when he is old.

---

When thou hast become old, refrain from boyishness;
Leave sport and mirth to youths.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

---

If he is a fool, who at forty applies to Hippocrates for health, still more is he one who then first applies to Seneca for wisdom.†

---

Happy the man whose constant thought
(Though in the school of hardship taught)
Can send remembrance back to fetch
Treasures from life's earliest stretch;
Who, self-approving, can review
Scenes of past virtues, which shine through
The gloom of age, and cast a ray
To gild the evening of his day!

Not so the guilty wretch confin'd:
No pleasures meet his conscious mind;
No blessings brought from early youth,
But broken faith, and wrested truth;
Talents idle and unus'd,
And every trust of Heav'n abus'd;
In seas of sad reflection lost,
From horrors still to horrors toss'd,
Reason the vessel leaves to steer,
And gives the helm to mad Despair.

---

* *Translated by Platts.*

† *From Gracian's Art of Worldly Wisdom, translated from the Spanish by Jacobs.*

Ye gods, how gracefully the good man bears
His cumbrous honours of increasing years!
Age, oh my father, is not, as they say,
A load of evils heap'd on mortal clay,
Unless impatient folly aids the curse,
And weak lamenting makes our sorrows worse.
He, whose soft soul, whose temper ever even,
Whose habits, placid as a cloudless heaven,
Approve the partial blessings of the sky,
Smooths the rough road, and walks untroubled by;
Untimely wrinkles furrow not his brow,
And graceful wave his locks of reverend snow.

—J. H. MERIVALE.

---

What a celestial happiness to be able to reflect on the past, and say to yourself with truth, "I have lived so many years, during which I have been employed in sowing the seeds of holy works; I do not wish to begin my days afresh, and I regret not that they are passed away."

—STURM'S REFLECTIONS.

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## PRAYER.

With years oppress'd, with sorrows worn,
Dejected, harassed, sick, forlorn,
To Thee, O God, I pray!
To Thee my wither'd hands arise;
To Thee I lift my failing eyes;
O cast me not away!

—SIR R. GRANT.

---

## WHAT MAKES A HAPPY OLD AGE.

"You are old, father William," the young man cried;
"The few locks that are left you, are gray:

You are hale, father William, a hearty old man,
Now tell me the reason I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remembered that youth would fly fast,
And abused not my health, and my vigour at first,
That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And pleasures with youth pass away;
And yet you lament not the days that are gone;
Now tell me the reason I pray."

"In the days of my youth," father William replied,
"I remembered that youth could not last;
And I thought of the future, whatever I did,
That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, father William," the young man cried,
"And life must be hastening away;
You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death;
Now tell me the reason I pray."

"I am cheerful, young man," father William replied,
"Let the cause thy attention engage:
In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
And he hath not forgotten my age!"

—SOUTHEY.

## 93. MANNERS (good).

Politeness is to a man what beauty is to a woman. Polished manners have made hundreds successful, while the best of men by their hardness and coolness have done themselves an incalculable injury, the shell being so rough that the world could not believe that there was a precious kernel within it.

---

Manners are not idle, but the fruit of noble nature and of loyal mind.

—TENNYSON.

---

If thou would fully know what manners mean,
Then learn from noble women what they teach.

---

The society of women is the element of good manners.

—GOETHE.

---

Believe me, Sir, it is of little import
To boast of noble birth, unless accord
The manners with the rank :—ungrateful thorns
Are most offensive in a goodly soil.

—"MRICHCHHAKATIKA."*

---

They said to Lokmân the sage, "of whom didst thou learn manners?" "Of the ill-mannered," he replied;

* *A drama translated from Sanskrit by H. H. Wilson.*

"for anything on their part which was disapproved in my sight, I avoided."

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.

---

Affability is the true pass-port to favour both in man and woman. If you be affable, you will be liked wherever you go; if a lady be affable, though ever so plain in features, she will gain all hearts, while the merely beautiful or the handsome may fail to make a favourable impression. Affability, therefore, whether in man or woman, along with moral and intellectual worth, ought to be the great object of cultivation.†

---

Civility will always reproduce itself in others, and the man who is always polite will be sure to get it at least as much as he gives. "No man," says Bacon, "will be deficient in respect towards others, who knows the value of respect to himself."

---

Deep learning will make you acceptable to the learned, but it is only an easy and obliging behaviour, and entertaining conversation, that will make you agreeable in all companies.

---

"Civility," said Lady Montague, "costs nothing and buys everything."

---

Desire to please and you will infallibly please.

—OLD MAXIM.

---

What is wanting in sincerity cannot be made up by mere courtesy. Let the great consider this.‡

---

° *Translated by Platts.*

† *From Chambers's Miscellany.*

‡ *From William Danby's Ideas and Realities.*

Servility and civility are as opposite as the poles. One is despicable, while the other is in the highest degree desirable. That style of manners, which combines self-respect with respect for the rights and feelings of others, is a quality to be cultivated with extreme diligence.

---

The person riding must make salâm to him on foot first; and he that goes along, to person who is sitting down; and a small party must salâm to a large party; and the young to the old.

—"MISHCAT-UL-MASÂBIH."*

---

He who laughs at an impertinence,
Makes himself its accomplice.

—CHINESE SAYING.

---

A main fact in the history of manners is the wonderful expressiveness of the human body. If it were made of glass, or of air, and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behaviour. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression.†

---

A well-bred man will converse with his inferiors without insolence, and with his superiors with respect and ease. Add to this, that a man of a gentleman-like behaviour, though of inferior parts is better received than a man of superior abilities, who is unacquainted with the

* *Translated from Arabic, by Captain Matthews.*

† *From The Conduct of Life by R. W. Emerson.*

world. Modesty and a polite easy assurance should be united.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

---

Refined policy ever has been the parent of confusion; and ever will be so, as long as the world endures. Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view, as fraud is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind. Genuine simplicity of heart is an healing and cementing principle.

—BURKE.

---

Gentility drives away grief and brings joy in its train;
Gentility opens the gate of fortune and wards off the evil attempted by foes.
Gentility subdues all hearts and keeps the person possessing it free from sorrow;
Gentility dispels ignorance and beautifies the features.
Gentility is a noble acquisition in the world, it tends towards piety;
Sâmal says it is the abode of joy and prosperity.

—SÂMAL.*

---

## 20 IMPOLITE THINGS.

1. Loud and boisterous laughing.
2. Reading when others are talking.
3. Reading aloud in company without being asked.
4. Talking when others are reading.
5. Spitting about the house, smoking or chewing.
6. Cutting finger nails in company.

* *A Gujarâti poet.*

7. Leaving church before worship is closed.
8. Whispering or laughing in church.
9. Correcting older persons than yourself, especially parents.
10. Leaving a stranger without a seat.
11. Gazing rudely at strangers.
12. A want of respect and reverence for seniors.
13. Receiving a present without an expression of gratitude.
14. Making yourself hero of your own story.
15. Laughing at the mistake of others.
16. Joking others in company.
17. Commencing talking before others have finished speaking.
18. Answering questions that have been put to others.
19. Commencing to eat as soon as you get to the table.
20. Not listening to what one is saying in company.

## 94. MERCY.

O Mercy ! Heav'nly born ! Sweet attribute !
Thou great, thou best prerogative of power !
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath.

—SOMERVILLE.

---

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When Mercy seasons justice.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Over every work is Mercy joint assessor to Jove on his throne.

---

Mercy is the might of the righteous.

—"VISHṆU PURÂṆA."

---

Mercy is the root of all religion, conceit the root of irreligion ;

'Do not give up Mercy,' says Tulasidâs, 'so long as the soul dwells in the body.'

—TULASIDÂS.*

---

The merciful man doeth good to his own soul : but he that is cruel troubleth his own flesh.

—"BIBLE—PROVERBS 11."

---

Of all the paths that lead to human bliss,
The most secure and grateful to our steps
With mercy and humanity is mark'd;
The sweet-tongued rumour of a gracious deed
Can charm from hostile hands the uplifted blade,
The gall of anger into milk transform,
And dress the brow of enmity in smiles.

—RICHARD GLOVER.

---

Nothing is more praiseworthy, nothing more suited to a great and illustrious man than placability and a merciful disposition.

—CICERO.

---

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the Gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

What greater praise of God and Man than mercy for to shew,
Who merciless, shall mercy find, that mercy shews to few?

—TUSSER.

---

* *A Gujarâti poet.*

He who is merciful towards his fellow-creatures shall receive mercy.

—"TALMUD."

---

Who will not mercy unto others show,
How can he mercy ever hope to have?

—SPENSER.

---

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

—POPE.

---

Compassion is an emotion of which we ought never to be ashamed. Graceful, particularly in youth, is the tear of sympathy, and the heart that melts at the tale of woe; we should not permit ease and indulgence to contract our affections, and wrap us up in a selfish enjoyment. But we should accustom ourselves to think of the distresses of human life, of the solitary cottage, the dying parent, and weeping orphan. Nor ought we ever to sport with pain and distress in any of our amusements, or treat even the meanest insect with wanton cruelty.

—DR. BLAIR.

---

None pities him that's in the snare,
And warned before, would not beware.

—HERRICK.

---

Be not without hope of His mercy.

—"DESATIR."*

---

* *Translated by Mulla Firuz Bin Kaus, edited by D. J. Medhora.*

Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy.

—"BIBLE—ST. MATTHEW 5."

## THE PROPHET MAHOMED AND A HOSTILE WARRIOR.

Mahomet was one day sleeping alone at the foot of a tree, at a distance from his camp, when he was awakened by a noise, and beheld Durthur, a hostile warrior, standing over him with a drawn sword. "Oh, Mahomet," cried he, "who is there now to save thee?" "God," replied the Prophet. Struck with conviction, Durthur let fall his sword, which was instantly seized upon by Mahomet. Brandishing the weapon, he exclaimed in turn, "Who is there now to save thee, oh Durthur?" "Alas, no one!" replied the soldier. "Then learn from me to be merciful." So saying he returned the sword. The heart of the warrior was overcome; he acknowledged Mahomet as the Prophet of God, and embraced the faith. *

* *From Irving's Life of Mahomet.*

## 95. MIND.

It is the mind that maketh good or ill,
That maketh wretch or happy, rich or poor:
For some, that hath abundance at his will,
Hath not enough, but wants in greatest store;
And other, that hath little, asks no more,
But in that little is both rich and wise;
For wisdom is most riches; fools therefore
They are, which do by vows devise;
Sith each unto himself his life may fortunise.

—SPENSER.

---

In you consists the pleasure of the treat;
Not in the price or flavour of the meat.

—HORACE.

---

There's nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

If anything external vexes you, take notice that it is not the thing which disturbs you, but your notion about it, which notion you may dismiss at once if you please.

—MARCUS AURELIUS.

---

It is the soul that sees; the outward eyes
Present the object, but the mind descries;
And thence delight, disgust, or cool indifference rise
When minds are joyful, then we look around,
And what is seen is all on fairy ground;

Again they sicken, and on every view
Cast their own dull and melancholy hue;
Or if absorbed by their peculiar cares,
The vacant eye on viewless matters glares,
Our feelings still upon our views attend,
And their own Natures to the objects lend.

—CRABBE.

---

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.

—R. LOVELACE.

---

A mind is not to be changed by place or time,
The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a heaven of hell, a hell of heaven.

—MILTON.

---

The great designs that have been digested and matured, and the great literary works that have been begun and finished in prisons, fully prove that tyrants have not yet discovered any chains that can fetter the mind.

—COLTON.

---

The hero's laurel fades; the fame
For boundless science is but wind;
And Samson's strength a brutal name,
Without dominion of the mind.

—THOMAS SCOTT.

---

The way to find freedom is within thyself.

—"THE VOICE OF THE SILENCE."

---

Simplicity of life and manners produce tranquility of mind.

---

When one
Abandons all the wishes of one's heart,
Pleased in and by oneself, then is one called
A steady-minded person. One whose heart
Is not dejected in calamity,
And who in comforts feels no joy, from whom
Affection, fear and wrath have fled, is called
A steady-minded sage.

—"BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ."*

---

Beneath the stroke of life's changes,
The mind that shaketh not,
Without grief or passion, and secure,
This is the greatest blessing.†

—GAUTAMA.

---

Who lacks the pleasures of a tranquil mind,
Will something wrong in every station find;
His mind unsteady, and on changes bent,
Is always shifting, yet is ne'er content.‡

---

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breasts this jewel lies,
And they are fools who roam.

—COTTON.

---

What is one of the best of all earthly possessions?
*Ans.* Self-possession.

---

* *Translated by K. T. Telang.*
† *From David's Buddhism.*
‡ *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

A head properly constituted can accommodate itself to whatever pillows the vicissitudes of fortune may place under it.

---

How heavenly fair the mind
Sublimed by virtue's sweet enlivening sway !

—BEATTIE.

---

Bodies are cleansed by water ; the mind is purified by truth ; the vital spirit, by theology and devotion ; the understanding, by clear knowledge.

—MANU.

---

It is Heaven upon Earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in Providence, and turn upon the Poles of Truth.

—BACON.

---

Wisdom is to the mind, what health is to the body.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

---

Wrath and malice, envy and revenge distort the understanding.

—TILLOTSON.

---

The mind of man is a bird that goes on wandering
In the midst of sensual pleasures ;
So long as the falcon of divine knowledge
Has not caught it in its claws.

—KABÎR.

---

To be at one with God is to be at peace.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

---

The heart loves repose, and the soul contemplation, but the mind needs action.

---

It is necessary to that perfection of which our present state is capable that the mind and body should both be kept in action.

—JOHNSON.

---

"The mind of a young creature," says Berkley, "cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to use ever that which is bad."

---

Let not thy time of leisure be idle and unproductive of good,
For active minds lie not fallow; if flowers do not spring to life
Weeds will; therefore, let all the intervals of time be occupied
With some especial task, so that all, well filled and garnished,
Like a well-ordered garden, fruits and flowers, and shrubs may rise,
Throughout the various year, for ornament, for profit, and for use.

—CHARLES HENRY HANGER.

---

The natural food of our minds is the study and contemplation of Nature.

—CICERO.

---

Of all poverty, that of the mind is most deplorable.

---

As our bodies, to be in health, must be generally exercised, so our minds, to be in health, must be gene-

rally cultivated. You would not call a man healthy who had strong arms, but was paralytic in his feet; nor one who could walk well, but had no use of his hands; nor one who could see well, if he could not hear. You would not voluntarily reduce your bodies to any such partially developed state. Much more, then, you would not, if you could help it, reduce your minds to it. Now, your minds are endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different uses,—limbs of mind as it were, which if you don't exercise, you cripple.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

---

By reading we enrich the mind, by conversation we polish it.

---

Speech is the picture of the mind.

---

The pen is the tongue of the mind.

—CERVANTES.

---

The eyes are of little use, if the mind is blind.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

---

Light minds are pleased with trifles.

—OVID.

---

It is a miserable state of mind, to have a few things to desire, and many things to fear.

—BACON.

---

That man who has resources within himself to entertain, amuse, or otherwise agreeably occupy his mind, is happier and richer than a Crœsus, who is miserable without company.*

—DR. W. W. HALL.

---

*From How to Live Long.*

For just experience tells in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil.

—GOLDSMITH.

---

Late in man's history, yet clearly at length it becomes manifest to the dullest, that mind is stronger than matter, that mind is the creator and shaper of matter; that not brute force, but only persuasion and faith is the king of this world.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

---

Character and intellect: the two poles of our capacity; one without the other is but half way to happiness. Intellect sufficeth not, character is also needed.*

---

The suspicious mind will always find something on which to rest its doubts.

---

For in the same way as the strength of the mind surpasses that of the body, in the same way the sufferings of the mind are more severe than the pains of the body.

—CICERO.

---

It is the mind that makes the body rich.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Of human greatness reason is the base,
'Tis this exalts the rank of Adam's race.

—"ANVÂR-I-SUHAILI."†

---

* *From Grician's Art of Worldly Wisdom, translated from the Spanish by Jacobs.*

† *Translated by Eastwick.*

Within the brain's most secret cells
A certain Lord-Chief-Justice dwells,
Of sovereign power whom one and all,
With common voice, we Reason call.
—CHURCHILL.

---

Let us have peace of mind at all times ;
So that we may safely cross the ocean of life.
Tranquility is supreme bliss if thou knowest,
It is the source of happiness most certainly.
If tranquility dwells in the heart of a man,
He is not far from the Deity.
A tranquil equable man is called great,
Who has tasted of the nectar of contentment.
Pleasures, glory, and wealth,
Regal bliss and the like joys,
Are all not worth a pin to the contented,
Who looks upon the joy of contentment as the joy of salvation.
A contented man may endeavour to gain a rare object,
He does not exult in case he succeeds ;
Nor does he grieve if he is baffled and fails,
So wonderful is the state of a tranquil mind.
A man should ever be cheerful in spirits,
And consider that the soul within is itself the Deity ;
He should attach his affection to peace-giving objects,
And enjoy the company of the devoted saints.
The accounts of the pious saints are extraordinary and are highly beneficial to seekers of salvation.
Meditating steadily on the calm figure of the good preceptor,
Poet Dhirâdâs has enshrined it on the tablet of his heart.
—DHÎRO.*

---

* *A Gujarâti poet.*

No glory I covet, no riches I want;
Ambition is nothing to me;
The one thing I beg of kind Heaven to grant,
Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted with pride,
By reason my life let me square:
The wants of my nature are cheaply supplied,
And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings which Providence freely has lent,
I'll justly and gratefully prize;
While sweet meditation and cheerful content
Shall make me both healthful and wise.

In the pleasures the great man's possessions display,
Unenvied I'll challenge my part;
For ev'ry fair object my eyes can survey
Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trouble and strife
The many their labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in life,
Is what all, if they please, may enjoy.

—ANON.

---

My mind to me a kingdom is;
Such perfect joy therein I find
As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
That God or nature hath assigned.
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

Content I live, this is my stay;
I seek no more than may suffice:
I press to bear no haughty sway;
Look what I lack, my mind supplies.

Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as sit aloft
Mishap doth threaten most of all:
These get with toil, and keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

No princely pomp nor wealthy store,
No force to win a victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a lover's eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall;
For why? my mind despiseth all.

Some have too much, yet still they crave,
I little have, yet seek no more;
They are but poor, though much they have,
And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I lend; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly wave my mind can toss,
I brook that is another's bane:
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend—
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
My conscience clear, my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die—
Would all do so as well as I.

I joy not in no earthly bliss,
I weigh not Crœsus' wealth a straw;
For care, I care not what it is—
I fear not fortune's fatal law;
My mind is such as may not move
For beauty bright, or force of love.

I wish but what I have with will,
I wander not to seek for more;
I like the plain, I climb no hill;
In greatest storm I sit on shore,
And langh at them that toil in vain
To get what must be lost again.

I kiss not where I wish to kill,
I feign not love, where most I hate;
I break no sleep to win my will,
I wait not at the mighty's gate;
I scorn no poor, I fear no rich—
I feel no want, nor have too much.

Some weigh their pleasures by their lust,
Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust,
A cloaked craft their store of skill;
But all the pleasure that I find,
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

—Sir E. Dyer.

---

Come, peace of mind, delightful guest!
Return and make thy downy nest
Once more in this sad heart:
Nor riches I, nor power pursue,
Nor hold forbidden joys in view,
We therefore need not part.

Where wilt thou dwell if not with me
From avarice and ambition free,
And pleasure's fatal wiles?
For whom, alas! dost thou prepare
The sweets that I was wont to share,
The banquet of thy smiles?

The great, the gay, shall they partake
The heaven that Thou alone canst make,
And wilt thou quit the stream
That murmurs through the dewy mead,
The grove and the sequester'd shed,
To be a guest with them?

For thee I panted, thee I prized,
For thee I gladly sacrificed
Whate'er I loved before,
And shall I see thee start away,
And helpless, hopeless, hear thee say—
Farewell! we meet no more?

—COWPER.

---

The mind! how manifold, how deep its wants!
It asks, obtains, and yet for more it pants;
It pants, receives, and asks, and restless still
At earthly fountains hopes its springs to fill.

Father divine! this fatal power controul,
Which to the senses binds the immortal soul:
O break this bondage! Lord, I would be free,
And in my soul would find my heaven in Thee.*

—DR. TUCKERMAN.

---

* *From Mary Carpenter's Meditations.*

## MENTAL AND CORPOREAL SUFFERING.

There is a Persian apologue on the difference between these. A king and his minister were discussing the subject, and differed in opinion. The minister maintained the first to be most severe, and to convince his sovereign of it, he took a lamb, broke its leg, shut it up, and put food before it. He took another, shut it up with a tiger, which was bound by a strong chain, so that the beast could spring near but not seize the lamb, and put food also before it. In the morning he carried the king to see the effect of the experiment. The lamb with broken leg had eaten up all the food placed before it, the other was found dead from fright.

## 96. MINE AND NOT MINE.

### MINE AND NOT MINE.

The great king Janaka was Raja Yogi. He was wise and beneficent in his administration, kind and just to his subjects, and of great service to the learned. His court was oftentimes visited by Rishis, and sages did not hesitate to receive instruction from him on intricate questions of metaphysics. Illustrious in every way, Janaka's name was known in every corner of Âryavarta. On one occasion a Brâhmin had committed some serious offence, and was brought up before Janaka. The offence was proved, and the king, in consideration of the offender being a Brâhmana, ordered him to quit his dominions instantly. The Brâhmin said he was perfectly ready to obey his orders, but only wished to know what were the limits of his dominions in order that he might get beyond them, and live in the province of another sovereign. The question was no doubt to all appearance simple, but it really staggered the wise king. A few moments passed by, and Janaka was found deeply sighing. He was evidently plunged in thought and could not easily utter a word in reply. At length, however, like a true Kshatriya, regaining his courage, he turned to the Brâhmin and confessed he could not say which was his dominion. In his mind he searched through the whole earth and was not able to fix on any portion of it as his dominion. The kingdom of Mithila, over which he ruled did not belong to him nor even his own children. Thus revolving he became gloomy for a while, but in an instant the cloud passed away and high intelligence soon beamed in his

looks. He next explained himself to the Brâhmin and showed how he thought he had either no dominion belonging to himself or that everything was subject to him. Similarly he fancied either that his own physical body was not his or that the whole of the earth belonged to him. Arriving at such conclusions, King Janaka told the Brâhmin he was at perfect liberty to live any where he chose and left him to himself. Janaka's argument was, "In all the affairs of this world I find prosperity and adversity having an end. So I cannot say that what seems mine to-day will be so to-morrow. I must thus get rid of the idea of *mineness*. Again in another sense all the earth is mine." The Brâhmin was delighted at hearing all this, and told Janaka that he was no other than Dharma himself, come there that day for examining him. He blessed Janaka and departed.*

---

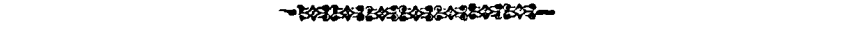
The sun can give heat and light to the whole world, but it can do nothing when the clouds are in the sky and shut out its rays. Similarly, so long as egoism is in the soul, God cannot shine upon the heart.

—"SAYINGS OF RÂMAKRISHNA."†

---

Love thyself last. The world shall be made better
By thee, if this brief motto forms thy creed;
Go, follow it in spirit and in letter.
This is the true religion which men need.

—ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.



* *From Hindu Boys' Journal, Vol. VI.*

† *By Max Müller.*

## 97. MISER.

"My own, my own"—the miser cries,
O'er tarnish'd dross and parchment fold;
Chain'd where his cumbrous coffer lies,
With hand all close, and heart all cold.
—ELIZA COOK.

---

The miser lives poor to die rich, and is the Gaoler of his house, and the turnkey of his wealth.

---

A miser's first rule in Arithmetic is addition, but his heirs generally begin with division.

---

Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill;
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still.
—GOLDSMITH.

---

A miserly man's motto is, "Win gold and spare it."

---

But the base miser, starves amidst his store,
Broods o'er his gold, and griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he 's poor.
—DRYDEN.

---

Bion the philosopher once told a miser, "you do not possess your wealth, but your wealth possesses you."

---

The Bishop preached: "My friends," said he,
"How sweet a thing is charity,

The choicest gem in virtue's casket!"
"It is, indeed," sighed miser B.,
"And instantly I'll go and—ask it."

---

There is one disease a miser is sure not to die of, enlargement of the heart.

---

Can anything be more senselessly absurd, than that the nearer we are to our journey's end, we should still lay in the more provision for it?

—CICERO.

---

Men who in old age strive only to increase their already great hoards, are usually slaves of the habit of hoarding formed in their youth. At first they own the money they have made and saved. Later in life the money owns them, and they cannot help themselves, so overpowering is the force of habit, either for good or evil. It is the abuse of the civilized saving instinct, and not its use, that produces this class of men.

No one need be afraid of falling a victim to this abuse of the habit if he always bears in mind that whatever surplus wealth may come to him is to be regarded as a sacred trust, which he is bound to administer for the good of his fellows. The man should always be master. He should keep money in the position of a useful servant. He must never let it master and make a miser of him.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

---

How long, gold-seeking, round the earth wilt go?
As grows thy treasure, so thy care will grow.
Nought will the eye-cup of the greedy fill,
Pearls brim the shell, but not until 'tis still.

—"ANVÂR-I-SUHAILI.

---

* *Translated by Eastwick.*

Why dost thou hoard up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband thou wouldst seem.
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

—COWLEY.

---

He, who, in opposition to his own happiness, seeks the acquisition of money, is, like a bearer of burdens for others, truly a vessel of trouble.

Of what use is wealth to him, who gives not nor enjoys?

By non-enjoyment the wealth of the miser is the same as if it were possessed by others: his own property in it is merely, "This is his;" and at the loss of it he is oppressed with grief.

Giving, enjoying, and loss, are the three destinies of wealth: the third doom awaits him who gives not, nor enjoys.

—"HITOPADESHA."

---

They call thee rich, I call thee poor,
Since, if thou darest not *use* thy store,
But savest it only for thine heirs,
The treasure is not thine but theirs.

—COWPER.

---

Go, miser! go; for lucre sell thy soul;
Truck wares for wares, and trudge from pole to pole,
That men may say, when thou art dead and gone,
See what a vast estate he left his son.

—DRYDEN.

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* *Prof. Johnson's edition.*

Riches are for the comfort of life, not life for the sake of amassing riches. They asked a wise man, "who is the fortunate man, and who the unfortunate?" He replied, "The fortunate is he who enjoys and sows, and the unfortunate is he who dies and leaves behind."

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.

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Pile on to your masses, add heap to heap,
While those around you may starve and weep;
But forget not, hoary-headed slave,
That *thou*, not *gold*, must fill a grave:
Thou canst not haggle and bargain for breath,
Thy coffers won't serve to bar out death;
Thou *must* be poor when the churchyard stone
And the shroud will be all that thou canst own.

—ELIZA COOK.

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To death we must stoop, be we high, be we low,
But how, and how suddenly, few be that know;
What carry we then, but a sheet to the grave,
To cover this carcass, of all that we have!

—TUSSER.

---

My parks, my walks, my manors that I had,
Even now forsake me; and of all my lands
Is nothing left me but my body's length.

—SHAKESPEARE.

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A rich miser is poorer than a poor man.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

---

Two persons undergo useless trouble, and exert themselves to no purpose: one, he who amasses riches

* *Translated by Platts.*

and does not enjoy it; the other, he who acquires knowledge and does not act according to it.

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.*

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Goods are theirs that enjoy them.

—PROVERB.

---

That which we use and improve is ours, what we hoard is for some one else.

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A poor man once came to a miser, and said, "I have a favour to ask." "So have I," said the miser, "grant mine first." "Agreed."—"My request is," said the miser, "that you ask me for nothing."

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Penny wise and pound foolish.

—PROVERB.

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He builds a palace and destroys a city.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

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Not he, of wealth immense possesst
Tasteless who piles his massy gold,
Among the number of the blest
Should have its glorious name enroll'd;
He better claims the glorious name, who knows
With wisdom to enjoy what heav'n bestows.

—FRANCIS.

---

The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully:

And he thought within himself, saying, What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?

* *Translated by Platts.*

And he said, This will I do: I will pull down my barns, and build greater: and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.

And I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.

But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be, which thou hast provided?

So is he that layeth up treasure for himself, and is not rich toward God.

—"BIBLE, ST. LUKE 12."

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Misers are generally characterised as men without honour, or without humanity, who live only to accummulate, and to this passion sacrifice every other happiness. They have been described as mad men, who in the midst of abundance, banish every pleasure, and make, from imaginary wants, real necessities. But few, very few correspond to this exaggerated picture; and, perhaps, there is not one in whom all these circumstances are found united. Instead of this, we find the sober, and the industrious branded by the vain and the idle, with this odious appellation. Men who, by frugality and labour, raise themselves above their equals, and contribute their share of industry to the common stock.

A French priest, whose name was Godinot, went for a long time by the name of the Griper. He refused to relieve the most apparent wretchedness, and by a skilful management of his vine-yard, had the good fortune to acquire immense sums of money. The inhabitants of Rheims, who were his fellow-citizens, detested him, and the populace, who seldom love a miser, wherever he went, received him with o mpt. He still, how-

ever, continued his former simplicity of life, his amazing and unremitted frugality. This good man had long perceived the wants of the poor in the city, particularly, in having no water but what they were obliged to buy at an advanced price; wherefore, that whole fortune, which he had been amassing, he laid out in an aqueduct, by which he did the poor more useful and lasting service, than if he had distributed his whole income in charity everyday at his door.

—GOLDSMITH.

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## THE MISER.

"To be frugal is wise;" and this lesson of truth
Should ever be preach'd in the ears of youth.
The young must be curb'd in their spendthrift haste,
Lest meagre Want should follow on Waste:
But to see the hand that is wither'd and old
So eagerly clutch at the shining gold—
Oh! can it be good that a man should crave
The dross of the world—so nigh his grave?

Sad is the lot of those who pine
In the gloomy depths of the precious Mine;
But they toil not so hard in gaining the ore,
As the miser in guarding the glittering store.
He counts the coin with a feasting eye;
And trembles the while if a step come nigh:
He adds more wealth; and a smiling trance
Of joy comes over his shrunken face.

He seeks the bed where he cannot rest;
Made close beside his idol chest:
He wakes with a wilder'd haggard stare,
For he dreams a thief is busy there:

He searches around—the bolts are fast;
And the watchmen of the night go past.
His coffers are safe; but there's fear in his brain,
And the miser cannot sleep again.

He never flings the blessed mite
To fill the orphan child with delight.
The dog may howl, the widow may sigh;
He hears them not—they may starve and die.
His breast is of ice, no throbbing glow
Spreads there at the piercing tale of woe;
All torpid and cold, he lives alone
In his heaps, like the toad embedded in stone.

Death comes—but the miser's friendless bier
Is free from the sobbing mourner's tear;
Unloved, unwept, no grateful one
Will tell of the kindly deeds he has done:
Oh! never covet the miser's fame;
'Tis a cheerless halo that circles his name;
And one fond heart that will truly grieve,
Will outweigh all the gold we can leave.

—ELIZA COOK.

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## THE MISER AND PLUTUS (A FABLE).

The wind was high, the window shakes;
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks;
Looks back and trembles as he walks!
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries;
Then opens the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard.
But now, with sudden qualms possest,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast;

By conscience stung, he wildly stares,
And thus his guilty soul declares.

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's sold! Good Gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice?
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
Gold banish'd honour from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill:
Gold taught the murderer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treachery's more pernicious arts;
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
'Virtue resides on earth no more!
He spoke and sighed: In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling lock'd his chest;
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind!
The fault is in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
E'en virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny, and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast;

'Tis av'rice, insolence, and pride;
And ev'ry shocking vice beside;
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses like the dews of heaven;
Like heaven, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows' eyes.
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their sordid souls for pay?
Let bravoes then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

—GAY.

## 98. MONEY, GOLD, RICHES, WEALTH.

### MONEY.

A man without money is like a bird without wings, or a ship without sails.

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A light purse is a heavy curse.

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Never make money at the expense of your reputation.

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Count like jews, and agree like brothers.

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Think neither too much nor too little of money. It is a good servant but a bad master.

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Make Money thy drudge, for to follow thy work,
Make Wisdom Comptroller, and Order thy clerk:
Provision Cater, and Skill to be cook,
Make steward of all, pen, ink, and thy book.

—TUSSER.

---

Much coin, much care.

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Those who have money
Are troubled about it,
Those who have none
Are troubled without it.

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Whereunto is money good?
Who has it not wants hardihood,

Who has it has much trouble and care,
Who once has had it has despair.

—LONGFELLOW.

---

Would you know what money is, Go borrow some.

—PROVERB.

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Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend;
But if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.

---

Want of money, the worst of wants.
Want sense and the world will o'erlook it,
Want feeling—It will find some excuse;
But if the world knows you want money,
You're certain to get its abuse.
The wisest advice in existence
Is ne'er on its kindness to call;
The next way to get its assistance
Is—show you don't need it at all.

---

Oh what a world of vile ill-favour'd faults
Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

A twelve-months ago I was plain as could be,—
There was not a charm or a beauty in me;
My age was eighteen, I was merry as young,
But wisdom or wit, never haunted my tongue.
Mine eyes had no lustre, my cheeks had no bloom,
My steps had no grace, and my sighs no perfume:
The reason I'll tell,—it was much to endure,—
All this only happen'd because I was poor.

But now, what a change! I am fresh as the morn,
All beauties my face and my actions adorn;
Mine eyes are too bright, for my wooers to bear;
I'm wise, I'm accomplish'd, I'm good, I'm fair;
No longer neglected I sit at the ball,
But shine forth the pride or the envy of all.
The reason wouldst know? then the truth shall be clear—
My uncle has left me five thousand a year!

—C. MACKAY.

---

You will discover what a number of things you can do without when you have no money to get them.

---

It is not money, which is the root of all evil, but the *love* of money for its own sake, or merely for the luxuries and pleasures it can bring oneself. This feeling is the real curse of gold.

---

Certainly a sordid love of money is a most foolish thing; for the mind being intent on gaining sees nothing else."

—DIPHILUS.

---

A right measure and manner in getting, saving, spending, giving, taking, lending, borrowing, and bequeathing, would almost argue a perfect man.

—HENRY TAYLOR.

---

How a man uses money—makes it, saves it, and spends it—is perhaps one of the best tests of practical wisdom.

—SMILES.

A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter, "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man, but remember the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

## GOLD.

Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Bright and yellow, hard and cold,
Molten, graven, hammered and rolled;
Heavy to get, and light to hold;
Hoarded, bartered, bought and sold,
Stolen, borrowed, squandered, doled:
Spurned by the young, but hugged by the old
To the very verge of the churchyard mould;
Price of many a crime untold;
Gold! Gold! Gold! Gold!
Good or bad a thousand-fold!
How widely its agencies vary—
To save—to ruin—to curse—to bless.

—THOMAS HOOD.

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Mine is the rare magician's hand;
Mine is the mighty, fairy wand!
Monarchs may boast, but none can hold
Such powerful sway as the spirit of Gold.
The wigwam tent, the regal dome,
The senator's bench, the peasant home;
The menial serf, the pirate bold,—
All, all are ruled by the spirit of Gold.

I spread my sceptre, and put to flight
Stern Poverty's croaking bird of night;
And where I come 'tis passing strange
To note the swift and wondrous change.

I rest with the one whose idiot tongue
Was the scorn of the old, and jest with the young;
But flattering worshippers soon crawl round,
And the rich man's *wit* and *sense* are found.

—ELIZA COOK.

---

Anything Midas touched was turned to gold. In these days touch a man with gold, and he will turn into anything.

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Gold as a servant is excellent and necessary, but as a master it is a fearful tyrant.

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## RICHES.

I cannot call riches better than the baggage of virtue; for as the baggage is to an army, so is riches to virtue. It cannot be spared, nor left behind, but it hindereth the march; yea and the care of it sometimes loseth or disturbeth the victory.

Seek not proud riches, but such as thou mayest get justly. Use soberly, distribute cheerfully and live contentedly; yet have no abstract nor friarly contempt of them.

—BACON.

---

There is

1 a burden of care in getting riches,
2 fear in keeping them,
3 temptation in using them,
4 guilt in abusing them,
5 sorrow in losing them, and
6 a burden of account at last to be given concerning them.

---

Riches are gotten with pain, kept with care, and lost with grief. The cares of riches lie heavier upon a good man than the inconvenience of an honest poverty.

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Riches, though hard to gain, are still more hard to keep.

---

Do not be uneasy, if you do not get riches, but never be dishonest.

—JAIN PRECEPT.

---

He who knows when he has enough is rich.

—TEACHING OF TAOISM.

---

He is the richest man who is content with that which he already has.

---

To abstain from desire is riches.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

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Sometimes the more a man has, the more he wants; certainly, the more he wants, the poorer he is. It is not therefore what we call riches that make a man rich, but his contentment with, and his power of enjoying what he has. Without that, riches are but a name.*

---

A rich man what is he? Has he a frame
Distinct from others? or a better name?
Has he more legs, more arms, more eyes, more brains
Has he less care, less crosses, or less pains?
Can riches keep the mortal wretch from death?
Or can new treasures purchase a new breath?
Or does heaven send its love and mercy more
To Mammon's pampered sons than to the poor?

* *From William Danby's Ideas and Realities.*

If not, why should the fool take so much state,
Exalt himself, and others underrate?
'Tis senseless ignorance that soothes his pride,
And makes him laugh at all the world beside;
But when excesses bring on gout or stone,
All his vain mirth and gaiety are gone:
And when he dies, for all he looks so high,
He'll make as vile a skeleton as I.

—TOM BROWNE.

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It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God.

—"BIBLE—ST. MATTHEW 19."

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The greatest and the most amiable privilege which the rich enjoy over the poor, is that which they exercise the least—the privilege of making them happy.

—COLTON.

---

As two men courted Themistocles' daughter in marriage, one of which was a fool but rich, the other poor but wise and honest; he chose the latter for his son-in-law, and said to those who wondered at it, "I value more a man without riches, than riches without a man."

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## WEALTH.

Wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts.

—GOLDSMITH.

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Wealth enables us either to purchase directly the services of other men, as of those whom we desire

to have in attendance about us; or to purchase commodities; or, it adds to our Power and Dignity.

—JAMES MILL.

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Wealth after all is a relative thing, since he that has little, and wants less, is richer than he that has much, but wants more.

—COLTON.

---

Abundance is a blessing to the wise;
The use of riches in discretion lies;
Learn this, ye men of wealth! A heavy purse
In a fool's pocket is a heavy curse.

---

Wealth, without virtue, is a dangerous guest:—
Who holds them mingled is supremely blest.

—J. H. MERIVALE.

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Much learning shows how little mortals know;
Much wealth, how little worldlings can enjoy;
At best, it babies us with endless toys,
And keeps us children till we drop to dust.
As monkeys at a mirror stand amaz'd,
They fail to find what they so plainly see;
Thus men, in shining riches, see the face
Of happiness, nor know it is a shade;
But gaze, and touch, and peep, and peep again,
And wish, and wonder it is absent still.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

---

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay.

—GOLDSMITH.

---

Intelligence declines with anxiety,
The body dwindles with pain;

Wealth departs with sinfulness,
Says Kabîr the slave of God.

—KABÎR.

---

The value of wealth is justly appreciated by the needy.

---

The truest wealth is contentment with a little.

—OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

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The greatest wealth consists in three things: a prudent mind, a stalwart frame, and a contented spirit.

—"JAVIDAN-KHIRAD."*

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It is manifestly a wiser course to aim at the maintenance of our health and the cultivation of our faculties than at the amassing of wealth; but this must not be mistaken as meaning that we should neglect to acquire an adequate supply of the necessaries of life. Wealth, in the strict sense of the word, that is, great superfluity, can do little for our happiness; and many rich people feel unhappy, just because they are without any true mental culture or knowledge, and consequently have no objective interests which would qualify them for intellectual occupations. For beyond the satisfaction of some real and natural necessities, all that the possession of wealth can achieve has a very small influence upon our happiness, in the proper sense of the word; indeed, wealth rather disturbs it, because the preservation of property entails a great many unavoidable anxieties. And still men are a thousand times more intent on becoming rich than on acquiring culture, though it is quite certain that what a man is contributes

* *From Ancient Iranian and Zoroastrian Morals by D. J. Medhora.*

much more to his happiness than what he has. So you may see many a man, as industrious as an ant, ceaselessly occupied from morning to night in the endeavour to increase his heap of gold. Beyond the narrow horizon of means to this end, he knows nothing; his mind is a blank, and consequently unsusceptible to any other influence. The highest pleasures, those of the intellect, are to him inaccessible, and he tries in vain to replace them by the fleeting pleasures of sense in which he indulges, lasting but a brief hour and at tremendous cost. And if he is lucky, his struggles result in his having a really great pile of gold, which he leaves to his heir, either to make it still larger, or to squander it in extravagance. *

—SCHOPENHAUER.

## GAINING IT.

Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gain gives competency with tranquility of mind.

---

There are two ways of getting rich, one by adding to our possessions, the other by diminishing our desires. The latter is much easier and readier.

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Courage to break away from old methods is often a better capital than money.

---

In the family, as in the state, the best source of wealth is economy.

—CICERO.

---

Money, the sweet allurer of our hopes,
Ebbs out in oceans, and comes in by drops.

—DRYDEN.

---

* *From Wisdom of Life, translated by Saunders.*

The proverb is true that

Light gains make heavy purses—

for light gains come thick, whereas great come but now and then.

—BACON.

---

Ill gotten goods never prosper.

—PROVERB.

---

There's much in gaining honest wealth,
If of yourself you gain it;
And he who toils for it himself
May honestly retain it.

But he who gains by darksome ways
The wealth which is another's,
Shall live to rue it all his days
Nor shall enjoy his brother's.

---

If a man has acquired great power and riches by falsehood, injustice, and oppression, he cannot enjoy them, because his conscience will torment him and constantly reproach him with the means by which he got them. The stings of his conscience will not even let him sleep quietly, but he will dream of his crimes; and in the day-time, when alone, and when he has time to think he will be uneasy and melancholy. He is afraid of everything; for as he knows mankind must hate him, he has reason to think they will hurt him if they can. Whereas, if a virtuous man be ever so poor, or unfortunate in the world, still his virtue is its own reward, and will comfort him under all afflictions.

—LORD CHESTERFIELD.

---

Money should be acquired for 3 objects; giving, saving, and spending. Most people spend too much; many save too much; few give too much. The ordinary rule is spend, save, then give if anything remains.

## SAVING IT.

Let your expenses be such as to leave a balance to your pocket: ready money is a friend in need.

'Tis not what a man gets, but what he saves that constitutes his wealth.

Spend not all that you have.

A profligate man's motto is, "Win gold and spend it."

Once weekly, remember thy charges to cast,
Once monthly, see how thy expenses may last;
If quarter declareth too much to be spent,
For fear of ill year, take advice of thy rent.
—TUSSER.

The moral importance of money is, in reality, very great; and, amongst the wonderful powers which the poets are so fond of ascribing to it, they might have reckoned, with perfect seriousness, that of transforming man from the slave, who thinks only of selfish and present gratifications, into the free, independent, and reflecting being, who, in the very increase of his own wants, finds that he can be more generous to his fellow-creatures. For this reason, there is no revolution in the history of an individual so important, if not in itself, at least in its consequences, as that which takes place at the moment of the

first saving. The commencement of a deposit in a savings' bank is the crisis of many a moral destiny; and this is simply because, from that moment, the individual ceases to be the slavish dependent, looking upward, and having no self-respect, and becomes the independent man, free from all bondage but that of kindness to his fellows, of which he now, for the first time, possesses the means.

—R. CHAMBERS.

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As a rule, you will find that the saving man is a temperate man, a good husband and father, a peaceful, law-abiding citizen. Nor need the saving be great. It is surprising how little it takes to provide for the real necessities of life.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

---

## SPENDING IT.

Money like manure does no good till it is well spread.

---

Wealth is his who eats it, not his who keeps it.

—AFGHAN PROVERB.

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Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

—OLD ITALIAN PROVERB.

---

Riches are for spending; and spending for honour and good actions.

—BACON.

---

And let not thy hand be tied up to thy neck;

neither open it with an unbounded expansion, lest thou become worthy of reprehension, and be reduced to poverty."

—"KORÂN—CHAPTER 17."*

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It is not money, but the genius of money that I esteem, not money itself, but money used as a creative power.

—CHARLES BIANCONI.

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The value of a possession is in the use that is made of it.

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He is the only rich man who understands the use of wealth.

—OLD SPANISH PROVERB.

---

Society at present suffers far more from waste of money than from want of money. It is easier to make money than to know how to spend it. It is not what a man gets that constitutes his wealth, but his manner of spending and economizing.

—SMILES.

---

He, who spends all he gets, is on the high road to beggary.

---

Live not upto your expectations, but possessions.

---

The man who lives within his income, is naturally contented with his situation, which, by continual, though small accumulations, is growing better and better every day. He is enabled gradually to relax, both in the rigour of his parsimony and in the severity of his appli-

* *Translated by Sale.*

cation; and he feels with double satisfaction this gradual increase of ease and enjoyment, from having felt before the hardship which attended the want of them. He has no anxiety to change so comfortable a situation, and does not go in quest of new enterprises and adventures, which might endanger, but could not well increase, the secure tranquility which he actually enjoys. If he enters into any new projects or enterprises, they are likely to be well concerted and well prepared. He can never be hurried or driven into them by any necessity, but has always time and leisure to deliberate soberly and cooly concerning what are likely to be their consequences.

—ADAM SMITH.

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The man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living, in a little time, much beneath them.

—ADDISON.

---

Never neglect small matters and expenses.

—ITALIAN PROVERB.

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The wear of little expenses! A small leak will sink a great ship.

---

Never spend your money before you have it.

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Take care of the pennies and the pounds will take care of themselves.

—PROVERB.

---

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Nothing is likelier to keep a man within compass than having constantly before his eyes the state of his affairs in a regular course of account.

—JOHN LOCKE.

---

In dealing uprightly, this counsel I teach,
First reckon, then write, ere to purse ye do reach;
Then pay and dispatch him, as soon as ye can,
For ling'ring is hinderance to many a man.

—TUSSER.

---

Money, both inherited and accumulated, is a great talent or opportunity. Nothing astonishes me more than the fact that so many rich men utterly fail to realize what an opportunity wealth gives them. They go on heaping up useless wealth with which to curse their children. As though the mere accumulation of money was in itself a great gain! As though heaps of gold could protect them against all the ills to which flesh is heir!

—REV. HUGHES.

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Wealth beyond a certain amount cannot be used, and when it cannot be used it then becomes hinderance rather than an aid, a curse rather than a blessing. All about us are persons with lives now stunted and dwarfed, who could make them rich and beautiful, filled with a perennial joy, if they would begin wisely to use that which they have spent the greater portion of their lives in accumulating.

The man who accumulates during his entire life, and who leaves even all when he goes out for "benevolent purposes," comes far short of the ordeal of life.

* * * *

There is no wiser use that those who have great accumulations can make of them than wisely to put them into life, into character, *day by day while they live*. In this way their lives will be continually enriched and increased. The time will come when it will be regarded as a disgrace for a man to die and leave vast accumulations behind him.

—RALPH WALDO TRINE.

## THE ARAB AND THE BAG OF PEARLS.

I saw an Arab of the desert telling a story in the midst of a circle of jewellers of Basra, saying, "Once upon a time I had lost my way in a desert, and nothing in the shape of provisions remained by me: I gave myself up for lost. All of a sudden I found a bag full of pearls; and never shall I forget the pleasure and joy (I felt), for I thought that it was parched wheat or rice; and again, the bitterness and despair, when I discovered that they were pearls."

—SÂDI'S GULISTÂN.

## THE CURSE OF GOLD.

Many years ago a sea-faring man called at a village inn and asked for supper and bed. The landlord and landlady were elderly people, and apparently poor. He entered into conversation with them, invited them to partake of his cheer, asked them many questions about themselves, and their family, and particularly of a son

*Translated by Platts.*

who had gone to sea when a boy, and whom they had long given over as dead. The landlady showed him to the room; when she quitted him he put a purse of gold in her hand, and desired her to take care of it till the morning, pressed her affectionately by the hand, and bade her good night. She returned to her husband, and showed him the accursed gold. For its sake they agreed to murder the traveller in his sleep, which they accomplished, and buried the body. In the morning early came two or three relations, and asked in a joyful tone for the traveller who had arrived there the night before. The old people seemed greatly confused, but said he had risen very early and gone away. "Impossible," said the relations: "it is your own son, who has lately returned, and is come to make happy the evening of your days; and he resolved to lodge with you one night as a stranger, that he might see you unknown, and judge of your conduct towards way-faring mariners." Language would be incompetent to describe the horror of the murderers when they found they had dyed their hands in the blood of their long-lost child. They confessed their crime, the body was found, and the wretched murderers were adequately punished.

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## THE AVARICIOUS MAN AND THE SANNYÂSÎ.

Once upon a time, there lived in a sacred city, a merchant, who was the wealthiest of his class. He was a man immersed in desires. It so happened that, when he was in the zenith of his fortune, a terrible famine occurred. While it was devastating the city and the country around, the whole trade of the neighbourhood became his monopoly, since none could compete with

him in buying and selling the necessaries of life. He charged the highest prices and realized the largest profits. Every possible influence was brought to bear upon him with a view to enlist his co-operation for effecting a diminution in the rigour of the sufferings of the people, but in vain Rightly or wrongly, he came to be universally regarded as the very incarnation of the God of famine. Unable to meet his free trade argument that others were at liberty to outbid him, take all imports and do with them as they pleased, his co-citizens left matters pretty much to take their own course.

At this crisis, a Sannyâsî, highly esteemed by the public for his purity of life, reputed spiritual supremacy and other qualifications, was seen slowly wending his way towards the mansion of the merchant-prince, to proffer his advice, as every one supposed. Lest such a holy person should suffer the indignity they thought they themselves had experienced at the hands of the unphilanthropic merchant, such of them as met him endeavoured to dissuade him from carrying out his design, but they were disappointed. The Sannyâsî went on. As soon as he reached the residence of the merchant, the latter received him with due obeisance and humility and other customary formalities. He questioned the holy man as to the purpose of his visit throwing out a hint at the same time that the vexed topic must not be mooted. Rising equal to the occasion, the visitor gave his emphatic assurance that he had come on his personal business, that he did not care a farthing for the starving and dying people, be they Sannyâsîs or others.

Ground having been thus cleared to the immense satisfaction and relief of the cautious trader, he now said he was ready to do the bidding of the godly ascetic who, thereupon, addressed him as follows :

"You are the lord of merchants. Your meritorious deeds destine you for Svargaloka. To that happy region, royal personages repair with artillery, cavalry and other appendages suited to their station, and merchants with their treasure-chests and so on. I have with me an old Kâshâya cloth (the garment of the Sannyâsî) for which I feel some attachment, though, I fear, being too old, I cannot carry it all the way to Svarga. Therefore, I ask of you the favour that you, in fulfilment of your kind promise, take charge of the cloth and hand it back to me when we meet in Svarga, securing it not among valuables, nor even with ordinary things, such as, utensils, &c., but tying it up to the pole of a cart."

The man of the world, of riches and of avarice, found himself completely outwitted, was thrown into bewilderment, and did not know how to act. He reflected on life and death and felt how helpless and powerless, he, in truth, was, albeit for the time being, and to all appearance, he was occupying a proud and happy position on earth. Such being the case, how could he transport even so much as a feather from here to heaven? At last, the evident impossibility of executing the unexpected and singular task opened his eyes to the fleeting nature of this world, and to the reality lying beyond. The result was a wonder to those who had failed to bring about the least change in him. Ashamed of himself, acknowledging the dense ignorance by which he had allowed himself to be governed in the affairs of life, he placed his all at the disposal of his visitor, in whom he at once recognised his spiritual guide and who, in turn after making over a moiety of the enormous wealth and food-grains to the family of their owner, entrusted the other moiety to trustees, to alleviate the pangs of the needy and the poor. The trustees

administered gratuitous relief to the famine-stricken, and to others, not so badly situated, sold grains at much reduced rates, keeping correct accounts. On the termination of the famine, the balance in the hands of the trustees, a very considerable sum, was applied to the foundation and maintenance of several permanent charitable institutions, which led to the reproachful appellation, God of famine making room for a dignified title greatly coveted even by Gods, viz. God of prosperity.*

* *From a Communication in the Central Hindu College Magazine.*

## 99. MORALITY.

"Restrain your desires," "Be liberal," "Be clement," are three precepts, which, when closely analysed, will be found to contain all the moral rules.

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To do good to others, to sacrifice for their benefit your own wishes; to love your neighbour as yourself, to forgive your enemies, to restrain your passions, to honour your parents, to respect those who are set over you, these and a few others are the sole essentials of morals.

—BUCKLE.

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The knowledge of religious ethics makes us happy in both the worlds;
It removes all obstacles from our way, and the impurity of the mind is washed off.

—NARMADÂSHANKAR.*

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Now what is a code of morals, and why has the world any need of one? A code of morals is a number of restraining orders; it rigorously bids us walk in certain paths. But why? What is the use of bidding us? Because there are a number of other paths that we are naturally inclined to walk in. The right path is right because it leads to the highest kind of happiness; the wrong paths are wrong because they lead to lower kinds of happiness. But when men choose vice instead of virtue, what is happening? They are considering the lower or the lesser happiness

* *A Gujarâti poet.*

better than the greater or the higher. It is this mistake that is the essence and cause of immorality; it is this mistake that mankind is ever inclined to make, and it is only because of this inclination that any moral system is of any general value.

—W. H. MALLOCK.

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Moral principles are social and universal. They form in a manner the party of humankind against vice and disorder, its common enemy.

—HUME.

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Man is to be contemplated as an intellectual, and as a moral being. By his intellectual powers, he acquires the knowledge of facts, observes their connexions, and traces the conclusions which arise out of them. These mental operations, however, even in a high state of cultivation, may be directed entirely to truths of an extrinsic kind,—that is, to such as do not exert any influence either on the moral condition of the individual, or on his relations to other sentient beings. They may exist in an eminent degree in the man who lives only for himself, and feels little beyond the personal wants or the selfish enjoyments of the hour that is passing over him.

But, when we contemplate man as a moral being, new relations open on our view,—and these are of mightier import. We find him occupying a place in a great system of moral government, in which he has an important station to fill, and high duties to perform. We find him placed in certain relations to a great moral Governor, who presides over this system of things, and to a future state of being, for which the present scene is intended to prepare him. We find him possessed of powers which qualify him to feel

these relations, and of principles calculated to guide him through the solemn responsibilities which attend his state of moral discipline.

These two parts of his mental constitution we perceive to be remarkably distinct from each other. The former may be in vigorous exercise in him who has little feeling of his moral condition;—and the latter may be in a high state of culture in the man, who, in point of intellectual acquirement, knows little beyond the truths which it most concerns him to know,—those great but simple principles which guide his conduct as a responsible being.

—Dr. Abercrombie.

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It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain.

—Longfellow.

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There have been many religions, but only one code of morals.

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In the intellectual world, one trusts to what you say, in the moral, to what you are.

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What is morally wrong cannot be theologically right.

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A philosopher says: "There is no morality without religion, and there is no religion without morality. Morality is religion in practice; religion is morality in principle."

---

There is no division between true Religion and noble living: a religion that does not express itself in nobility of living is an empty shell; a noble life without religion is shorn of its fairest grace.*

—Annie Besant.

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* *From The Central Hindu College Magazine, February 1903.*

Money has a closer acquaintance with morals than is generally admitted. In all histories, whether of individuals or committees, we find that laxity in money matters is followed by looseness in morals.

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If every man were gifted with such faculties that he was able to view himself in all his relations at a glance, he would never transgress a law of physics, social economy, or religion, and there would be no such thing as immorality; pain would never be felt, because man would know perfectly how to avoid it. But as man is not so constituted, an appeal is necessary to his conscience,—that is, his fears and hopes, in order to prevent the utter disorganization of society, and the disappearance of morality.*

—S. Baring-Gould.

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## MORAL PRECEPTS.

Not to serve the foolish,
But to serve the wise;
To honour those worthy of honour:
This is the greatest blessing.

* * *

Much insight and education,
Self-control and pleasant speech,
And whatever word is well-spoken:
This is the greatest blessing.

To support father and mother,
To cherish wife and child,
To follow a peaceful calling;
This is the greatest blessing.

To bestow alms and live righteously,
To give help to kindred,

* *From "The Origin and Development of Religious Belief.*

Deeds which cannot be blamed:
This is the greatest blessing.

To abhor and cease from sin,
Abstinence from strong drink,
Not to be weary in well-doing:
This is the greatest blessing.

Reverence and lowliness,
Contentment and gratitude,
The hearing of the Law at due seasons:
This is the greatest blessing.

To be long-suffering and meek,
To associate with the tranquil,
Religious talk at due seasons:
This is the greatest blessing.

* * *

Beneath the stroke of life's changes
The mind that shaketh not,
Without grief or passion, and secure:
This is the greatest blessing.

On every side are invincible
They who do acts like these,
On every side they walk in safety,
And this is the greatest blessing.*

—MORAL PRECEPTS
ASCRIBED TO BUDDHA.

## MORAL EDUCATION.

But to the animal nature of man have been added moral sentiments and reflecting faculties, which not only place him above all other creatures on earth, but constitute him a different being from any of them—a rational and

* *From The Faiths of the World.*

accountable being. These faculties are his best and highest gifts, and the sources of his purest and intensest pleasures. They lead him directly to the great objects of his existence—obedience to the laws of God and love of his fellow-men. But this peculiarity attends them, that while his animal faculties act powerfully of themselves, his rational faculties require to be cultivated, exercised, and instructed before they will yield their full harvest of enjoyment.

—GEORGE COMBE.

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In the supremacy of self-control consists one of the prefections of the ideal man. Not to be impulsive—not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost—but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined—that it is which education, moral education at least, strives to produce.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

---

My own experience and development deepen every day my conviction that our moral progress may be measured by the degree in which we sympathise with individual suffering and individual joy.

—GEORGE ELIOT.

---

Moral education may be guided by books, and verbal admonitions; precept and persuasion are of undeniable utility: but strictly speaking moral culture is valueless unless principle is confirmed into habit. * * * The fireside may be homely, or it may be dignified; but whether it belong to poor or rich, it may be equally a shrine of the affections, a scene of happiness, a school of the heart.

---

A school of the heart! In these words we arrive at the true operation of moral principle. The heart must be touched; the feelings affected; the baser propensities subdued; the higher emotions quickened; and all made love and joy within. And how can this be done? Only by moral and religious principle being confirmed by training and exercise, in reference to companions, parents, brothers, sisters, and other relations, as well as the general circumstances by which we are surrounded. The very act of loving and of consulting the feelings of those with whom we are domesticated, strengthens the tendency to well-doing.

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Great mischief has been done by the repellent aspect habitually given to moral rule by its expositors; and immense benefits are to be anticipated from presenting moral rule under that attractive aspect which it has when undistorted by superstition and asceticism. If a father, sternly enforcing numerous commands, some needful and some needless, adds to his severe control a behaviour wholly unsympathetic—if his children have to take their pleasures by stealth, or, when timidly looking up from their play, ever meet a cold glance or more frequently a frown; his government will inevitably be disliked, if not hated; and the aim will be to evade it as much as possible. Contrariwise, a father who, equally firm in maintaining restraints needful for the well-being of his children, or the well-being of other persons, not only avoids needless restraints, but, giving his sanction to all legitimate gratifications and providing the means for them, looks on at their gambols with an approving smile, can scarcely fail to gain an influence which, no less efficient for the time being, will also be permanently

° *From Chambers's Miscellany.*

efficient. The controls of such two fathers symbolize the controls of Morality as it is, and Morality as it should be.

—HERBERT SPENCER.

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The first care of a mother is to rear her child in sound bodily health; her second is to rear it in such a manner that it will grow up sweet-tempered and amiable, possessing good habits and dispositions—all which is comprehended in the term *moral training*.

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But though direct moral teaching does much, indirect does more; and the effect my father produced on my character, did not depend solely on what he said or did with that direct object, but also, and still more, on what manner of man he was.

—JOHN STUART MILL.

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It is only in accordance with all the other facts of associated feelings, that if a certain kind of conduct, say theft or evil speaking, is constantly made the subject of punishment, censure, or disapprobation, an associative growth will be formed between the conduct and the infliction of pain; and the individual will recoil from it with all the repugnance acquired during this conjunction between it and painful feelings. The general principle is confirmed by the actual facts; those that have received a careful moral education are almost as superior in their moral conduct to the offspring of dissolute parents, as the educated man is to the uneducated in any other respect. †

—ALEXANDER BAIN, LL. D.

* *From Chambers's Miscellany.*

† *From Mental and Moral Science.*

## 100. THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

### THE MOUSE'S PETITION.

Oh! hear a pensive prisoner's prayer,
For liberty that sighs;
And never let thine heart be shut
Against the wretch's cries!

For here forlorn and sad I sit,
Within the wiry grate;
And tremble at th' approaching morn
Which brings impending fate.

If e'er thy breast with freedom glow'd,
And spurn'd a tyrant's chain,
Let not thy strong oppressive force
A freeborn mouse detain!

Oh do not stain with guiltless blood
The hospitable hearth!
Nor triumph that thy wiles betray'd
A prize so little worth.

The scatter'd gleanings of a feast
My frugal meals supply;
And if thine unrelenting heart
That slender boon deny,—

The cheerful light, the vital air,
Are blessings widely given;
Let Nature's Commoners enjoy
The common gifts of Heaven.

The well-taught philosophic mind
To all compassion gives;
Casts round the world an equal eye,
And feels for all that lives.

If mind—as ancient sages taught,
A never dying flame,
Still shifts through matter's varying forms,
In every form the same;—

Beware lest in the worm you crush
A brother's soul you find;
And tremble lest thy luckless hand
Dislodge a kindred mind.

Or if this transient gleam of day
Be *all* of life we share,
Let pity plead within thy breast
That little *all* to spare.

So may thy hospitable board
With health and peace be crown'd;
And every charm of heartfelt ease
Beneath thy roof be found.

So when destruction lurks unseen,
Which men, like mice, may share,
May some kind angel clear thy path,
And break the hidden snare.

—MRS. BARBAULD.

* *By the mouse found in the trap where he had been confined all night by Dr. Priestly for the sake of making experiments with different kinds of air.*

## 101. NAME AND FAME.

A good name is as a precious ointment.

—SOLOMON.

---

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold.

—"BIBLE–PROVERBS."

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Honours, monuments, and all the works of vanity and ambition, are demolished and destroyed by the unsparing hand of time; but the reputation of wisdom is venerable to posterity, and a truly good name lives for ever.*

---

Good name in man and woman, dear my Lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

Praises on tombs are trifles vainly spent;
A man's good name is his best monument.

—AN EPITAPH.

---

* *From A Book of Humour, Wit and Wisdom.*

A good name is the proper inheritance of the deceased.

—CICERO.

---

A fearless heart, a steady aim,
A mind to plan, a will to do—
These have the power to conquer fame,
To win a glory that is true.

---

Of all the possessions of this life fame is the noblest; when the body has sunk into the dust the great name still lives.

—SCHILLER.

---

Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown;
Oh, grant an honest fame, or grant me none!

—POPE.

---

Fame is greater than personal charmes, she flies far without wings;
Personal charms are transient, but fame is permanent.

---

Fame, impatient of extremes, decays
Not more by envy than excess of praise.

—POPE.

---

The two most precious things on this side the grave are our reputation and our life. But it is to be lamented that the most contemptible whisper may deprive us of the one, and the weakest weapon of the other. A wise man, therefore, will be more anxious to deserve a fair name than to possess it, and this will teach him so to live, as not to be afraid to die.

—COLTON.

---

Reputation, Reputation, Reputation! O, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

A wounded reputation is seldom cured.

---

It is a hopeless attempt to recover a lost reputation.

—BACON.

---

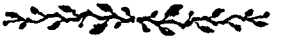
To love your art, and at its call
To yield your health, your wealth, your all,
And live on humble bread and cheese;
To love it more than fame or ease;
To heed no scorn of rival schools,
And laugh at critics when they 're fools;
To please the wise, and not the town,—
That is the way to high renown.

—C. MACKAY.

---

Having gathered wealth by honest trade,
One should spend it with justice.
He alone will obtain an excellent end,
And will enjoy an excellent banquet,
Who does good to others, and knows not how
to reproach them;
To whom others' wives are ever as sisters
and mothers;
Who is merciful to the creatures, and
cherishes cattle;
And in the desert gives water to the thirsty;
Who is calm and never blames any,
And exalts the dignity of his elders.

—TUKÂRÂM.†



*From Sir Alexander Grant's Translation in Fortnightly Review (1867).* † *A Marâthi poet.*

## 102. NATURE.

O Nature, how in every charm supreme!
Whose votaries feast on raptures ever new!

—BEATTIE.

---

When I survey the bright
  Cœlestial spheare:
So rich with jewels hung, that night
Doth like an Ethiop bride appeare;

My soule her wings doth spread,
  And heaven-ward flies,
The Almighty's mystery to read
In the large volumes of the skies.

For the bright firmament
  Shootes forth no flame
So silent, but is eloquent
In speaking the Creator's name.

—HABINGTON.

---

All the rich gifts that Nature brings,
Are gifts descending from His Throne.

---

Of this fair volume which we World do name
  If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects and did it frame,
  We clear might read the art and wisdom rare:
Find out his power which wildest powers doth tame,
  His providence extending everywhere,

His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same.

—WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

---

Nature is the glass reflecting God,
As by the sea reflected is the Sun.

—YOUNG.

---

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.

—ADDISON.

---

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body Nature is, and God the soul.

—POPE.

---

Every leaf of the verdant trees, to wise men,
Speaks volumes for the Almighty's wisdom.

—SÂDI.

---

Oh Lord, when on thy various works we look,
How richly furnish'd is the Earth we tread!
Where, in the fair Contents of Nature's Book,
We may the Wonders of thy Wisdom read:
Nor Earth alone, but lo! the Sea so wide,
Where, great and small, a world of Creatures glide.

—SIR HENRY WOTTON.

---

Behold this, the vast and extensive universe, and have confidence in His prowess.

—"RIGVEDA."

---

The whole frame of the universe is full of the goodness of God; and to be convinced of this important truth nothing more is necessary than an attentive mind and a grateful heart.

—EPICTETUS.

---

O ye everlasting hills!
Buildings of God, not made with hands,
Whose word performs whate'er He wills,
Whose word, though ye shall perish, stands;
Can there be eyes that look on you,
Till tears of rapture make them dim,
Nor in his works the Maker view,
Then lose his works in Him?

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

---

A high perception of the wisdom of the Divine Being must necessarily be the result of an intelligent contemplation of the Divine works. * * * Knowledge brings man into communion with that Almighty wisdom which is the fountain of all truth and happiness. To the enlightened man, God is the Sun of all goodness, around whom the attributes of Power, Wisdom, and Love radiate and fill the universe. As man's physical eye cannot withstand the light of the Sun; neither can man's spiritual eye see the whole glory of God. But as we can rejoice in the sunshine, and interpret the mission of the sunbeam, so can we find happiness in the Divine presence, and gather wisdom by the contemplation of the Creator's works.

—"THE REASON WHY."

---

Every flower, every ray of light, every drop of dew, each flake of snow, the curling smoke, the lowering cloud, the bright sun, the pale moon, the twinkling stars, speak to us in eloquent language of the great Hand that made them. But millions lose the grand lesson which Nature teaches, because they can attach no meaning to what they see or hear.

—"THE REASON WHY."

---

There's not a leaf within the bower,
  There's not a bird upon the tree;
There's not a dew-drop upon the flower,
  But bears the impress, Lord, of Thee!

Thy hand the varied leaf design'd,
  And gave the bird its thrilling tone;
Thy power the dew-drops' tints combined,
  Till like a diamond's blaze they shone!

Yes, dew-drops, leaves, and buds, and all—
  The smallest, like the greatest things—
The sea's vast space, the earth's wide ball,
  Alike proclaim thee king of kings.

But man alone to bounteous heaven
  Thanksgiving's conscious strains can raise;
To favour'd man alone 'tis given,
  To join the angelic choir in praise.

---

Nature and Time were twins. Companions still,
Their unretarded, unreturning flight
They hold together. Time, with one sole aim,
Looks ever onward, like the moon through space,
With beaming forehead, dark and bald behind,
Nor ever lost a moment in his course.

Nature looks all around her, like the Sun,
And keeps her works, like his dependent worlds,
In constant motion. She hath never miss'd
One step in her victorious march of change,
For chance she knows not; He, who made her, gave
His daughter power o'er all except Himself,
—Power in whatever she does to do his will.
Behold the true, the royal law of Nature!

—JAMES MONTGOMERY.

---

Go forth under the open sky, and list to Nature's teachings.

—W. C. BRYANT.

---

To man have been revealed the power, the wisdom and the goodness of God, through the medium of the book of nature, in the varied pages of which they are inscribed in indelible characters. On man has been conferred the high privilege of interpreting these characters, and of deriving from their contemplation those ideas of grandeur and sublimity, and those emotions of admiration and of gratitude, which elevate and refine the soul, and transport it into regions of a purer and more exalted being.*

—DR. ROGET.

---

He who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxim draws.

—GAY.

---

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead

* *From Readings in English Prose Literature.*

From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

—WORDSWORTH.

---

The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul,
Of all my moral being.

—WORDSWORTH.

---

She has a world of ready wealth,
Our minds and hearts to bless—
Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
Truth breathed by cheerfulness.

One impulse from a vernal wood
May teach you more of man,
Of moral evil and of good,
Than all the sages can.

—WORDSWORTH.

---

Thus every object of creation
Can furnish hints for contemplation,
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

—GAY.

---

Is not the earth
With various living creatures, and the air
Replenished, and all those at thy command
To come and play before thee? Knowest thou not
Their language and their ways? They also know,
And reason not contemptibly: with these
Find pastime.

—MILTON.

---

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar:
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

—BYRON.

---

To him who in the love of Nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware.

—W. C. BRYANT.

---

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;

You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve.

—THOMSON.

---

I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene,
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene;
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur, there:
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest;
The sense is ravish'd, and the soul is blesst.
On every thorn delightful wisdom grows;
In every rill a sweet instruction flows.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

---

Love had he found in huts where poor men lie,
His daily teachers had been woods and rills.

—WORDSWORTH.

---

A healthy body, an active mind, and a cheerful heart are the three best boons Nature can bestow.

—SOUTHEY.

---

Oh, how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms which Nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields;
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heaven,
Oh, how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiven?

These charms shall work thy soul's eternal health,
And love, and gentleness, and joy impart.
But these thou must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to thy corrupted heart.

—BEATTIE

---

Then tell me not that I shall grow
Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy;
From Nature and her changes flow
An everlasting tide of joy.

—R. BLOOMFIELD.

---

Nature has granted to all to be happy, if the use of her gifts be but known.

—CLAUDIAN.

---

Nature offers to all her children, with maternal kindness, the chief, the most innocent, the least expensive, and the most universal of all pleasures.

* * * * *

Men are accustomed to despise the blessings which they constantly enjoy, how excellent soever they may be; and they think of nothing but of multiplying and diversifying their amusements. But the pleasure I speak of is preferable to all others. It is almost impossible not to find charms in the contemplation of nature. And that it may be enjoyed without expense, is manifest: the poor as well as the rich may possess this pleasure. Yet, this is the very thing that lessens its value. We are foolish enough to disregard that in which others have an equal share; whilst if we were reasonable, nothing should enhance the value of a blessing more than the thought that it constitutes the happiness of our fellow-creatures, as well as our own.

When compared with this noble and affecting pleasure, how frivolous and deceitful are those far fetched amusements which the rich procure with so much trouble and expense? They leave a certain vacuum in the soul, and always end in vexation and disgust. On the contrary, rich and beneficent nature continually presents new objects to our eyes. All the pleasures which are the work of our imagination are of short duration; they are as transitory as a beautiful dream, the charms and illusions of which vanish as soon as we awake. But the pleasures of reason and of the heart, those which we taste in contemplating the works of God, are solid and durable.

The heavens adorned with stars, the earth enamelled with flowers, the melodious singing of birds, the different landscapes, and a thousand prospects, each more delightful than another, continually furnish us with new subjects of satisfaction and delight.

—STURM'S REFLECTIONS.

---

Lovely indeed the mimic works of art,
But Nature's works far lovelier. I admire,
None more admires, the painter's magic skill,
Who shews me that which I shall never see,
Conveys a distant country into mine,
And throws Italian light on English walls:
But imitative strokes can do no more
Than please the eye—sweet Nature every sense.
The cheering fragrance of her dewy vales,
And music of her woods—no works of man
May rival these; these all bespeak a power
Peculiar, and exclusively her own.
Beneath the open sky she spreads the feast;
'Tis free to all—'tis every day renewed;
Who scorns it, starves deservedly at home.

—COWPER.

---

Keep nature's great original in view,
And thence the living images pursue.

—FRANCIS.

---

Art imitates nature and the nearer it comes to nature, the more excellent it is.

—BISHOP HALL.

---

He is the greatest artist then,
Whether of pencil or of pen,
Who follows Nature.

---

## EPITAPH INTENDED FOR SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

—POPE.

---

I love to gaze on Nature's book—
To read her lessons clear:
I love to look to whom she points,
And whispers, "do you fear?"
"Fear Him I do!" the soul responds.
"I worship and adore,
And praise Him for these wondrous things,
Both now and evermore."

---

'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven, to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.

—KEATS.

---

Hail to the stars that, maze in maze,
Circle the throne of God!

Hail to the suns that, blaze on blaze,
Are moving at His nod!
Glory and honour, praise and might,
To God for aye be given,
Who turned the darkness into light,
And made the stars of heaven.

—JAMES BALLANTINE.

---

Should I not, at least every morning and evening of my life, meditate on the blessings of my Creator, admire them, and praise him for them? Is it not reasonable that I should act thus, and by this homage distinguish myself from the insensible brute, and from those other creatures which have not received the faculty of contemplating the works of providence?

—STURM'S REFLECTIONS.

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## THE STARS.

"The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy-work." Psalm 19–1.

No cloud obscures the summer sky,
The moon in brightness walks on high;
And, set in azure, every star
Shines, a pure gem of heaven, afar!

Child of the earth! Oh, lift thy glance
To yon bright firmament's expanse;
The glories of its realm explore,
And gaze, and wonder, and adore!

Doth it not speak to every sense
The marvels of Omnipotence?
Seest thou not there the Almighty name
Inscribed in characters of flame?

Count o'er these lamps of quenchless light,
That sparkle through the shades of night:
Behold them! can a mortal boast
To number that celestial host?

Mark well each little star, whose rays
In distant splendor meet thy gaze:
Each is a world, by him sustain'd
Who from eternity hath reign'd.

Each, kindled not for earth alone,
Hath circling planets of its own,
And beings, whose existence springs
From Him, the all-powerful king of kings.

Haply, those glorious beings know
No stain of guilt, or tear of woe;
But, raising still the adoring voice,
For ever in their God rejoice.

What then art thou, O child of clay!
Amid creation's grandeur, say?
E'en as an insect on the breeze,
E'en as a dew-drop, lost in seas!

Yet fear thou not! the sovereign hand,
Which spread the ocean and the land,
And hung the rolling spheres in air,
Hath e'en for thee, a Father's care!

Be thou at peace! the all-seeing Eye,
Pervading earth, and air, and sky—
The searching glance which none may flee,
Is still in mercy turn'd on thee.

—MRS. HEMANS.

## THE SKY.

It is a strange thing how little in general people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works, and it is just the part in which we least attend to her.

* * * * * *

There is not a moment of any day of our lives, when Nature is not producing scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth can be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence, he ceases to feel them if he be always with them: but the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not

"Too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food;"

it is fitted in all its functions for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart, for the soothing it and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful, never the same for two minutes together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct, as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal, is essential.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

The fair smile of morning,
The glory of noon,
The bright stars adorning
The path of the moon,
The mist-covered mountain,
The valley and plain,
The lake and fountain,
The river and main,
Their magic combining,
Illumine and control
The care and repining,
That darken the soul.

The timid Spring stealing
Through light and perfume;
The Summer's revealing
Of beauty and bloom;
The rich Autumn glowing,
With fruit—treasures crowned;
The pale Winter throwing
His snow wreaths around,
All widely diffusing
A charm on the earth,
Wake loftier musing,
And holier mirth.

There is not a sorrow,
That hath not a balm
From Nature to borrow,
In tempest or calm;
There is not a season,
There is not a scene,
But Fancy and Reason,
May gaze on serene,
And own it possessing
A zest for the glad,

A solace and blessing
To comfort the sad.
—DAVID LESTER RICHARDSON.

---

A quiet heart, submissive, meek,
Father, do thou bestow;
Which more than granted will not seek
To have, or give, or know.

Each Green hill then will hold its gift
Forth to my joying eyes;
The mountains blue will then uplift
My spirit to the skies.

The falling water then will sound
As if for me alone;
Nay, will not blessing more abound
That many hear its tone?

The trees their murmuring forth will send,
The birds send forth their song;
The waving grass its tribute lend,
Sweet music to prolong.

The water-lily's shining cups,
The trumpet of the bee,
The thousand odours floating up,
The many-shaded sea;

The rising sun's imprinted tread
Upon the eastward waves;
The gold and blue clouds overhead;
The weed from far sea-caves;

All lovely things from south to north,
All harmonies that be,

Each will its soul of joy send forth
To enter into me.

And thus the wide earth I shall hold,
A perfect gift of thine;
Richer by these, a thousandfold,
Than if broad lands were mine.

—GEORGE MACDONALD.

## 103. NEW YEAR.

### FOR THE LAST DAY IN THE YEAR.

The year hath passed away
  Swift as the gliding stream,
And all its scenes appear
  Like relics of a dream!
Spent are its griefs, its joys are flown,
And memory holds their trace alone.

Frail fleeting life! how soon
  May thy probation close,
And they who prize thee most
  In the still grave repose!
Thy joys are brief,—they cannot last,
And change comes o'er thy seasons fast.

Then pause, my soul, and trace
  Time's progress and thine own;
Shall earth thy cares engage
  When better things are known?
O! fix thy love on heavenly bliss;
All other good shall fail but this.

Yes! let thy zeal be strong
  Life's purpose to fulfil,
And work, with all thy power,
  Thy righteous Father's will;
So shall thy deeds be truly blest,
And death conduct to endless rest.*

—H. HUTTON.

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* *From Mary Carpenter's Meditations.*

This day Time winds the exhausted chain,
To run the twelve-month's length again.

---

## THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

Oh glad New Year, so beautiful and bright,
Welcome, thrice welcome, to our hearts and homes
We parted from the old year at the gate—
With reverent heads, as shutting out a friend,
We closed it softly, for he comes no more.
And now, New Year, we would begin with thee,
And live a life so pure and free from sin,
That shall not shame us when we part with thee.
We would have charity that sweetest gift,
That we might "do to others as we would
That they should do to us." Make new resolves
To help our neighbour, as his need may be,
As Heaven helps us in basket and in store.
Oh, glad New Year, so lusty and so strong,
Infuse thy young life in our feeble limbs—
Fire up our hearts and wing our weary feet,
That halt so in the thorny road of life.
Twelve fleeting months and thou wilt have grown grey,
As yonder Old Year passing out of sight.
It thus behoves us to sow goodly seed,
And pray that God will daily water it,
And send His sunshine to bring forth good fruit,
In loving deeds and tender thoughts and words,
That blessing others shall enrich ourselves.

---

## THE GLAD NEW YEAR.

"Frosty but kindly" skies,
So radiant and clear,
Ye usher in with rosy morn
The beautiful New Year!

Gone is the chequered past--
Gone never to return—
And in its place the present time
To profit and to learn.

As we regret the days
And weeks in folly spent,
So may we from this very hour
Improve the moments lent.

Oh! beautiful New Year!
With record clear and white—
As pure as yonder fall of snow
That makes the ground so white.

Thou bringest to our homes
Reunions glad and sweet,
Fond meetings and bright greetings, when
The "one in spirit" meet.

Oh radiant New Year!
So bright and fair and young,
Thy praises are on every lip,
Thy name on every tongue!

---

## NEW YEAR.

Let past ills be forgotton,
Let malice lose its sway,
And foes unite in friendship,
On this glad New Year's day.
Let heart to heart be knitted
To work one glorious end—
The world's wide-stretching welfare,
Whilst love and truth extend.

Then let our hope be fervent,
And Honour be our crest,
And all shall sing the chorus,
"Let the New Year be our best!"

---

## A NEW-YEAR PRAYER.

Oh Lord! succour me now with affection,
Drench me with the cup filled with love for thee;
Look at me graciously, support me, and remove my hardships,
Grant joy and prosperity in the New Year.

May the diseases and disorders of the people disappear,
May their persons be free from pain and fear;
Remove all grounds of danger and dispel anxiety,
Grant joy and prosperity in the New Year.

May the subjects all be united and happy,
May there be constant rejoicings everywhere;
Let one and all repeatedly mutter thy name,
Grant joy and prosperity in the New Year.

May all things be obtainable at a cheap rate,
May everything be graceful and delightful on the road;
Let there be plenty in every house,
Grant joy and prosperity in the New Year.

May the monsoon be favourable all over the earth,
May the people be constantly engaged in profitable pursuits;
Let the people be free from bodily and mental distresses,
Grant joy and prosperity in the New Year.

May the music of marriage-celebrations resound day and night,
May you keep all people free from fear and delusion

May you settle them in good condition of life,
Grant joy and prosperity in the New Year.

Oh Lord of the helpless! Let us have plenty of wealth,
May all people gain ample profits;
Let the sins of the subjects be all destroyed,
Grant joy and prosperity in the New Year.

May the good people live in plenty and affluence,
May every family-line be perpetuated;
May fathers fondle their sons,
Grant joy and prosperity in the New Year.

May curds, milk, butter, molasses, fruits and such goods
Be very cheap owing to prosperity;
May corn also be cheaply sold in the country,
Grant joy and prosperity in the New Year.

May the kings, chiefs, and subjects be all happy,
May joy prevail everywhere among the people;
May happiness pervade the whole universe,
Grant joy and prosperity in the New Year.

Grant health to all creatures, men and cattle,
Let the store of grain be inexhaustible upon the earth;
Help us to carry the raft of life across the ocean of worldliness,
Grant joy and prosperity in the New Year.

This prayer is offered for the good of the people,
To-day in this proper way by poet Dalpatrâm;
Listen to it O God! and nullify thy curses,
Grant us joy and prosperity in the New Year.

—DALPATRÂM.

---

*A Gujarâti poet.*

"I'll bring you many happy days,
Enjoy them as you go.
May every hour in many ways,
With blessings overflow!
And may each hour bring to your mind,
The good alone true joy can find."

"And when I die," the year declares
"On winter's next return,
I leave to you, my precious heirs,
Whate'er of good I earn.
Then I shall send my brother dear,
Another friendly good New Year."

## 104. OBEDIENCE.

Obedience, little as many may consider that side of the matter, is the primary duty of man. No man but is bound indefeasibly, with all force of obligation, to obey. Parents, teachers, superiors, leaders, these, all creatures recognise as deserving obedience. Recognised or not recognised, a man has his superiors, a regular hierarchy above him; extending up, degree above degree, to Heaven itself, and God the Maker, who made His world not for anarchy but for rule and order. * * * The free man is he who is loyal to the Laws of this Universe; who in his heart sees and knows, across all contradictions, that injustice cannot befall him here; that except by sloth and cowardly falsity evil is not possible here. The first symptom of such a man is not that he resists and rebels, but that he obeys. As poor Henry Marten wrote long ago:

"Reader, if thou an oft-told tale wilt trust,
Thou 'lt gladly do and suffer what thou must."

Gladly; he that will go gladly to his labour and his suffering, it is to him alone that the Upper Powers are favourable, and the Field of Time will yield fruit.

Obedience is our universal duty and destiny; wherein whoso will not bend must break.

—THOMAS CARLYLE.

---

Obedience has been often called the virtue of childhood. How far it is entitled to the name of virtue we need not at present stop to examine; obedience is expected from children long before they can

reason upon the justice of our commands; consequently it must be taught as a habit. By associating pleasure with those things which we first desire children to do, we should make them necessarily like to obey; on the contrary if we begin by ordering them to do what is difficult and disagreeable to them, they must dislike obedience.*

---

An eminent divine once remarked, there is but one sin in the world, and that is disobedience, from which all other sins do spring. Obedience is the great discipline of the army, a breach of which is visited with condign punishment, as without discipline, anarchy and confusion would reign triumphant. The child stands as much in need of obedience as the soldier; indeed a child is preparing to be a soldier—he will, in due time, have to fight the battle of life, and ought therefore to be taught implicit obedience.

—CHAVASSE.

---

Who best
Can suffer, best can do; best reign who first
Well hath obeyed.

—MILTON.

---

By learning to obey, we know how to command.

---

But it is a matter of high commendation to know how to command as well as to obey: to do both these things well is the peculiar quality of a distinguished citizen.

—ARISTOTLE.

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* *From Essays on Practical Education by Maria and R. L. Edgeworth.*

That principle to which Polity owes its stability, Life its happiness, Faith its acceptance, and Creation its continuance, is obedience.

Nor is it the least among the sources of more serious satisfaction which I have found in the pursuit of a subject that at first appeared to bear but slightly on the grave interests of mankind, that the conditions of material perfection which it leads me in conclusion to consider, furnish a strange proof how false is the conception, how frantic the pursuit, of that treacherous phantom which men call Liberty; most treacherous, indeed, of all phantoms; for the feeblest ray of reason might surely show us, that not only its attainment, but its being, was impossible. There is no such thing in the universe. There can never be. The stars have it not; the earth has it not; the sea has it not; and we men have the mockery and semblance of it only for our heaviest punishment.

If by liberty you mean chastisement of the passions, discipline of the intellect, subjection of the will; if you mean the fear of inflicting, the shame of committing, a wrong; if you mean respect for all who are in authority, and consideration for all who are in dependence; veneration for the good, mercy to the evil, sympathy with the weak; if you mean watchfulness over all thoughts, temperance in all pleasures, and perseverance in all toils; if you mean, in a word, that Service which is defined in the liturgy of the English Church to be perfect Freedom, why do you name this by the same word by which the luxurious mean license, and the reckless mean change; by which the rogue means rapine, and the fool equality; by which the proud mean anarchy, and the malignant mean violence? Call it by any name rather than this, but its best and truest is

Obedience. Obedience is, indeed, founded on a kind of freedom, else it would become mere subjugation, but that freedom is only granted that obedience may be more perfect; and thus while a measure of license is necessary to exhibit the individual energies of things, the fairness and pleasantness and perfection of them all consist in their Restraint. Compare a river that has burst its banks with one that is bound by them, and the clouds that are scattered over the face of the whole heaven with those that are marshalled into ranks and orders by its winds. So that, though restraint, utter and unrelaxing, can never be comely, this is not because it is in itself an evil, but only because, when too great, it overpowers the nature of the thing restrained, and so counteracts the other laws of which that Nature is itself composed.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

---

Resist not the laws; they are the safeguard of the people.

---

Fear God and honour the king,
For obedience is a virtuous thing.

—"TIT-BITS."

## 105. OPINION (PUBLIC).

The members of modern civilised societies are under the sway of a code of Public opinion, enforced by social penalties, which no reflective person obeying it identifies with the moral code, or regards as unconditionally binding; indeed the code is manifestly fluctuating, and variable, different at the same time in different classes, professions, social circles, of the same political community. Such a code always supports to a considerable extent the commonly received code of morality; and most reflective persons think it generally reasonable to conform to the dictates of public opinion—to the Code of Honour, we may say, in grave matters, or the Code of Politeness or good Breeding in lighter matters—wherever they do not positively conflict with morality; either on grounds of private interest, or because they think it conducive to general happiness or well-being to keep as much as possible in harmony with their fellowmen.*

—SIDGWICK.

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There are certain moral duties enforced, not by public and official authority, but by the members of the community in their private capacity. These are sometimes called the Laws of Honour, because they are punished by withdrawing from the violator the honour or esteem of his fellow-citizens. Courage, Prudence as regards self, Chastity, Orthodoxy of opinion, a certain conformity in Tastes and Usages,—are all prescribed by

* *From Methods of Ethics.*

the mass of each community, to a greater or less extent, and are insisted on under penalty of social disgrace and excommunication. This is the Social or the Popular Sanction.

—DR. ALEXANDER BAIN.

---

Applause is the spur of noble minds, the end and aim of weak ones.

—COLTON.

---

Of all species of foolhardiness, that is perhaps one of the most foolish that says, "I do not care what people think of me." We ought not to be indifferent to the opinion that others form of us. "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches." It is our duty to seek to be respected, and if we act, as we ought to do, we may constrain even our very enemies, if we have any, to respect us.

—"DOMESTIC LIFE."

*From Mental and Moral Science.*

## 106. OPPORTUNITY.

Miss not the occasion ; by the forelock take
That subtle power, the never-halting time,
Lest a mere moment's putting off should make
Mischance almost as heavy as a crime.

—WORDSWORTH.

---

Make hay while the sun shines.

---

Strike while the iron is hot.

---

Fortune is like market, where manytimes if you wait the price will fall.

---

Opportunity has hair in front, behind she is bald ; if seized by the forelock you may hold her, but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself can catch her again.

---

Opportunities neglected are irrecoverable.

---

He who lets slip his opportunity,
And turns not the occasion to account,
Though he may strive to execute his work,
Finds not again the fitting time for action. *

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

---

Things past may be repented but not recalled.

---

Neglect no opportunity of doing good.

—ATTERBURY.

---

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

We must take the current when it serves or lose our ventures.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

If you trap the moment before it's ripe,
The tears of repentance you 'll certainly wipe;
But if once you let the ripe moment go,
You can never wipe off the tears of woe.

—W. BLAKE.

---

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower, that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

—ROBERT HERRICK.

---

Men who are resolved to find a way for themselves, will always find opportunities enough; and if they do not lie ready to their hand, they will make them.

—SMILES.

---

Those who know how to employ opportunities will often find that they can create them: and what we achieve depends less on the amount of time we possess, than on the use we make of our time.

—JOHN STUART MILL.

---

Don't wait for something to turn up, but turn it up for yourselves.

---

A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds.

—BACON.

---

I will find a way or make one.
—Sir Philip Sidney's Motto.

---

Of all the friends man ever had
In city and community
To aid him in his daily toil,
The best is opportunity.

And yet we seldom treat this friend
With kindness and urbanity,
But go alone our several ways,
Puffed up with mortal vanity.

But by and bye we chance to see—
If death but grant immunity—
Our great mistake, and go in search
Of this lost opportunity.

Ah, fruitless journey, hopeless race—
That friend we ne'er shall overtake,
He is gone to join his mighty tribe
Of kindred, sleeping, ne'er to wake.

But if we watch as well as wait,
And but preserve life's unity,
We 'll find attendant on our steps
Another opportunity.

Then let us grasp it 'ere it flies
With hopeful assiduity;
Perhaps 'twill save us many hours
Of thought and ingenuity.

## 107. PASSIONS.

It must be acknowledged that our passions are powerful misleaders, and their power consists in the immediate gratifications they afford: it is experience only that makes us know the price that we must pay for them.*

---

Passion is the drunkenness of the mind.

—SPENSER.

---

We carry our greatest enemies within us.

---

Who trusts the passions finds them base deceivers:
Acting like friends, they are his bitterest foes;
Causing delight, they do him great unkindness;
Hard to be shaken off, they yet desert him.†

—BHÂRAVI.

---

Most wretched man
That to affections does the bridle lend.

—SPENSER.

---

Be ye not as the horse, or as the mule, which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle, lest they come near unto thee.

—"BIBLE-PSALM 32."

---

The enemies which rise within the body,
Hard to be overcome—thy evil passions—

* *From William Danby's Ideas and Realities.*

† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

Should manfully be fought; who conquers these
Is equal to the conqueror of worlds. *

—BHÂRAVI.

---

E'en as a driver checks his restive steeds,
Do thou, if thou art wise, restrain thy passions,
Which, running wild, will hurry thee away.

—MANU.

---

Who is powerful? He who can control his passions.

---

Wouldst thou be eminent, all passion shun,
Drive wrath away by wisdom; e'en the sun
Ascends not to display his fullest light
Till he has chased away the mists of night.

—BHÂRAVI.

---

And free he is, and only he,
Who, from his tyrant passions free,
By fortune undismay'd,
Hath power upon himself, to be
By himself obey'd. †

—ROBERT LYTTON.

---

He whose senses
Are well controlled attains to sacred knowledge,
And thence obtains tranquility of thought.
Without quiescence there can be no bliss.
E'en as a storm-toss'd ship upon the waves,
So is the man whose heart obeys his passions,
Which, like the winds, will hurry him away.*

—"BHAGAVAD-GÎTÂ."

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* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

† *From Chronicles and Characters.*

The greatest wisdom is to prevent your minds from being influenced by bad passions, and, in meditating upon the one God.*

—DÂDU.

---

May I govern my passion with absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my strength wears away.

—DR. WALTER POPE.

---

Brave conquerors! for so you are,
That war against your own affections,
And the huge army of the world's desires.

—SHAKESPEARE.

---

If we subdue our unruly and disorderly passions within ourselves, we should live more easily and quietly with others.

—STILLINGFLEET.

---

He who reigns within himself, and rules passions, desires, and fears, is more than a king.

—MILTON.

---

All that is wanted is that man should listen to the voice of conscience, and he will go right.

—"LIGHT ON THE PATH."

---

Were we perfectly acquainted with the object, we should never passionately desire it.

—ROCHEFOUCAULD.

---

If we subdue not our passions, they will subdue us.

—MORAL MAXIM.

---

*From The Works of H. H. Wilson.*

He who masters his passions conquers his greatest enemy.

—MORAL MAXIM.

---

There was an emperor whose name was Mahâbali. He had conquered the whole world, and yet was not satisfied in his heart. He asked his minister, if there were no more kingdoms to conquer, and was told that there was one other kingdom and that was his own self. "What shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul," said the Blessed Lord Jesus. And this conquest of the self is the most difficult thing. It requires a perfect harmony between the head and the heart, perfect knowledge, and universal love.

—"AWAKENED INDIA."

---

The enlightened man will first govern himself, then in due time he will be able to govern others. Regulating his own conduct (himself) and entering (on the domain of) true wisdom, he must necessarily ascend to the highest place (i. e., become eminent). But if one cannot improve (profit) oneself, how can such an one benefit others; and on the other hand, what desire (vow) may not be accomplished when oneself is able to lord it rightly over oneself? *

—"DHAMMAPADA."

---

For a man to conquer himself is the first and noblest of all victories, whereas to be vanquished by himself is the basest and most shameful of all things.

—PLATO.

---

* *From the Buddhist Canon translated by Beal.*

If one man conquer in battle a thousand times thousand men, and if another conquer himself, he is the greatest of conquerors.

—"DHAMMAPADA."

---

The best fighting is against yourself.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

---

He who overcomes others is strong; he who overcomes himself is mighty.

—TEACHING OF TAOISM.

---

Command yourself, and you may command the world.

---

The want of control over the senses is called the road to ruin; the victory over them the path to fortune.

—"HITOPADESHA." *

---

The man who has restrained his senses and subdued wrath and covetousness, who is contented, and truthful in speech, succeeds in obtaining peace.

—MAHÂBHÂRATA.

---

Look round the habitable world, how few
Know their own good, or knowing it pursue.

—DRYDEN.

---

The proper devil of mankind is man.

—PERSIAN PROVERB.

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A fish seldom gets into trouble if it keeps its mouth shut—and the same might be said of a man.

---

* *Prof. Johnson's edition*

No one is free who has not obtained the empire of himself.

---

Know Râma that it is the curtailing of desires which the wise call liberty, and the fastening of our desires to earthly objects, is what is termed our confinement here.

—"YOGA-VÂSISTHA."

---

How many lives made beautiful and sweet,
By self-devotion, and by self-restraint?

---

The more a man denies himself, the more he shall obtain from God.

—HORACE.

---

He that would govern others, first should be
The master of himself.

—MASSINGER.

---

Let your Government commence in your own breast, and lay the foundation of it in the command of your own passions.

—PLUTARCH TO
EMPEROR TRAJAN.

---

The moral nature, like everything else, if it is to grow into any sort of excellence, demands a special culture: and as our passions, by their very nature, like the winds, are not easy of control, and our actions are the outcome of our passions, it follows that moral excellence will in no case be an easy affair; and in its highest

* *Translated by Vihâri Lâlâ Mitra.*

grades will be the most arduous, and as such, the most noble achievement of a thoroughly accomplished humanity.

—PROF. BLACKIE.

---

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with climes,
Tenets with books, and principles with times.
Search then the ruling passions; there alone
The wild are constant, and the cunning known.

—POPE.

---

Forgiveness and patience, kindness and equableness, truthfulness and uprightness, restraint of the senses and energy, gentleness and modesty, and gravity, generosity and calmness, contentment, kindliness of speech, and absence of hatred and malice—these together make up self-control.

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

---

What need has he who subjugates himself
To live secluded in a hermit's cell?
Where'er resides the self-subduing sage,
That place to him is like a hermitage.†

—"MAHÂBHÂRATA."

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* *From Lectures by Max Müller.*

† *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

## 108. PATIENCE.

Patience is a plaster for all sores.

—PROVERB.

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Patience is the best remedy for grief.

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Patience is the remedy for him who has no remedy (against a calamity).

—ARABIC PROVERB.

---

Patience is the key to joy.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

---

Every business turns out well, but with patience.

—PERSIAN PROVERB.

---

The fruit of patience is successful victory.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

---

Be patient if thou wouldst thy ends accomplish,
For like to patience is there no appliance
Effective of success, producing surely
Abundant fruit of actions, never damped
By failure, conquering impediments

—BHÂRAVI.

---

Patience gives victory over difficulties, patience gives hope to the hopeless; by patience imperishable treasures are obtained, by patience stone is turned into

* *From Indian Wisdom by Monier Williams.*

diamonds, by patience innumerable dangers are avoided: all locks can be opened with the key of patience.*

—M. C. MUNSOOKH.

---

Patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude and the rarest too. Patience lies at the root of all pleasures as well as of all powers. Hope itself ceases to be happiness, when impatience companions her.

—JOHN RUSKIN.

---

The wise should recollect that every event of life must be borne with patience, but it shows a still higher character to anticipate and prevent coming evils though it is not less noble to bear them with fortitude when they have overtaken us.

—CICERO.

---

All things come round to him who will but wait.

---

Of all the lessons that humanity has to learn in life's school, the hardest is to learn to wait. Not to wait with the folded hands that claim life's prizes without previous effort, but having struggled and crowded the slow years with trial, see no such result as effort seems to warrant—nay perhaps disaster instead. To stand firm at such a crisis of existence, to preserve one's self-poise and self-respect, not to lose hold or to relax effort, this is greatness," whether achieved by man or woman.

---

Great results cannot be achieved at once; and we must be satisfied to advance in life step by step. De

*Translated by W. H. Hamilton.*

Maistry says that "to know how to wait is the great secret of success." We must sow before we can reap and often have to wait long, content meanwhile to look patiently forward in hope; the fruit best worth waiting for often ripening the slowest. But "time and patience," says the Eastern proverb, "change the Mulberry leaf to Satin."

—SMILES.

---

Vigour from toil, from trouble patience grows.

—BEATTIE.

---

Patience is not passive; on the contrary, it is active, sometimes it is concentrated strength.

—SMILES.

---

Nothing in the world teaches patience like a garden. You may go around and watch the opening bud from day to day; but it takes its own time, and you cannot urge it on faster than it will. If forced, it is only uprooted and destroyed. All the best results of a garden, like those of life, are slowly but regularly and surely progressive.

---

What cannot be cured must be endured.

—PROVERB.

---

Alcibiades, being astonished at Socrates' patience, asked him how he could endure the perpetual scolding of his wife? Why said he, as those do, who are accustomed to the ordinary noise of wheels to draw water.

---

Resignation superadds to patience a submissive disposition respecting the intelligent cause of our uneasiness.

It acknowledges both the power and the right of a superior to inflict.

—COGAN.

---

The impatient man will not give himself time to be informed of the matter that lies before him.

—ADDISON.

---

Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven;
It makes men look like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit;
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

—DEKKER.

## 109. PERSEVERANCE.

With ordinary talents, and extraordinary perseverance, all things are attainable.

—Sir Thomas F. Buxton.

---

The road to glory would cease to be arduous, if it were trite and trodden; and great minds must be ready not only to take opportunities but to make them.

That policy that can strike only while the iron is hot, will be overcome by that perseverance, which can make the iron hot by striking.

—Colton.

---

The worst enemy of perseverance is—the wish to see the end without the necessary means;
The haste that hates detail, and wants excitement and not knowledge,
That sees in preparation only a long weariness, and thinks nothing done
Without the roar of battle: as if the flower could be without the plant,
As if the golden harvest, without the tedious labours of the spring,
Or the impatient man, without the thoughtless and the inconsiderate child.
But learn thou this,—that all work is slow; no production, not even a weed,
That seems to spring uncalled, rushes at once to its perfection:
School thy heart of all impatience, then there is hope of perseverance.

—Charles Henry Hanger.

---

Don't say, "I can't!" that coward word
But rather—"I *will* try,"
And fight the enemy beneath
A dark or starry sky.

---

Be "onward!" your motto and virtue your guide;
Straight forward keep pressing, ne'er turning aside.
Your purpose a fixed one, be steadfast and true,
You will surely accomplish the object in view.
'Tis earnest endeavour that triumphs at last,
To live for the present, ne'er heeding the past.
If troubles come to you, as often they may,
You're not to bear all them, but those of to-day.
Up, then, and be doing, and work while you may,
For time is too fleeting to spend it in play;
When life's flying moments of time shall be run,
You 'll not then consider too much has been done.

---

Would those, who, by opinion placed on high,
Stand fair and perfect in the country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this essential doctrine—persevere.

—CHURCHILL.

---

Say not when you've been defeated,
That you'll never struggle more,
Labour oft must be defeated,
Ere you reached the wished for shore.

Coward hearts alone are beaten—
Disappointed you may be;
Bread before it can be eaten,
Must be kneaded well you see.

---

On, on for the future! the Present is thine,
The Past has gone down to Eternity's sea,

'Tis useless to murmur, 'tis vain to repine
And sigh for the days that have long ceased to be.

But, on for the future! and when ye look back,
On the rocks and the sands, ye have met in your way;
Let them serve as bright beacons to lighten your track,
And guide ye aright to a happier day.

---

What is the difference between perseverance and obstinacy? One is a strong will and the other a strong won't.

---

The mystery of Napolean's career was this; under all difficulties and discouragements to "press on." It solves the problem of all heroes, it is the rule by which to judge of all wonderful successes and triumphal marches to fortune and genius. It should be the motto of all, "press on." Never despair, never be discouraged; however stormy the heavens, or dark the way, great the difficulties, or repeated the failures, "press on."

---

Diogenes, desirous of becoming the disciple of Antisthenes, went and offered himself to the cynic. He was refused. Diogenes still persisting, the cynic raised his knotty staff, and threatened to strike him if he did not depart. "Strike!" said Diogenes; "you will not find a stick hard enough to conquer my perseverance." Antisthenes, overcome, had not another word to say, but forthwith accepted him as his pupil.

—SMILES.

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## CESAR DUCORNET.

A SKILFUL DRAUGHTSMAN, BORN WITHOUT HANDS.

Many years before a poor child was born at Lille without arms; his name was Cesar Ducornet. Apparently frowned upon by fortune, as well as by nature,

poverty and deformity seemed alike to condemn him to drag on a wretched and cheerless existence, with scarcely any other alternative than the being shut up in an hospital, or leading the vagrant life of those mendicants who infest the streets, displaying the disgusting spectacle of their infirmities and their diseases, in the hope of exciting the compassion of the passers-by. Contrary, however, to all expectation, the ingenuity of industry opened up a far different prospect for the young Cesar Ducornet.

People in general are fully persuaded that a man without arms is incapable of any labour; and perhaps it is precisely the idle and the indolent amongst them—those who make least use of the two lusty and vigorous arms which they have been given,—whom it would be most difficult to convince that those generally docile executors of our will are not wholly and absolutely indispensable to any exercise of industry. Cesar Ducornet is a striking proof that the sad deprivation is remediable to a certain degree. He thought of substituting his legs and feet for the arms which Providence had denied him. He knew that several persons, by continued practice, had at last succeeded in managing a pen with their toes almost as dexterously as with the fingers. Ducornet aspired to attain the same power with the pencil, as applied to the art of drawing; and his very first efforts were crowned with success. Not only were his productions admitted into the exhibition of drawings at Lille but the judges who were to pronounce upon the merits of the different candidates made honorable mention of Ducornet. Six years later our interesting artist in an examination for admission into the Royal Academy of Paris, obtained the second place out of two hundred and twenty-five candidates. Louis XVIII, pitying so great a misfortune,

and astonished by such talent under such circumstances, granted a pension to the young Ducornet, which enabled him to continue studies undertaken so boldly in defiance of every obstacle, and pursued with such admirable perseverance.

Cesar Ducornet now ranks with the most approved French draughtsmen; and the productions of his pencil are sought for with a two-fold interest—in their power as works of art, and in the personal misfortune of the artist.*

* *From Chambers' Stories.*

## 110. PIETY.

Piety towards God is the most ennobling sentiment of the mind;—our greatest, and sometimes our only safeguard in the moral dangers which surround us:—our unfailing support in the sorrows and trials of life,—and the source of our greatest and purest happiness. But this plant of "heavenly mould" needs careful cultivation. Everything which sullies the purity of our souls prevents its formation and exercise; and it requires to be constantly fostered by all those influences by which the religious affections can be cherished, and particularly by habitual prayer, as well as by the constant influence of a devotional temper. Live continually as seeing Him who is invisible.

—Rev. Dr. Carpenter.

---

On Piety, humanity is built;
And on humanity, much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God is Heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life;
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next;
O'er death's dark gulf, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;

Prayer ardent opens Heaven, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man, in audience with the Deity:
Who worships the Great God, that instant joins
The first in Heaven, and sets his foot on Hell.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

## III. PLEASURE.

Strive not to banish pain and doubt
In pleasure's noisy din,
The peace thou seekest from without
Is only found within.

---

Whom call we gay? That honour has been long
The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
The innocent are gay—the lark is gay,
That dries his feathers saturate with dew
Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
The peasant too, a witness of his song,
Himself a songster is as gay as he.
But save me from the gaiety of those
Whose headaches nail them to a noon-day bed:
And save me too, from theirs whose haggard eyes
Flash desperation and betray their pangs
For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

—COWPER.

---

There is no joy that is not built on peace.

—H. ALFORD.

---

Mental pleasures never cloy; unlike those of the body, they are increased by repetition, approved of by reflection, and strengthened by enjoyment.

—COLTON.

---

True pleasure consists in clear thoughts, sedate affections, sweet reflections; a mind even and stayed, true to its God, and true to itself.

—HOPKINS.

---

The great source of pleasure is variety. Uniformity must tire at last though it be uniformity of excellence. We love to expect; and when expectation is disappointed or gratified, we want to be again expecting. For this impatience of the present, whoever would please must make provision.

—JOHNSON.

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## THE GODS AND PLEASURE AND PAIN.

The Gods one time, as poets feign,
Would pleasure intermix with pain;
And perfectly incorporate so,
As one from t' other none might know;
That mortals might alike partake
The Good and Evil which they make.

In mighty bowl they put these twain,
And stirr'd and stirr'd, but all in vain:
Pleasure would sometimes float aloft,
And pain keep pleasure down as oft:
Yet still from one another fly,
Detesting either's company.

The Gods, who saw they sooner might
Mix fire and water, day and night,
Unanimously then decreed
They should alternately succeed;
Each other's motions still pursue,
And a perpetual round renew:
Yet still divided should remain
Tho' link'd together with a chain.

Thence comes it that we never see
A perfect bliss or misery;
Each happiness has some alloy;
And grief succeeded is by joy.

The happiest mortal needs must own
He has a time of sorrow known:
Nor can the poorest wretch deny
But in his life he felt a joy.*

---

## KING DIONYSIUS AND SQUIRE DAMOCLES.

There was a heathen man, Sir,
Belonging to a king;
And still it was his plan, sir,
To covet everything.

And if you don't believe me,
I'll name him if you please;
For let me not deceive you
'T was one Squire Damocles.

He thought that jolly living
Must every joy afford;
His heart knew no misgiving,
While round the festive board.

He wanted to be great, sir,
And feed on fare delicious,
And have his feasts in state, sir,
Just like king Dionysius.

The king, to cure his longing,
Prepared a feast so fine,
That all the court were thronging
To see the courtier dine.

* *From Bewick's Select Fables.*

And there to tempt his eye, sir,
  Was fish, and flesh, and fowl;
And when he was adry, sir,
  There stood the brimming bowl.

Nor did the king forbid him
  From drinking all he could;
The monarch never chid him,
  But filled him with his food.

O then to see the pleasure
  Squire Damocles expressed!
'Twas joy beyond all measure:
  Was ever man so blessed?

With greedy eyes the Squire
  Devoured each costly dainty;
You'd think he did aspire
  To eat as much as twenty.

But, just as he prepared, sir,
  Of bliss to take a swing,
O, how the man was scared, sir,
  By this so cruel king!

When he to eat intended,
  Lo! just above his head,
He spied a sword suspended
  All by a single thread.

How did it change the feasting
  To wormwood and to gall,
To think, while he was tasting,
  The pointed sword might fall!

Then in a moment's time, sir,
  He loathed the luscious feast,

And dreaded as a crime, sir,
The brimming bowl to taste.

Now, if you 're for applying
The story I have told,
I think there 's no denying
'Tis worth its weight in gold.

Ye gay, who view this stranger,
And pity his sad case;
And think there was great danger
In such a fearful place;

Come, let this awful truth, sir,
In all your minds be stored;
To each intemperate youth, sir,
*Death* is that pointed sword.

And though you see no reason
To check your mirth at all,
In some licentious season
The sword on you may fall.

So learn, while at your ease, sir,
You drink down draughts delicious,
To think of Damocles, sir,
And old king Dionysius.

—HANNAH MORE.

## THE CHOICE OF HERCULES.

When Hercules was in that part of his youth in which it was natural for him to consider what course of life he ought to pursue, he one day retired into a desert, where the silence and solitude of the place very much favoured his meditations. As he was musing on his present condition, and very much perplexed in himself on

the state of life he should choose, he saw two women, of a larger stature than ordinary, approaching towards him. One of them had a very noble air, and graceful deportment; her beauty was natural and easy, her person clean and unspotted, her eyes cast towards the ground with an agreeable reserve, her motion and behaviour full of modesty, and her raiment as white as snow. The other had a great deal of health, and floridness in her countenance, which she had helped with an artificial white and red; and she endeavoured to appear more graceful than ordinary in her mien, by a mixture of affectation in all her gestures. She had a wonderful confidence and assurance in her looks, and all the variety of colours in her dress, that she thought were the most proper to shew her complexion to advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her nearer approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular, composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner:—

"My dear Hercules!" says she, "I find you are very much divided in your thoughts upon the way of life that you ought to choose; be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratifications. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfume, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this re-

gion of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business." Hercules hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name, to which she answered—"My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness; but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure."

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero, in a very different manner:—"Hercules," says she, "I offer myself to you because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love of virtue and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain, both for yourself and me, an immortal reputation. But before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay this down as an established truth, that there is nothing truly valuable which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the Deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping Him; if the friendship of goodmen, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it; in short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness."

The Goddess of Pleasure here broke in upon her discourse:—"You see," said she, "Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasures is long and difficult; whereas that which I propose is short and easy."

"Alas!" said the other lady, whose visage glowed with passion, made up of scorn and pity, "What are the

pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry; drink before you are athirst; sleep before you are tired; to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as Nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of oneself; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age. As for me, I am the friend of gods and of good men; an agreeable companion to the artizan; an household guardian to the fathers of families; a patron and protector of servants; an associate in all true and generous friendships. The banquets of my votaries are never costly, but always delicious; for none eat or drink of them who are not invited by hunger or thirst. Their slumbers are sound, and their wakings cheerful. My young men have the pleasure of hearing themselves praised by those who are in years; and those who are in years, of being honoured by those who are young. In a word, my followers are favoured by the gods, beloved by their acquaintance, esteemed by their country, and after the close of their labours honoured by posterity."

We know, by the life of this memorable hero, to which of these two ladies he gave up his heart; and I believe every one who reads this will do him the justice to approve his choice.

—"TATLER."

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## PRINCE NACHIKETAS.

There was a great king who had a son named Nachiketas. Prince Nachiketas did not trouble himself much about mundane matters. He had a devotional turn of mind. * * His father performed a great sacrifice, at

which all the worldly effects at his command were given away to the officiating priests. The very territories of the king, including the Royal domains, were given away. Nachiketas asked his father in a meditative mood—"Father, to whom do you give me?" The king replied —"I give you unto death." Nachiketas went over to the mansion of death, and lay down on the dais in front of the portal of his garden. Three days had so passed away; Yama turned up eventually, and finding the royal youth at his gate, said—"Young man, I am sorry to see you here without food or drink for three days. The wise have said that the man, who lies at the gate of another without food or drink for a day, takes away a great deal of the good that belongs to him. You have been at my gate, for three days like that. I am certainly a loser to a great extent by it. Let me compensate myself by granting you three boons. Specify them as you please."

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## THE GOD OF DEATH (YAMA) AND NACHIKETAS.

Nachiketas (the son of a great king, to whom Yama, the God of Death, had promised three boons) has now to express his third wish.

NACHIKETAS.

"Inquiry is made regarding the fate of the dead:
'They are', says one; 'they are not', says another.
This I wish to know, resolve this (doubt) for me.
This is the third wish which I choose."

THE GOD OF DEATH.

"The Gods themselves sought after this long since;
Hard to fathom, dark is this secret.

Choose some other boon, Nachiketas,
On this insist not; release me from my promise."

NACHIKETAS.

"From the gods themselves is this hidden, thou sayest;
Hard to fathom hast thou, O Death, declared it.
There is no other who can reveal this to me as thou canst,
There is no other wish which I can choose instead of this."

THE GOD OF DEATH.

"Fullness of years, and children's children,
Choose gold, herds, elephants, horses,
Choose widely-extended rule upon the earth,
Have thy life long as thou desirest,
If this appear to thee acceptable instead of that other wish,
Then choose wealth, choose long life;
Rule broad realms, Nachiketas;
I give thee the fulness of all pleasures.
What mortal men obtain but with difficulty,
Choose every pleasure on which thy heart is set.
Maidens here, with harps, with carriages,
Fairer than men may hope to gain,
These give I thee, that they may do thee service.
Ask not of Death, Nachiketas."

NACHIKETAS.

"The lapse of days causes, O Lord of Death,
The power of the organs of life to fail in the children of men;
The whole life swiftly passes away;
Song and dance, chariot and horse, thine are they.
Riches cannot give contentment to man;
What is wealth to us when we have beheld thee?

We shall live as long as thou biddest us;
Still this wish alone is that which I choose.
Tell us of the far-reaching future of the world to come,
Whereon, O Death, man meditates in doubt.
The wish, which penetrates into hidden paths,
That alone it is which Nachiketas chooses."

The reluctance of the God of Death is overcome, and he grants to the importunate inquirer his request. The two paths of knowledge and ignorance diverge widely from each other. Nachiketas has chosen knowledge; the fulness of pleasures has not laid him astray. They who walk in the path of ignorance endlessly wander about through the world beyond, like the blind led by the blind. The wise man who knows the One, the everlasting, the ancient God, who dwells in the depths, has no part in joy and sorrow, becomes free from right and wrong, free from the present, and free from hereafter. That is Yama's answer to Nachiketas's inquiry.

° *From Buddha by Dr. H. Oldenberg, translated from German by William Hoey, M. A.*

## 112. POVERTY.

Poverty is so great an evil, and pregnant with so much temptation, and so much misery, that I cannot but earnestly enjoin you to avoid it. Live on what you have, live if you can on less; do not borrow either for vanity or pleasure; the vanity will end in shame, and the pleasure in regret.

—Dr. Johnson.

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He is rich whose income is more than his expenses; and he is poor whose expenses exceed his income.*

---

Make an impartial estimate of your revenue, and whatever it is, live upon less. Do this, and you will never be poor.

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Idleness and luxury bring forth poverty and want.

—Tillotson.

---

A fat kitchen is next door to poverty.

---

And then with poverty comes disrespect;
From disrespect does self-dependence fail,
Then scorn and sorrow, following, overwhelm
The intellect; and when the judgment fails
The being perishes; and thus from poverty
Each ill that pains humanity proceeds.

—"Mrichchhakatika." †

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* *From A Book of Humour, Wit and Wisdom.*

† *A Drama, translated from Sanskrit by H. H. Wilson.*

When possess'd of sufficient
We sit at our ease;
Can go where we like,
And enjoy what we please.
But when pockets are empty,
If forced to apply
To some friend for assistance,
They 're apt to deny.

—SIVEWRIGHT.

---

This mournful truth is everywhere confessed,
Slow rises worth by poverty depressed.

—JOHNSON.

---

A needy man's budget is full of schemes.

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A poor man that hath little, and desires no more, is in truth richer than the greatest monarch that thinketh he hath not what he should or what he might, or that grieves there is no more to have.

—BISHOP HALL.

---

That man is not poor, who has the use of necessary things.

—HORACE.

---

No man can tell whether he is rich or poor by turning to his ledger. It is the heart that makes a man rich. He is rich or poor according to what he *is*, not according to what he *has*.

---

Not he that has little but he that desires much is poor.

---

Nature makes us poor only when we want necessaries, but custom gives the name of poverty to the want of superfluities.

---

Burke observed that a labourer who earned a sufficiency to maitain him as a labourer, and to maintain him in a suitable manner, to give him a sufficiency of good food, of clothing, of lodging and of fuel, ought not to be called a poor man.

---

How few can rescue opulence from want!
Who lives to Nature, rarely can be poor;
Who lives to fancy, never can be rich.
Poor is the man in debt; the man of gold,
In debt to fortune, trembles at her power.
The man of reason smiles at her, and death.

—EDWARD YOUNG.

---

Riches and happiness have no necessary connection with each other. In some cases it might be said that happiness is in the inverse proportion to riches. The happiest part of most men's lives is while they are battling with poverty, and gradually raising themselves above it. It is then that they deny themselves for the sake of others,—that they save from their earnings to secure a future independence,—that they cultivate their minds while labouring for their daily bread,—that they endeavour to render themselves wiser and better—happier in their homes and more useful to society at large.

—SMILES.

---

Want is a better and hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood;

Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought;
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence.
Prudence at once, and fortitude it gives,
And if in patience taken, mends our lives;
For e'en that indigence that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and God above, to know.
A good which none would challenge, few would choose,
A fair profession which mankind refuse.
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,
And wit in rags is turned to ridicule.

—DRYDEN.

---

It is the fashion now a days to bewail poverty as an evil, to pity the young man who is not born with a silver spoon in his mouth: but I heartily subscribe to President Garfield's doctrine, that "The richest heritage a young man can be born to is poverty." I make no idle prediction when I say that it is from that class from whom the good and the great will spring. It is not from the sons of millionaires or the noble that the world receives its teachers, its martyrs, its inventors, its statesmen, its poets, or even its men of affairs. It is from the cottage of the poor that all these spring. We can scarcely read one among the few "immortal names that were not born to die", or who has rendered exceptional service to our race, who had not the advantage of being cradled, nursed, and reared in the stimulating school of poverty.

—ANDREW CARNEGIE.

---

The Sage asked the Spirit of Wisdom thus: Is poverty good or wealth?

The Spirit of Wisdom answered thus:—Poverty which is through honesty, is better than wealth which is from the treasure of others: since it is said that even he who is poorest and most helpless one, if he always keeps his thoughts and words and actions proper, and in duty to God, he also obtains a share justly, from every duty and good work, which men do in the world.

—"MAINYO-I-KHIRAD."*

---

It is no shame to be poor but to be ashamed of being poor.

---

Poverty is the mother of health.

—OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

---

In poverty is benevolence assayed.

—"JAVIDAN-KHIRAD."†

---

A poor man without patience is a lamp without oil.

—ARABIC PROVERB.

---

Necessity is the mother of invention.

—G. FARQUHAR.

---

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

—GRAY.

---

* *Translated by West.*

† *From Ancient Iranian and Zoroastrian Morals, by D. J. Medhora.*

## POOR AND HAPPY.

Up in the morning early,
  Before the break of day,
A slice of bread and coffee,
  And then to work away.
You never hear a murmur,
  Nor discontented word,
He 's whistling and he 's singing,
  He 's happy as a bird.
He envies not his neighbour
  Who owns a house and lands,
So long as he can labour
  With his two honest hands.
His capital Dame Nature
  Bestowed on him at birth—
A happy constitution—
  And that's all he is worth.
No medicines are needed
  To rasp his appetite,
No opiates are taken
  To make him sleep at night.
He suffers not congestion
  Of blood in heart or brain,
No pangs of indigestion,
  Nor any other pain.
And while crowned "heads uneasy"
  Turn on soft beds of down,
On straw he sweetly slumbers—
  A king without a crown.
His cottage is his palace,
  Contentment is his throne,
And self-control his sceptre,
  His master God alone.

If well thou viewest us with no squinted eye,
No partial judgment, thou wilt quickly rate
Thy wealth no richer than my poverty,
My want no poorer than thy rich estate:
  Our ends and births alike; in this, as I,
  Poor thou wert born, and poor again shalt die.

My little fills my little-wishing mind;
Thou, having more than much, yet seekest more:
Who seeks, still wishes what he seeks to find;
Who wishes, wants; and whoso wants, is poor:
  Then this must follow of necessity—
  Poor are thy riches, rich my poverty.

Though still thou gettest, yet is thy want not spent,
But as thy wealth, so grows thy wealthy itch:
But with my little I have much content.
Content hath all, and who hath all is rich:
  Then this in reason thou must needs confess—
  If I have little, yet that thou hast less.

Whatever man possesses, God hath lent,
And to his audit, liable is ever,
To reckon how, and where, and when he spent;
Then thus thou braggest, thou art a great receiver:
  Little my debt, when little is my store;
  The more thou hast, thy debt still grows the more.

—PHINEAS FLETCHER.

## A POOR MAN'S TREASURES.

Though I may be poor, if you reckon in coin,
  For wealth I'm too happy to sigh:
I am rich in some jewels no thief can purloin,
  And that Crœsus himself could not buy.
I've health,—that's a fortune—and, more!
  My teeth are estates in their place;—

My nose—half a million could never restore
A jewel, like *that*, to my face.

And then I've my eyes; not the throne of this land
Could tempt me to part with but one.
My senses, my limbs, and my willing right hand;
Fresh air and the light of the Sun;—
With these and the friend that I love,
And the heart that beats fondly for me,
With Hope at my side looking calmly above,
I am rich as a mortal can be.

—C. MACKAY.

---

Ah! go in peace, good fellow, to thine home,
Nor fancy these escape the general doom;
Gay as they seem, be sure with them are hearts
With sorrow tried, there's sadness in their parts:
If thou could'st see them, when they think alone,
Mirth, music, friends, and these amusements gone;
Couldst thou discover every secret ill
That pains their spirit, or resists their will;
Couldst thou behold forsaken love's distress,
Or envy's pangs at glory or success,
Or beauty, conscious of the spoils of time,
Or guilt alarm'd when memory shows the crime;
All that gives sorrow, terror, grief and gloom—
Content would cheer thee trudging to thine home.

—CRABBE.

---

Happier he, the peasant far,
From the pangs of passion free,
That breathes the keen yet wholesome air
Of rugged penury.
He when his morning task is done,
Can slumber in the noon-tide sun;

And hie him home, at evening's close,
To sweet repast and calm repose.

He unconscious whence the bliss,
Feels, and owns in carols rude,
That all the circling joys are his,
Of dear vicissitude.
From toil he wins his spirits light,
From busy day the peaceful night;
Rich, from the very want of wealth,
In heaven's best treasures, peace and health.

♦ *From Gray's Poetical Works.*

## 113. PRAHLÂDA AND HIS FATHER.

Prahlâda was son of Hiranyakashipu, a Daitya, who in his wars with the gods had wrested the sovereignty of heaven from Indra and dwelt there in luxury. The son, while yet a boy, became an ardent devotee of Vishnu, which so enraged his father that he ordered the boy to be killed; but not the weapons of the Daityas, the fangs of the serpents, the tusks of the celestial elephants, nor the flames of fire took any effect, and his father was constrained to send him back to his preceptor, where he continued so earnest, in performing and promoting the worship of Vishnu, that he eventually obtained final exemption from existence.*

---

Let not my words, sire, give offence,
To thee, and to my mother, both
I give as due all reverence,
And to obey thee am not loth.
But higher duties sometimes clash
With lower,—then these last must go,—
Or there will come a fearful crash
In lamentation, fear, and woe!

The gods who made us are the life
Of living creatures, small and great;
We see them not, but space is rife
With their bright presence and their state.
They are the parents of us all,
'Tis they create, sustain, redeem,
Heaven, Earth, and Hell, they hold in thrall,
And shall we these high gods blaspheme?

*From Dowson's Dictionary of Hindu Mythology.

Blest is the man whose heart obeys
And makes their law of life his guide,
He shall be led in all his ways,
His footsteps shall not ever slide;
In forests dim, or raging seas,
In certain peace shall he abide,
What though he all the world displease,
His gods shall all his wants provide!

—TORU DUTT.

* *From Ancient Ballads and Legends of Hindustan.*

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